

**NEW SOUTH WALES.**



# NOTES AND SKETCHES

OF

## NEW SOUTH WALES,

DURING

A RESIDENCE IN THAT COLONY FROM 1839, TO 1844.

BY

MRS. CHARLES MEREDITH.

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TO THOSE DEAR ENGLISH FRIENDS FOR WHOSE AMUSEMENT,  
AND AT WHOSE REQUEST, THE FOLLOWING PAGES HAVE BEEN  
WRITTEN, THEY ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY  
,  
LOUISA ANNE MEREDITH.



## P R E F A C E.

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I WOULD fain deprecate the censure of severe critics, which the superficial character of the following pages might otherwise call forth, by a few words of explanation as to my motives and objects in publishing them.

Knowing that very many persons at "Home" are deeply interested in these distant Colonies, as being the residence of dear friends and relatives, and that, as in the case of my own home-connexions, they really understand very little of the general aspect of things here, I believed that a few simple sketches from nature, however devoid of scientific lore, would be a welcome addition to the present small fund of information on common every-day topics relating to these antipodean climes; and of such belief, this little work is the result.

My aim has been simply to give my own impressions of whatever appeared worthy observation. I cannot for a moment flatter myself with the idea of conveying information to those skilled in scientific detail; my desire was to give true and general descriptions of scenery, people, and the various objects which strike a new-comer as novel or remarkable; just, in fact, as they appeared to myself. I have

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sketched every-day things with a faithful and homely pencil ; and if the learned find nothing new in my unvarnished narrative, let them not condemn the unambitious attempt to amuse and interest the general, and more especially the young reader. Books of reference I have none, nor can I here obtain the use of any. My own observation, aided by my husband's long experience in these Colonies, is my sole resource ; therefore, however defective may be the finish of my picture in detail, the outline is at least original.

As it is necessarily impossible that I can correct the press myself, numerous typographical errors are almost unavoidable, and for which I can only entreat the kind indulgence of my readers.

*Spring Vale,  
Great Swanport, Van Diemen's Land,  
December, 1843.*

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## CHAPTER I.

Embarkation—Indisposition—Pleasures of a Sea Voyage—Fellow-passengers  
—Observance of Character—Devonshire Coast—Pilots—Land Luxuries—  
H M.S. *Hercules*—Eddystone Lighthouse—Last Land.

EARLY in the month of June, 1839, we left England for New South Wales; and although at the time the voyage seemed to me very monotonous and devoid of incident, yet, in writing any account of the interesting objects these colonies present, I cannot pass altogether silently over the events, however few or trifling, that served in some measure to vary the tedium of a four months' passage hither, which I can assure my readers is far more irksome than any one would imagine who has not endured that unpleasant captivity.

It is now more than three years since that time, but I remember most vividly my feelings of disgust on stepping from the chair in which I was hoisted on board the *Letitia*, amidst the strange mêlée on deck. I was too ignorant of nautical matters to make proper allowance for the slovenly aspect of things in their then incomplete state of arrangement.

Dirt and confusion seemed to share the sovereignty between them, and the heterogeneous assemblage of trunks, chests, cases, bags, hampers, hen-coops, pigs, dogs, coils of rope, sailors and passengers on deck, made me gladly retreat to our own cabin, where the final disposal of our various goods and chattels occupied us the remainder of the evening.

I was greatly amused and puzzled by Mr. Meredith's extreme caution in lashing every article with ropes to the sides of the cabin, as well as by having deep cleats of wood nailed to the floor to keep our chest of drawers, &c. in place. Even my dressing-case and work-box were tied fast, like a couple of terrible wild animals, lest they should make a sudden rush at us, and the candlestick was securely confined in their company. A convenient shelf, with a strong rail in front, formed an excellent bookcase; and by the time our various little arrangements were completed, our apartment, which was considered a most spacious one, being eight or nine feet square, began to look more snug and habitable than I had believed possible.

Having a stern-cabin, we had the advantage of half the skylight and two stern-windows, which enabled us to enjoy more air and light, and be less annoyed by unpleasant odours, than in any other part of the vessel.

Contrary winds rendered our progress very slow for some days, and that miserable visitation, sea-sickness, kept me almost wholly in my berth, where I lay wearily listening to the novel and strange noises all around me, and hearing with some impatience of our repeated approaches to the French coast, as we slowly beat down the Channel.

To a novice at sea, every hour, nay, every moment, brings some greater or less misery. Even in comparatively still weather, the motion of the vessel, however slight, seems almost intolerable, and you helplessly roll from side to side of your narrow berth, with many a thump and bruise—the best preventive of the latter being a pretty tight wedge, consisting of a desk or box, and pillows. You watch the swing; tray, cloaks, towels, or whatever else is hung up in the cabin, performing various extraordinary gyrations, that make you most unpleasantly giddy as you contemplate the extempore waltzing party, enlivened perhaps by the gentle melody of a couple of sailors holy-stoning the deck overhead, and you are fain to believe your discomfort at its height; but be not too sanguine; skylights *will* sometimes have broken panes, and “bull’s-eyes”\* are notoriously apt to be leaky, in either of which

\* Thick glasses inserted in a ship's deck to light the cabins, and favourite spots for people to stand upon when you are reading below.

cases your toilet, such as it is, or your bed, becomes saturated with dirty salt-water. Perhaps a cup of some inexplicable sea-compound, called, by a stretch of courtesy, tea or coffee, is brought to you, and, with the most laudable intention of conveying it to your lips, you feel a sudden jerk, and perceive an empty cup fast grasped in your trembling hands, and find that its former contents are communicating an agreeable warmth and moisture to your feet, not much to the improvement of the white counterpane, but greatly to the diversion of your more experienced companion, who, with provoking coolness, inquires, "Why do you pour your breakfast down there?"

At length, with a heroism not to be lightly appreciated, you resolve to have done playing the invalid, and to go on deck; in an agony of fear, and great dubiousness respecting the relative positions of horizontal and perpendicular, you perform a painful toilet, and may be considered fortunate in escaping any serious hurt. The extraordinary activity of all inanimate articles is a great annoyance and puzzle for a while; nothing can stand still where you put it. Every comb and brush seems possessed, going jumping about in the most inconvenient manner the moment you require them, and are nearly certain to hop into some impossible corner, as though on purpose to perplex their distressed and unsteady owner in the recovery. When, after all these trials, you cautiously open the door, prepared to make a resolute sally to the "companion" stairs, ten to one but some unlucky bucket, lantern, or other obstacle, lies in wait to embarrass your wavering steps; or a sudden lurch of the ship plunges you headlong into that singular combination of unpleasantnesses, the steward's pantry! At length, faint and bewildered, you gain the deck, and sink down on the first resting-place you see, glad to feel the fresh invigorating breeze, and enjoy the clear cheering sunshine. Such at least were my own feelings on this my first voyage, and I doubt not that most novices have a like ordeal of the uncomfortable to pass through.

As soon as I began to recover, and take a glance around, there were the faces and aspects of our fellow-passengers to be perused with something of anxiety, as it is a point of no trivial importance on such a voyage, that the few persons with whom you can associate, and with whom you cannot avoid coming in daily con-

tact for four months, should at least be companionable. I cannot conceive any situation in life more favourable to the exposure of real characters and dispositions than a long voyage. Assumed manners of refinement, counterfeit blandness and courtesy, and, in fact, every species and form of affectation, are insensibly forgotten. Those who are really ill-tempered, find so much for their humour to feed on, that the surly countenance remains uncontradicted by the soft and obsequious manner; the truly vulgar are too much engrossed by dear self to seek the favour of others by pretended refinement; and the harmless little arts of "pretty virginities," finding how vain is the hope of stimulating to admiration beings whose every faculty and thought are engrossed by their own petty distresses, are fain to reserve their efforts for a more favourable season. But when all the counterfeits have lost their gilding, the true metal is the precious coin still; and how valuable in so narrow a circle is unfeigned good-temper, and that only true politeness which springs from kindness of heart, none will perfectly understand who have not had specimens of both kinds in their "compagnons de voyage."

We were fortunate in being able to select a very pleasant circle from the small community on board, as one by one they shook off the prevalent indisposition, and reduced their unhappy, pale, elongated faces to their wonted fair proportions.

When I came on deck on the 8th day of our voyage, I found we were running along the Devonshire coast before a light breeze, under as bright a blue sky as ever made England look thrice lovely in the eyes of those who were leaving her, perhaps for ever. Many vessels which, like ourselves, had been detained by the adverse winds, were now in sight, their white wing-like sails fairly spread, and taking all advantage of the welcome change. Sea-gulls swept majestically by, their arched and outspread wings glancing brightly in the sunlight, and their easy, graceful motion seeming a scornful reproach to the unsteady awkward movements of such novices at sea as myself. As we neared Plymouth, where we had to put in for some passengers, a pilot came on board, and the careless yet secure activity with which he sprang from his boat up the ship's side and on deck seemed worthy of Ducrow himself, unable as I was to go three steps without holding on by something.

I felt quite a respect for that bronzed weather-beaten seaman, as I thought of the inestimable services he and his fellows, the Channel pilots, render both to our own and foreign shipping. In rough or foggy weather, when vessels ignorant of the difficult navigation of the Channel would, but for their guidance, be inevitably lost, they are out in their boats braving such seas, that it does seem almost miraculous such mere boats can live in them. But however stormy the weather or dark the night, there are the pilots ready at the known signal to run alongside and leap upon the stranger's deck. They are most brave and gallant fellows, and many a good ship owes to them the lives of her crew and the safety of her rich freight.

We entered Plymouth Sound in the evening, and for the last time watched the sun set on English hills and woods. I felt as if to set foot on land only for a few minutes would be the greatest imaginable treat ; but we cast anchor so late, that I was compelled to forego the pleasure, and sat on deck watching the boats as they went ashore, thinking their passengers must be almost too happy. A late repast of fresh bread, clean, land-made bread, fresh butter, strawberries, and clouted cream, however, almost consoled me for my previous disappointment. A lucky mortal, permitted to taste the ambrosia of the Gods, would not find it half so delicious as would a poor sea-sick creature, a victim to the unknown atrocious compounds of a dirty black sea-steward, think such a feast as mine !

We were up and on deck early the following morning, unwilling to lose a minute's view of the beautiful scenery around. A man-of-war, the *Hercules*, lying in the harbour, sent a boat to reconnoitre our crew, greatly to the discomfort and apprehension of our captain, but fortunately without depriving him of any "hands." I listened to the morning music on board the *Hercules*, and thought that our grand national air, "Rule Britannia," much as I ever admired it, never sounded so beautiful as then ; and I wept to think I should perhaps never more hear it in my own beloved native land.

We weighed anchor between six and seven o'clock, and in passing the *Hercules* made a polite nautical salutation, by lowering our royals (an obeisance always expected by ships of war from the humbler body of merchantmen) ; and the officer on duty

ordered the band aft to give us a cheering and melodious farewell as we left the harbour.

We had a fine view for some time of the lovely shores of Devon, and of that noble effort of human science and perseverance, the Eddystone Lighthouse. How mean and contemptible, beside such a fabric, erected for so great and good a purpose, seem by comparison the mere gewgaw palaces of luxury and ostentation, so profusely scattered over our fair country! and yet how few, how very few erections of a like kind are there, inestimable as is their value in the saving of human *life*, to say nothing of less precious matters!\*

A short time before sunset I went below, intending to return on deck and watch the *last land* fade on the horizon, but on my coming to look for it, an envious bank of clouds hung over the spot, and totally hid it. Some one began singing, "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"—had they *felt* half as much as I did, they could not have uttered a single note.

\* Why was not the "Nelson Monument" a Lighthouse? I can conceive no fabric of more grandeur and costliness half so acceptable to the spirit it is designed to honour, as the humblest erection devoted to such a service.

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## CHAPTER II.

Bay of Biscay—Spanish Coast—Employment the best preventive of Ennui—Phosphorescence of the Sea—Portuguese Men-of-War—Swallows—Teneriffe—Speaking the *Cerberus*—Fear of Pirates—Porpoises—Flying-Fish—Capture of a Boneto—Dolphins.

WE were now fairly "at sea," with no chance of any *pleasant* variety of scene, as, unluckily for us, our "good ship *Argo*" was to make a direct passage to Sydney, without touching at any intermediate port. Like true philosophers, we consoled ourselves by the reflection that, as some compensation for the disappointment, our voyage would be the more speedy from having no interruption; though to sail half round the world, and be *near* so many interesting and beautiful spots, of which I had heard and read so much, and not to see even one of them—not Madeira, with its vine-clad hills—nor Teneriffe, nor even the Cape, that general "half-way house" for poor exiles like ourselves—certainly appeared rather hard, and, as I considered it, great waste of time and travelling.

The Bay of Biscay, so renowned in song and story for its stormy winds and waves, was happily in a most pacific mood when we crossed it with a fair light breeze and sunny weather; and though the fine old song was often quoted at the time, we had no disastrous consequences to remind us

"Of the day  
When we lay  
In the Bay of Biscay O!"

We "sighted" the Spanish and Portuguese coasts, and, with glasses could discern trees and white houses or cottages; and as wishful imagination converted every green thing into an orangery or a vineyard, our distant gazes made us still more anxious for a nearer investigation of the good things we fancied there. But the inexorable ship sailed on, and hills, vineyards, and cottages faded into mist again.

I passed every day on deck, busy with that most pleasant of all "fancy-work," wool embroidery; and to it I owe my exemption from much of the overpowering ennui so general on a long voyage. To *study* is, I think, impossible, and I very soon disposed of all the light reading to be found on board, when compelled by illness or bad weather to remain below. But my work-basket and frame were my daily companions, and I was often told how *enrivable* was my happiness in having something to employ me.

Many evenings we spent in watching the beautiful phosphoric appearance of the sea after dark, and trying to reconcile the various theories advanced by naturalists respecting it. That it is caused by floating animalcula is the general opinion; but if so, they must be as innumerable as motes in the sunshine, or as grains of sand upon the sea-shore, else how are the myriad millions of glittering lights to be accounted for that sparkle in a single wave? Some are much larger and brighter than the rest, bearing about the same proportion to each other as do stars of the first and sixth magnitude, and these larger points may, by close watching, be traced for several seconds, whilst the smaller ones flash and disappear simultaneously. I know of nothing to which I can compare this most beautiful and wonderful appearance, unless I have recourse to Sindbad's Diamond Valley, and beg you to fancy millions of millions of jewel-sparks, and a few thousands of larger brilliants, all rapidly whirling and glancing in one vivid glittering mass: but even diamonds would not shine alone in a dark night, so *that* simile will not do. The bright creatures—if creatures they are—do not seem to extend far down into the sea, because I have observed, in looking over the stern, that *immediately* following the rudder there always remained a small dark space beyond which the separated waves full of lights united again, and formed a long bright pathway on the water in the wake of the ship. The phosphoric lights seemed roused to life by the passage of the vessel through them; a fish swimming past produced the same effect on a smaller scale; a bucket of water from the brightest part lost all the glittering appearance almost instantly when hoisted on deck. The colour of the lights was bluish, or just what a purely white light would be, seen through the blue water. Perhaps the spray of a "jet d'eau," seen in a strong moonlight, would give the best idea of this most

indescribable phenomenon. I was never weary of watching it, and often, after leaving my usual evening-seat by the taffrail, could not help returning again and again for one more dazzled, earnest gaze.

I first saw those curious and beautiful little animals the Portuguese men-of-war, *Physalus pelagicus* of naturalists, in about 36° N. lat., and for many days they were very numerous, robbing my work of nearly all my attention in gazing at their elegant forms and colours. I had a few caught, to examine them more closely. They consist of a flat, thin, transparent membrane, from one and a half to two inches long, of an oval shape; and on the upper side of this, down the centre, runs a similar membrane standing erect, at right angles with the flat one. A whole wafer laid on the table, and the half of another placed edgewise upon it (the straight side downwards, of course), will give some idea of the form of the animal, or rather of the tiny ship's deck and sail. The under part is furnished with several rows of tentacula spreading out like a beautiful flower, varying in colour in different specimens, and sometimes even in one, through many shades of blue, pink, and soft purple. A slight coloured film also envelops the transparent membrane above described, giving it a beautiful iridescent appearance when sailing along in the sunshine. By putting them in a basin of sea-water, I was enabled to keep and observe them for some time; but when taken out of their natural element, the delicate tentacula shrink and dissolve away very soon; though with care the thin glassy membrane with its fragile sail may be permanently preserved by drying.

Their method of navigation is not the least interesting point to notice in these fairy-mariners. I have frequently observed one sailing complacently along, his arms, like the many oars of an ancient galley, spread around him, and his delicate glassy sail set full to the breeze; when a sudden puff of wind has overset him altogether, and plunged the whole fabric under water: the next instant he is up again as gay as before, but at first only presents his sail *edgewise* to the wind, and then seems to tack about very cautiously, as if to try how much canvas he can carry in safety. This *may* not be really the case, but I have watched many do exactly as I describe, and must therefore believe in their nautical skill. Like other creatures of their class,

they no doubt feed on minute mollusca and animalcula, which they entrap in their numerous tentacula, or arms. Their lower side very much resembles some of the beautiful sea anemones\* so common on rocks covered at high-water on this coast,† and, from what I remember, there are similar ones on those of England.‡

Some poor little swallows, apparently worn out with fatigue, alighted on the rigging one day, and hovered about the ship. The sailors caught and tried to feed some of them; and one that flew into our cabin through the stern-window, I endeavoured to tempt with soaked biscuit, crumbs, and water, but could not prevail on my poor little patient to eat anything. I left him alone, hoping he would grow more assured, but he escaped, and was found lying dead on the deck a day or two after. I imagine the poor birds had either been blown off the land, or, having been baffled by contrary winds in their migratory voyage, had become too much exhausted to fly any farther: no doubt many thousands of them must perish at sea from similar causes. I have heard Mr. Meredith mention that on his voyage home (to England) in 1838, a beautiful little bird, of a species he was quite unacquainted with, flew on board the ship, and fed greedily on soaked biscuit; so greedily indeed, forgetting the needful precautions to be observed by starving people, that he literally died from repletion.

Finding we should pass tolerably near Teneriffe, I became extremely anxious for a good day-view of the Peak, and only feared sailing by in the night and losing it. We certainly passed by day, about midway between Teneriffe and the "Great Canary," but the mountain was thickly veiled in clouds, nearly to the

\* *Actinia anemone*, or *Actinia calandula*, probably.

† Oyster Bay, Van Diemen's Land.

‡ I believe De Blainville mentions six species of *Physalus*; and from having seen descriptions of *P. pelagicus* differing in many points from my own observation of the animal, I am induced to believe that various species are described as the same by different persons. In the 'Tasmanian Journal of Science,' a paper (by A. Sinclair, Esq., Surgeon, R. N.) descriptive of a *Physalus pelagicus*, mentions, among other features I did not observe in it, the property of stinging severely, possessed by the tentacula, and retained even after the animal has been dried; also that the water in which it had floated had caused violent pain and inflammation in the hands and arms of two boys employed to wash out the tub. As I repeatedly handled the specimens I had caught, both before and after death, and received no injury, there must be an essential difference in the species.

water's edge, so that a mere shoal or sandbank had been as fine an object. If I could only have seen the merest point of the summit, I had not cared; I sat "like (im-)patience on a monument," wailing for one clear loophole in those gloomy morose clouds, but in vain—and I still have to take on credit all the grand and inflated descriptions of other more fortunate travellers.

As I did not at the time think I should ever require any memoranda of our monotonous voyage, I kept no regular "log-book," or journal, which now I much regret, as I am without exact data for many occurrences. About the beginning of July we spoke a homeward-bound vessel, the *Cherub*, and gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity to send letters home. The prudent ones had all letters ready written, but I confess I was not one of that number, and a few hurried words of love and greeting were all the homeward-bound *Cherub* bore from me.

There is something peculiarly grand, and withal touching, in that meeting of ships on the wide ocean. People who never heard of each other before, who might live in the same street of the same city for years without knowing each other's face, thus meeting on that trackless highway of the world, the sea, look on one another as if some mysterious communion between them were at once established. I do not mean individually, but generally, for, although I might not accurately observe the face of any one human being on board that vessel, yet I felt as if they were *friends* whom we had met; and as she afterwards went on *her* way, and we on ours, I looked after her lessening sails with real regret.

After being for days and weeks at sea without any object to break the line of the horizon, that seems to shut in the same eternal circle of water, it is absolutely a treat, an indescribable delight to the eye, to see so beautiful an object as a vessel in full sail gradually nearing, and so occupying a greater portion of the wearisome sea-view. Everything about her is busily discussed, and not unfrequently the inexperienced are gravely informed that she is an "ill-looking craft," "a rakish-looking brig," "very much the cut of a privateer," &c., and mysterious hints are given about muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition, till the well-known ensign with its union-jack is seen spreading to the breeze as they hoist it on board the stranger, and in reply to "Ship ahoy!

What ship's that?" a gruff English accent, made thrice gruffer and rougher by bawling into a speaking-trumpet, informs you that the suspicious craft is the *Mary* or *Betsey*, or some other good old household name, of London or Liverpool, bound from ———; whereupon the captain of our ship returns a like series of explanations, latitudes and longitudes are compared, and the interview closes.

As we neared the line, I confess I used to pay most especial attention to the various conjectures raised on the approach of a strange sail, especially if those learned in such matters seemed suspicious of her aspect or manœuvres; but I am most happy to say I have no thrilling narratives of fearful engagements or providential escapes to relate, as we were never molested by any of the piratical fraternity. This was fortunate, as our ship, like most merchantmen, carried her guns snugly and securely stowed away in the hold along with her cargo; which arrangement, though doubtless originating in a praiseworthy care of her means of defence, was not exactly calculated to facilitate the use of them, had it been needed. A few rusty muskets, and some pistols of most pacific temperaments, were ostentatiously ranged round the mizen-mast in the mess-cabin; but, like the broken teacups on the alehouse chimney-piece, were, I fear, only "kept for show."

Porpoises were a frequent source of amusement to me; for I exceedingly enjoy watching their ponderous gaiety as they leap and flounce about, and the agility with which they bound out of the water is most astonishing. We often saw them leap as high as the fore-yard, and I used to think they would fairly alight on the forecastle; but I fancy they knew better than to trust their lives and oleaginous bodies to the tender mercies of the sailors, who would infallibly have despatched and eaten them very speedily. Prodigious shoals of them often crossed our track, and might be seen in thousands gambolling as far as their black bodies were visible above the water. My admiration of their elephantine frolics became so well known, that if I chanced to be below when a shoal was seen, I immediately received a message informing me of the event, and lost no time in hastening to see the sport.

What a contrast to the unwieldy monsters I have just mentioned are the elegant little flying-fish (*Exocoetus volitans*)!

I had no idea they were so beautiful, having been misled by bad engravings, which represented them as thin, shrivelled, starved-looking things, while in reality they are beautifully proportioned, and quite plump, with shining bluish silvery scales, that flash brightly as they glance in the sun. They are about nine or ten inches long, the pectoral fins, or wings, about six inches, and capable of expanding to about three inches and a half at the broadest part; and from tip to tip, when spread, must measure above twelve inches. The eyes are remarkably large and fine, giving an expression to the head more like the glance of a bird than a fish; "fishy eyes" being proverbially dull and lustreless. Only one fell on board, which was brought to me, and, in justice to the memory of the poor defunct, I must confess that, after preserving his wings and tail, I found his remains very delicate eating.

So many arguments have been held with respect to these curious creatures, as to whether they really *fly*, that is, flutter and turn in the air, or merely leap from the top of one wave to fall on the top of another, that nothing but positive proof could induce me to say a word on the subject. I have attentively observed them rise from the water, flutter their fins rapidly, not unlike a lark when first rising; then sail along a short time, *turn*, at various angles from their course, whether in a breeze or calm; and, after being many seconds in the air, dip again into the sea, preparatory to another flight. I have continually mistaken them for birds, being quite deceived by their fluttering motion, so different from what I should have supposed any fish capable of. Some very eminent naturalists affirm that they can neither turn nor flutter; having *seen* them do both repeatedly, I am greatly inclined to differ from them in opinion, and to suppose that they must have observed these beautiful little creatures under some circumstances which prevented or disguised their real movements.

With all their beauty and accomplishments, the poor little flying-fish seem to lead a most restless and unhappy life. As they swim through the sea, the swift and hungry bonito pursues them with a keen and deadly purpose, seeming quite as well aware as myself of their delicate flavour; the dolphin also wages war against them; and the moment they quit the water to

escape these ravenous foes, a voracious sea-bird is nearly sure to pounce upon some of the quivering fugitives.

We were sailing for three days through shoals of boneto, and all kinds of murderous devices were adopted for the capture of some, but to no purpose. Fish-hooks, harpoons, &c., were all in request, and the excitement became extreme, to see shoals of fish all around, darting hither and thither in hundreds, all "fit to eat," as the sailors declared, and none to be got! It was terribly exciting, and figures might be seen in every direction, attired in all imaginable variety of costume, and in more than every imaginable attitude, most perseveringly hurling among and hauling in again their innocent weapons. At last, Mr. Meredith, who had constantly told them it was of no use, that the fish were scarcely ever taken, &c., went out on the lower studding-sail boom with a grains (a large strong fork of five barbed points) and a long line attached; he had scarcely sat five minutes, when he struck and hauled up a fine boneto, to the exceeding great delight of the spectators, whose mania for the sport was tenfold increased by the seeming ease of the achievement. But it was a lucky accident that was not repeated by any one, and Mr. Meredith, being quite satisfied with having caught one, did not make another attempt.

It was a large handsome fish, very much the shape of a salmon, and presenting a succession of rich iridescent colours, such as are described in the dolphin when dying. It was cooked, and served, at least part of it, at our table; but being fried, and rather dry and hard, it was not much admired.

I was extremely curious to see a real live dolphin, for my ideas of the creature were such a singular medley of classical-picture dolphins as big as calves, with fat tritons astride upon them; and spouting-fountain dolphins, much of the same character, with heads bored like the rose of a watering-pot; and public-house sign-board dolphins, something between St. George's dragon, and a legless, curly-tailed pig—that I wished to have my wavering notions somewhat settled: and one bright day in the tropics, as we lay becalmed or nearly so, I was leaning over the vessel's side, looking deep, deep into the bluest of all blue water, clear and bright as crystal, when three fish, of a kind quite new to me, came close to the ship, swimming to and fro, as

if examining the state of our coppering; some one said very quietly, "Hush! those are dolphins," and so I guessed, but not from any resemblance they bore to my ancient friends of the name. These were really very beautiful; their size I cannot accurately tell, for I found myself so often deceived in the relative proportion of things seen in a similar manner. The boneto, as it swam past, only seemed to me the size of a large mackerel, and when brought on deck I found it exceeded that of a salmon. The dolphins might be four feet long, or more, of a slender shape, with a head rather blunt than pointed, but not in the least heavy or clumsy-looking: on the contrary, I never saw anything more elegant than their form and motion; their long bodies, as they swam, making a perfect "line of beauty" of several curves, and their large fins and tails waving like fans in the water.

Their colour appeared a delicate silvery blue, deepening by parts into purple; and as they partially turned up their bright sides to the sun, a gleam of prismatic colours gave evidence of there being at least some truth in the story of their rainbow hues when dying.

Much to my satisfaction, no attempt was made to capture any of these; I noticed them for some time sporting round the vessel, and then they passed on, having most permanently established my faith in the beauty of the dolphin and the ignorance of his carvers and limners.

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## CHAPTER III.

Calm in the Tropics—Sharks—Turtle—Ianthina—Shovel-board—"Crossing the Line"—Loss of the North Star—Southern Constellations—Moonlight in the Tropics—Sunsets—Waterspouts—"Sundogs."

A CALM at sea in the tropics, though by no means desirable for a continuance, is yet very beautiful for a short time; one may well endure a few hours' delay, even in such a climate, for the sake of observing the novel expression of the face of nature. The usually restless sea, the very emblem of life and vigour, seems in a deep slumber; not a ripple nor the tiniest wave that ever broke ruffles its glassy smoothness; it might now serve to typify death rather than life, but for a slow, long, heavy swell, that seems to lift up the drowsy waters as it rolls along; now and then the peculiar dorsal fin of a shark cuts through the still, sluggish mass, or a turtle, fast asleep, floats by, basking in the fervid sunshine.

On such a day as this, when every one felt particularly disposed to envy the fishes, and the life of a frog in a cool brook seemed the height of luxury, a boat was lowered, and a party of five, including Mr. Meredith, put off a considerable distance for the purpose of bathing, though the ostensible reason was "merely to see how the ship looked." I sat at work under the awning, looking from time to time at the boat, until it was so far away that the swell hid it from my view, and then heard those who could still see it from the shrouds say that the five were bathing, and some of them far away from the boat, among whom I very justly supposed was my husband, from his being an excellent swimmer.

The next instant one of the men aloft screamed out, "Oh God! there are two large sharks close to them!" *My feelings may perhaps be imagined—certainly not expressed.* The probability was that the swell would hide the monsters from their victims

until too late for escape. I could see the sharks, which were on the top of a swell, but not the boat, which lay in the hollow beyond; and, almost wild with terror, joined my weak voice to the shouts of warning sent from the ship, till I heard the welcome cry, "They are all safe." The bathers had not seen the sharks till after they returned to the boat, when immediately the huge monsters rose alongside and followed for some distance, doubtless in the hope of another chance, in which, I scarcely need say, they were disappointed.

Several turtle were seen that day: the boating party nearly captured a large one, but it escaped; with a smaller one they were more adroit, finding it soundly

"Sleeping on the water,  
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,"

much to the satisfaction of the "gastronomes;" but either the cook or the turtle was deficient in good qualities, for it was greatly inferior to the same article as dressed on shore.

During the morning's excursion many of those beautiful and delicate shells the *Ianthina fragilis* were observed floating about. Mr. Meredith brought me two fine ones with the animal in, and I put them in a basin of sea-water to observe them. The head of the creature, instead of being close to the aperture of the shell, seemed some distance within, half a whorl at least, and the intervening space filled by a quantity of bubbly membrane, which likewise protruded from the aperture, of a deep violet colour; the shell was a lighter shade of the same lovely hue, and on removing the animal from it after death, my hands were so deeply stained with purple that it was some days before they lost the marks. The bubbles, which occupied the mouth of the shell, appeared only filled with air, and I supposed them to be employed by the creature as a float; most probably he has the power of discharging the air from them (in the same way that the nautilus is supposed to do, from the inner chambers of his shell) when he wishes to sink, although I did not observe any effort of the kind; but very possibly some of the delicate organs might have been injured, and their power destroyed, before the fragile things reached me.

Every one remembers the wise and cogent reason which worthy "Master Slender" assigns for his "not abiding the smell

of roast meat," namely, that he once "broke his shins when playing at *shovel-board* with a master of fence for a dish of stewed prunes;" but perhaps many, like myself, have been long in ignorance of the nature of this renowned game. One of our friends on board having proposed it as a good amusement in calm days, and when the ship was tolerably steady, it became very popular among the gentlemen, and proved a source of much diversion to me as a looker-on.

A square of about three feet diameter, divided into nine small squares, is chalked on the deck, forward, and a figure marked in each square, from 1 up to 9. The players have each two or three "boards," being circular pieces of inch-thick wood, about four inches wide; these are thrown slidingly along the deck, and of course aimed at the highest numbers; if they are lucky enough to rest there, the next player endeavours to *shovel* them out, and leave his own in; those counting most at the end winning the game. Any one standing in the way of a well-thrown shovel-board, and feeling the keenness of the blow, will fully commiserate poor Master Slender's mischance.

As we neared the "line," many grave discussions were held as to the degree of licence to be allowed the sailors in their usual commemorative sports on the occasion of crossing it; and poor Neptune's humble and complimentary petition lay so long unanswered at head-quarters, that few or no preparations were made among the crew. Unfortunately the harmony and good feeling which uninterruptedly pervaded our own especial "coterie" was far from universal in the small community on board; and any general participation in the mummery and somewhat rough usage of the sea-king's visit was therefore refused, the maskers being forbidden to come on the quarter-deck.

This being understood, the usual ceremony of Neptune's hailing the ship was effectively performed overnight, the god taking his departure in a fiery chariot, which matter-of-fact people will persist in explaining to be only a tar-barrel lighted and set afloat. The next day his Majesty, gorgeously attired in a painted canvas crown, and robes to correspond, with a magnificent display of oakum in the shape of hair and beard, accompanied by his secretary, chaplain, coachman, and other general officers of state similarly accoutred, approached the quarter-deck, on which we

were all assembled, and made a very clever speech. Mr. Meredith, as spokesman of our party, replied with due form and etiquette, and begged to offer, as a token of our allegiance and duty, a tribute of certain monies, which his Majesty most graciously ordered his secretary to receive with all due acknowledgments. Mr. Meredith then ventured a supposition that his Majesty was fond of sporting, and expressed a hope that he was not much annoyed by poachers in his kingdom.—“Why, no, sir,” replied the god, “not much; but *you* know, sir, there are *some* daring rascals who don’t care whose fish they catch;” and in the laugh that followed this attack on the captor of the boneto, his Majesty and suite, which included a nondescript dragon-like monster, with a very extensive canvas tail, whom Neptune termed his dog, turned towards their allotted scene of action; and the uproar and riot that followed, caused by the determined resistance of the “intermediate” passengers to his godship’s baptismal ceremonies of shaving and washing, soon drove me to my own cabin, where I remained till order was restored.

Our Neptune on the occasion was a fine tall fellow, usually known as “Long Bill,” who had served some years in a man-of-war, and was a general favourite on board; and being rather a genius in his way, would no doubt have “got up” the “masque” much more effectively, had he known it would be permitted.

We happened to cross the line on my birth-day, July 20th, so that I began my new year in a new hemisphere.

Among the many strange changes which a passage from one side of the world to the other has shown me, I do not know one thing that I *felt* so much as the loss of the North Star. Night after night I watched it, sinking lower—lower; and the well-known “Great Bear” that I had so gazed at even from a child, that it seemed like the face of an old friend, was fast going too; it was like parting from my own loved home-faces over again. I thought of so many times and places associated in my mind with those bright stars; of those who had gazed on them beside me, some of whom had for ever passed from earth,—and of the rest, who might say that we should ever meet again? Those stars seemed a last link uniting us, but it was soon broken—they sunk beneath the horizon, and the new constellations of the southern hemisphere seemed to my partial eyes far less splendid.

The Magellanic clouds made me constantly wish for a view of their starry hosts through a good astronomical telescope, as I believe they are among the "resolvable" nebulae. The southern portion of the galaxy, too, is very beautiful, tracing its double path of glory over the heavens, and showing so much brighter in the clear atmosphere of the tropics. The Southern Cross scarcely satisfied my expectations: I hardly knew myself what those were, but it seemed less clearly defined than the celestial maps had represented it. I think many other groups of stars form quite as perfect crosses. But the crowning glory of tropical nights is the moon. I remember an enthusiastic friend, on his return from the shores of the Mediterranean, telling me I had never seen *moonlight*—that there never was such a thing in England; and I now began to believe him. There is certainly as much difference between moonlight in England and in the tropics, as between twilight and sunshine. The full flood of radiance that is shed on every object renders all as plainly visible as in broad noon-day, but the soft colour of the light is delightfully refreshing to the eye wearied by the insupportable glare of a tropical sun. It almost seemed as if we ought to follow the moon's bright example, and "turn night into day," for it was by far the pleasantest time to be awake.

Having an excellent common telescope, we enjoyed tracing out the well-known map of the moon's disc, much more clearly than I ever saw it before. The same glass enabled us to observe well the belts and satellites of Jupiter, the moon-like form of Venus, and, more indistinctly, Saturn and his ring. We frequently saw beautiful meteors and "shooting stars;" and the bright silent lightning, flashing in the horizon, beguiled many a weary half-hour.

The sunsets too! the indescribably glorious sunsets, so swiftly changing, and so splendid in every change, were among my constant enjoyments. Pen and ink are vain to tell their wondrous beauty; nothing but the pencils of Turner or Danby, in their most inspired moods, could give a shadow of it. I remember one evening a most singular appearance; a dense bank of dark clouds had totally obscured the sun whilst yet high in the heavens, and behind which he sunk, leaving, as a record of his past glory, golden lines traced on the higher ridges of the thick vapoury screen.

Some minutes afterwards a strange light gleamed redly forth; and on looking towards the sunset clouds, we saw, as through small windows in the dark wall, close to the water's edge, the sun's fiery eye, glaring along the sea in a track of molten flame. The effect was as strange as it was new to me; and we never after saw a similar appearance.

Frequently the sunset sky seemed a celestial "Field of the Cloth of Gold," with regal banners of purple streaming across it. At other times bright landscapes of fairy cloud-realms spread forth, where

"Hills above hills, and Alps on Alps arose,"

glowing in gem-like hues, as fleeting as they were fair. How often have I exclaimed, "*This* is the loveliest sunset we have had!" for all were so beautiful, the present one seemed ever the brightest.

We had comparatively few of the heavy falls of rain common in the tropics, but one day they visited us pretty liberally, in sudden squalls, between which the sun blazed out with double intensity. On that day several waterspouts appeared, traversing the sea with great velocity, but fortunately they only permitted us a distant view of their dangerous performances. One seemed to travel a considerable way in the wake of the ship, and we almost feared would overtake us. We could clearly see the column of whirling water, ending in a cloud above, and the churning foam at its base, as it rapidly advanced, but it apparently dispersed in a sudden squall that crossed its path.

Many of the appearances called by sailors "sun dogs" occurred during the showery weather. They exhibit the prismatic colours, and I used to think them portions of rainbows, which they exactly resemble, but are broad and short, and always rest on the water. A lunar rainbow was seen one evening, but it was fast fading before I observed it, and had then but little more colour than a halo.

It is curious to notice how much more we observe the aspects and objects of the sea and sky when our own especial element, the *earth*, is absent from our view; how much more desirous we feel to cultivate our acquaintance with the sun, moon, and stars; the clouds, rainbows, meteors; the ocean and its

mighty mysteries, when thus severed from accustomed scenes, pursuits, and speculations. In the monotony of all days at sea, any variation is an event ; a new fish seen swimming by, or an oddly shaped cloud, makes a white day in one's calendar ; and the remembrance of their comparative greatness at the time has perhaps caused me to invest with undue importance many trivial matters scarcely worth the recital.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Whales and "jets-d'eau" — Birds—Boatswain—Boobies—Cape Pigeon—  
Mischief of Idleness—"Mr. Winkles" at Sea—Great Albatross—Nelly—  
Stormy Petrel—Blue Petrel—Sailors' Delicacies—Stormy Weather.

VERY different from the doubtful notions I held about dolphins were my ideas of a whale as seen at sea, for in the representation of these huge monsters of the deep, all painters and gravers are unanimous in opinion, and alike in their mode of portraiture. Accordingly I knew perfectly well, when summoned from my cabin by the report of a whale being in sight, that I should behold an enormous black mass standing far out of the water, with a huge semicircular mouth surmounted by two trumpet-like apertures, from which a double stream of clear water was perpetually flung some forty or fifty feet into the air, falling again in a graceful curve, precisely like the "jets-d'eau" in ancient gardens. With such a foregone conclusion as to what ~~was to be seen~~, I came on deck, and gazed round in search of the living fountain I describe; my inability to discover it being rendered tenfold more vexatious by hearing the sailors and others exclaim, "There she spouts!" "She spouts again!" till Mr. Meredith, seeing me vacantly scanning the whole horizon, drew my attention to one particular spot, where, after looking intently for about a minute, I observed something like a puff of steam rise gently from the water; and this was the *spouting* of a whale! Many a time since have I laughed at the recollection, but the shock my faith then received it will never recover, nor shall I ever forget the useful lesson I then learned, not to take too much on credit.

This absurd habit which people have got into, of depicting the whale as spouting distinct streams of water to such a height, though it may have originated in ignorance, cannot in these days of universal knowledge be permitted that apology for its continuance. But having once created so charming a fiction, I imagine these good folks are loth to rob the poor whales of the

childish admiration our school-book pictures receive, and so doubtless they will spout steeple high till the whole real race is extinct—a palpable proof of the triumph of romance over reality.

The spout-holes are simply the nostrils of the animal, and when, as he swims along, these chance to be below the surface of the water at the moment he breathes, the act of respiration blows the water from within and above the nostrils into the air in the form of vapour or steam.

The only time when anything like a stream proceeds from the blow-holes is when the creature is severely wounded; then he sometimes spouts blood. Frequently a thin haze is observed by whalers blowing along the sea, like the foamy crest of a wave scudding before the wind; and following back the course of this with the eye, the “blow” of a whale is often observed, sending off these whiffs of vapour. If seen between the boats and the shore, an inexperienced person would often mistake it for smoke on land.

A parasitical polype, peculiar to the whale, is generally found firmly attached to the skin of the animal when full-grown, especially about the head and lips; but it is a curious fact, and one which I do not remember ever to have seen noticed, that at the time of birth (and even previously) the young whales are marked with exact impressions or scars, of the precise form of the polypes, in those parts where afterwards the real parasites invariably appear.

We had hitherto seen very few birds; one day a beautiful white one, with two very long tail-feathers, flew over and round the ship, and many murderous proposals were made by the idlers to shoot it; but my entreaties for its life, strengthened by the superstitious warnings of the sailors, who seemed to regard it as a good omen of something or other, preserved the poor thing, and I had the happiness of seeing it fly away unharmed. It was the boatswain, or frigate-bird. We only saw that one bird of the kind during the passage, and certainly it was the most beautiful as well as the rarest of our feathered visitants.

Soon afterwards two or three boobies paid us a flying call, very possibly to see some relatives on board; of course the ties of affinity preserved them from molestation. Lord Byron, in his inimitable description of Juan's shipwreck, very aptly associates

the *noddy* with the boobies, but no noddy accompanied ours, that I am aware of.

We fell in with numbers more of the feathered people, as we increased our distance from the equator; most abundant were the Cape pigeons, or "passenger's friend" (*Procellaria Capensis*). Had the *sobriquet* been "passenger's victim," it had been far more appropriate, for it appears the universal custom—shame on those who make it so!—to massacre these poor harmless and really beautiful birds for the mere wanton love of destruction. Every one possessed of a gun, powder, and shot aids in the slaughter, or at least does his worst; and besides the killed, I have watched many and many a poor wounded bird, disabled from flying or procuring food, float helplessly away to perish in pain and starvation, because some heartless blockhead had no other resource to kill time than breaking its leg or wing. Often did I think of the line in the good old nursery hymn,

"For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do;"

and never was its truth more fully exemplified.

Hooks, baited with pork, were also used to *fish* for them; but as very few were caught in this manner, it proved a far more harmless amusement, and the exhibition of their natural voracity, which it occasioned, somewhat dulled one's sympathy with them. The moment a freshly-baited hook was flung astern, a crowd of pigeons would assemble round it, flying, swimming, scuffling through the water, as the tempting morsel skipped along the surface, scolding and driving each other away with most expressive cries. Very probably a great albatross is watching the result, as he hovers with a still, solemn aspect above the bustling, squabbling crowd. The pigeons succeed in pulling the pork from the hook, and the tumult is redoubled when, in the heat of the battle, the booty is dropped, and the wary albatross, with a sudden and sure plunge, relieves them from all further contention by appropriating the dainty morsel to his own use. Such a scene is acted twenty times a day; sometimes the bird greedily swallows the bait and hook together, and flies high into the air, whence the fisher gradually winds him down; but this is no warning to the survivors, who are as eager for the next throw of the treacherous bait as if none of their number had suffered by its deception.

The Cape pigeon is a small kind of albatross, much larger in the body than a pigeon, and with a great span of wing for its size. The plumage is white, beautifully marked with black on the back and wings, and their black eyes have a very peculiar, but soft and pleasing expression. The various attitudes of a group of these pretty birds, as they are seen closely following the ship—some swimming, others sitting on the water, or running along it with outspread wings, or just lighting down—are really very graceful and beautiful, and were a constant source of amusement to me, whenever their valorous enemies allowed them a truce.

A sportsman of the "Winkles" school is quite dangerous enough on shore, but when to all the awkwardness of such characters is added their utter helplessness at sea, and their invariable rule of stumbling along, with a loaded gun on full cock aimed directly at the nearest person's head, it may easily be conceived what perilous chances occur. Of this class were several violent specimens on board our vessel, all most determined, but most innocent foes of the unfortunate pigeons, as it most frequently happened that they hit a rope or a sail, instead of the bird, having no idea of allowing for the motion of the vessel. The appearance of these gentry on the quarter-deck, weapon in hand, soon became my signal of retreat.

The Cape pigeons are very rarely met with beyond their peculiar track, which extends from 35° to 55° south latitude, within which boundaries they encircle the globe as with a living zone.

The great white albatross (*Diomedea exulans*) fully realized all my ideas of its grandeur and solemnity. I never saw it without thinking of Coleridge's wild and wondrous tale of the "Ancient Mariner;" nor can there possibly be any creature more fitted to take part in such a dread and ghostly narrative than this melancholy, grave, and most majestic bird. It soars along with widely-expanded wings that often measure fifteen or eighteen feet between the tips, with an even, solemn flight, rarely seeming to stir, but as if merely floating along. Now and then a slow flapping motion serves to raise him higher in the air, but the swift movement and busy flutter of other birds seem beneath his dignity. He sails almost close to you, like a silent spectre. Nothing of life appears in his still, motionless form, but his keen

piercing eye, except that occasionally his head turns slightly, and betrays a sharp, prying expression, that somewhat shakes your belief in the lordly indifference he would fain assume; and if you fling overboard a piece of rusty pork, the disenchantment is complete, and you see that long curiously-crooked beak exercising its enormous strength in an employment so spectral a personage could scarcely be suspected of indulging. There is another kind of albatross, nearly as large as the "great" one, with a small portion of black on its wings, that appears exactly similar in habits to its more renowned relative; but these pied ones are more numerous.

Another kind, that the sailors called "Nelly" (*Diomedea fuliginosa*?), of a dusky, smoky hue, was very abundant, and, I am sorry to say, very frequently destroyed, although, by the great thickness of the plumage or some other protecting cause, their lives were often most strangely preserved. After falling plump into the water, to all appearance shot *dead*, many would float away a short distance, and then, turning over to their proper position, perting up the head, and giving their wings an experimental flutter, as if to ascertain that no damage was done, away they flew unharmed, greatly to my delight and the confusion of their enemies. These surprising resuscitations gained for them with us the name of "immortals."

All the various species of albatross have the same kind of expressive eye I mentioned in describing the Cape pigeon; a gentle, yet withal shrewd glance, and in some a few darker feathers round the eye, add to the soft expression, just as long dark eyelashes do in a human face.

What the flying-fish is, compared with the porpoise, such is the light, swift little petrel beside the slow, solemn albatross. Glancing, dipping, skimming about, or running along the water with half-spread wings, they are all life and activity:

"Up and down, up and down,

"From the base of the waves to the billow's crown;"

they appear mere happy little birds; whilst those awful, funeral creatures give one the idea of unhappy disembodied spirits, condemned to sail about these inhospitable seas till their penance is done.

There are two species of petrel in the vicinity of the Cape: one,

the common kind, is nearly black, and, I believe, is the same which frequents the northern British islands; the other, far more beautiful, is a very delicate blue, and more slight in form than the dark one. The two kinds keep in separate flocks, and I could only obtain a good view of the blue ones with a glass, as they are very shy, and never ventured near the ship—a very wise precaution.

Nothing comes amiss to sailors in the way of eatables; nor, when we consider the wretched fare on which they usually subsist in merchant vessels, can their ready adoption of anything that promises a variety create surprise. The rank, oily, disgustingly high-scented sea-birds that were caught by the passengers, were all begged and eaten by the crew. One day a very large gull or albatross was handed over to them, and duly demolished; and on some one's inquiring how it tasted, a steerage passenger very gravely declared it to be "very like partridge!" When the bird came on deck, quantities of pure oil poured from its beak,—and then to hear of its eating "*like partridge!*"

Very soon after passing the Cape, wet, cold, stormy weather set in, and banished me from my accustomed place on deck to my cabin, where, with dead-lights securely stopping the stern-windows and the skylight closely shut, I slept away as much of the weary day as I could, and sat shivering in cloaks and furs the remainder, for there was not a stove on board. That *was* a weary time; tremendous gales blowing, seas being constantly shipped, and streaming into the mess-cabin, though rarely into ours; the galley-fire continually being put out; and, worst of all, the ship rolling and pitching so violently that one would think each plunge must be her last. Often in the night, when the roaring din around drove away all chance of sleep, I have had a light struck to lie awake by, the darkness seemed so terrible amid those horrid noises. The howling and screaming of the wind, the roaring and dashing water sounding close in one's ears, and every part of the vessel complaining, in its own particular tone of creaking, cracking, or groaning, made up such a frightful uproar, that it seemed sometimes as if a whole legion of fiends were aboard.

Frequent terrific crashes among the crockery and glass ware produced crashes of words, not "*writ in choice Italian,*" but

spoken in a rough and wrathful tone, from captain and steward; the result being a sad diminution of cups and wine-glasses. Such was our dilapidated condition, that two or three old powder-canisters and preserve-jars formed the entire drinking equipage of the cabin table, when the last wine-glass, long the innocent cause of direst jealousy, was lamentably broken. Being rich in the possession of two small white respectable-looking marmalade jars, we took especial care of our valuable "breakfast service," and, until one of our treasures went to pieces in a squall, were the envy of our less fortunate fellow-voyagers; but this general poverty in conveniences was productive of so much merriment, that I doubt if the finest services of china and cut-glass would have served half as well to while away the slowly passing time. A little wit, as of any other good thing, must go a great way at sea, where any change of the too-often grumbling tone of conversation is acceptable.

It is very common for people to talk and write of waves running "*mountains* high," but I confess I always used to make a very liberal allowance for exaggeration and imagery in these cases; and I well remember once joining in the laugh of incredulity, when a gentleman told myself and other young people that he had seen waves of which two would fill the breadth of the Menai Strait, where we then were. I had not then been a long voyage myself; I had not looked and trembled at the scene I witnessed one Sunday morning after a two days' gale, during which I had remained below. The wind had abated considerably, but we could only carry a close-reefed mainsail, and were "scudding" along. Any attempt to describe the vast, awful grandeur of the scene seems absurd—it is so impossible for anything but the eye itself to represent it to the mind; I feel dizzy with the mere remembrance.

When I came on deck, the ship lay as in an immense valley of waters, with huge waves, *mountain* waves, indeed (one of which would have flooded both shores of the Menai), circling us all around: then slowly we seemed to climb the ascent, and, poised on the summit of the rolling height, could look along the dark and dreary waste of ocean heaving with giant billows far and wide; then, plunging down into the next frightful abyss, the labouring vessel seemed doomed;—I fancied already the rush of water in

my ears, when, with a violent pitch and shudder, the ship bounded along again, over another mountain, and down another valley, in long and slow succession again and again, till I grew accustomed to the scene, and could gaze without thinking I looked upon our vast and miserable grave.

There were the ghost-like albatrosses sailing solemnly above the tops of the towering billows, or diving beside us into the yawning gulf,—sailing about with the same unruffled plumes, the same quiet, wary eye, and majestic demeanour, that they wore in the brightest calm. Who could doubt their supernatural attributes? Certainly not a spirit-chilled landswoman, with Coleridge's magic legend perpetually repeating itself to her. I wish some of its good and beautiful lines were as familiar and impressive in the minds and thoughts of others as they are in mine:—

“Farewell, farewell—but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
*He prayeth well, who loveth well*  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

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## CHAPTER V.

Island of St. Paul's—Islands in Bass's Straits—Mutton-birds—Botany Bay Heads—General Excitement—Heads of Port Jackson—Scenery—New Zealanders—First sight of Sydney—Pull ashore—Comforts of Land Life—George Street, Sydney—The Domain—Eucalyptus, &c.—Woolloomooloo—Government Gardens.

A VIEW of the little volcanic island of St. Paul's was the only thing that served to vary the tedium of our stormy passage across the Indian Ocean; and our view being rather a distant one, the only benefit we derived from it was the introduction of a new topic of conversation.—I believe excellent fish are very abundant there; and, as the story goes, you may stand and pull your dinner out of the cold salt-water with one hand, and drop it into a hot fresh spring to cook with the other! I know not if the renowned Baron Munchausen ever visited St. Paul's, but this savours something of his quality. A few wild pigs are there now likewise; but the island is a mere volcanic rock, or rather the crater of an extinct volcano, with no trees or bushes, and but very scanty vegetation of any kind. The hot springs show that volcanic agency is still busy there.

Violent gales, cold and rainy weather, were long our portion, but a favourable change occurred in time to decide our route to be through Bass's Straits, which would not have been prudent in the more boisterous weather; and the longer passage round Van Diemen's Land seemed an intolerable prolongation of our most irksome captivity.

Never shall I forget the feeling of intense pleasure with which I greeted the sight of land again, as we passed among the numerous islands in the Straits. Bare, barren as they were, I thought them lovely as the Elysian fields, for they were *land*, solid, firm, dry land. How we leaned over the vessel's side, *smelling* the shore!—enjoying the fine earthy, fragrant smell that our sea-seasoned noses were so quick to detect in every puff of wind that

came over the islands. We passed several very singular rocks\* early in the morning of this most happy day, and went sailing on, with a fair breeze, a bright sunny blue sky, and an ever-changing, ever-new prospect around. We passed so near the islands of "Kent's Group," and another called the "Judgment," as to discern flocks of seal sleeping on the rocks; thousands of sea-birds, named by sailors "mutton-birds," were flying or floating around us, and often diving for a considerable distance; and, most beautiful of all in this bright picture, numerous vessels were in sight, all bound for the same port as ourselves; and after each traversing a different path, were here, as it were, falling into the common high road for the Australian metropolis.

Those "mutton-birds" I have just mentioned form a most curious and interesting community. I know not if their habits have been observed by naturalists, being myself totally out of the reach of books of reference on all similar subjects; but the particulars I have heard from my husband, whose early wanderings familiarised him with many of the native creatures of the Australian islands, struck me as being very curious. The birds are about the size of a wild-duck, with handsome black plumage, shot with metallic shades of green or brown, accordingly as the light falls on it; they are web-footed, and the beak is similar in form to that of the albatross family. They live wholly at sea the chief part of the year, but on one particular day in spring—November 1st, never varying many hours in the time—they come in from sea in countless myriads, filling the air with clouds of their dark wings as they hurry ashore on some of the islands in Bass's Straits, where their "rookeries," as the sealers term them, are made. These are burrows in the earth, covering many of the islands; and the first care of the birds on returning is to scratch them out clean from any rubbish that has accumulated, and put them in order for habitation, and often to make new ones. This preparatory business occupies about a fortnight, and then the swarming squadrons put to sea again for another fortnight or three weeks, not a bird remaining behind. At the end of this time they return in a body as before, and with much noise and bustle take up their abode in the rookeries, and

\* Called, I think, the Judge and Clerks.

there lay their eggs and sit. The parent birds share between them the "domestic duties," taking it in turns to remain on the nest or go out to seek their food, which chiefly consists of a green slimy matter like sea-weed. They remain on shore until the young ones are a third part grown, and immensely fat, like masses of blubber, when the old birds leave them and go off to sea. The young ones, unable to leave the rookeries, are sustained meanwhile by their own fat; and by the time that is tolerably reduced, their wings are grown strong enough for flight, and they also quit the rookery and go to sea.

The men employed in sealing on these islands derive their chief sustenance from the mutton-birds, which they take in various ways. One very successful method of snaring them is thus practised:—A high pen of stakes wattled together is made on a low part of the coast, into which the poor mutton-birds, who always run down to the water to take wing, are driven with dogs and shouting, and there, as they cannot rise off the land, they can be killed at leisure. An extensive trade in their feathers is also carried on, but these have generally a strong and unpleasant smell; so that a "mutton-bird pillow" is spoken of as something proverbially disagreeable. Great quantities of the birds are cured by the sealers for sale, and I am told that their flavour is similar to that of a red-herring.

Very early on the morning of September 27th, Mr. Meredith was requested to go on deck and identify the land we were then passing, cloudy weather for two days having prevented any observation being taken, and our exact whereabouts being therefore doubtful. The unknown cliffs were immediately pronounced to be the headlands of Botany Bay!—Our weary way-faring was nearly done, the next break in the iron-bound coast that rose dark and threateningly before us would be our welcome haven, Sydney Cove!

In an absolute whirl of delight and excitement, with bright looks and quick eager voices all around, I hastened to put up a few packages ready to take ashore, continually interrupting myself to go on deck and mark our progress. The agitation on board was universal, and the transformations little short of miraculous; passenger-chrysalids were turning into butterflies every instant. Gentlemen, whose whole outer vestments for the past

month would have scarcely brought half-a-crown in Rag-Fair, suddenly emerged from their cabins exquisites of the first water ; and ladies, whose bronzed and scorched straw-bonnets would have been discarded long before by a match-girl, now appeared in delicate silks or satins of the latest London fashion. Gala dresses and holiday faces were the order of the day ; perhaps a child going home from school may feel as happy as I did, but the degree of delight could scarcely be excelled.

The entrance to Port Jackson is grand in the extreme. The high, dark cliffs we had been coasting along all morning, suddenly terminate in an abrupt precipice, called the South Head, on which stand the lighthouse and signal-station. The North Head is a similar cliff, a bare bluff promontory of dark horizontal rocks ; and between these grand stupendous pillars, as through a colossal gate, we entered Port Jackson.

The countless bays and inlets of this noble estuary render it extremely beautiful ; every minute, as we sailed on, a fresh vista opened on the view, each, as it seemed, more lovely than the last ; the pretty shrubs, growing thickly amid the rocks, and down to the water's edge, added infinitely to the effect, especially as they were really green, a thing I had not dared to expect ; but it was spring, and everything looked fresh and verdant.

Here and there, on some fine lawny promontory or rocky mount, white villas and handsome cottages appeared, encircled with gardens and shrubberies, looking like the pretty "cottages ornées" near some fashionable English watering-place ; and perched amid as picturesque, but less cultivated scenery, were the cottages of pilots, fishermen, &c., making, to my ocean-wearied eyes, an Arcadia of beauty. Near the North Head is the quarantine-ground, off which one unlucky vessel was moored when we passed ; and on the brow of the cliff a few tombstones indicate the burial-place of those unhappy exiles who die during the time of ordeal, and whose golden dreams of the far-sought land of promise lead but to a lone and desolate grave on its storm-beaten shore.

We very narrowly escaped a serious accident even in the port. A large vessel was moored in mid-channel, and our pilot could not decide on which side he would pass her, until we were so near that a collision seemed inevitable, but we for-

tunately cleared her, with not two feet to spare, and pursued our course.

During a light shower which fell shortly after, amid the bright sunshine, a most beautiful rainbow appeared, seeming like a smile of welcome to my new country. It spanned over one of the many lovely little bays, and was very broad, so that, although the centre had a considerable elevation, it wholly rested on the water, which, with the rocks, trees, and hills beyond, and the snow-white sands of the bay, shone in all the graduated shades of the bright prismatic colours. It was beautiful beyond description.

The pure white silvery sand which forms the beach in several of these picturesque coves, gives them a peculiarly bright appearance; it is much valued, I believe, by glass-makers at home, and often taken as ship's ballast, for that purpose.

As we neared Sydney, several rocky islets appeared, some rising like ruined forts and castles, and richly adorned with verdant shrubs down to the edge of the bright, clear, deep blue water, that reflected them so perfectly, one could scarcely tell where substance and shadow joined. One of them is named Shark Island; another larger one, Garden Island; and a little one, bearing the unmeaning and not very refined name of "Pinchgut," is now the site of a small fort or battery.

The remarkable clearness of the atmosphere particularly struck me, in looking at distant houses or other objects, everything, however remote, seeming to have such a *clean*, distinct outline, so different to the diffused effect of an English landscape; not that I should like it in a *picture* so well as our softer and more rounded perspective, but in a new place, where one likes to see everything plainly, it is very pleasant. The bright white villas seemed almost to cut into their surrounding trees, so sharp the corners appeared; and the universal adjunct of a veranda or piazza in front, served to remind us that we were in a more sunny climate than dear, dull Old England, where such permanent sun-shades would be as intolerable as they are here necessary.

The harbour-master's boat was soon alongside, and he, with the physician, came on board, to perform their respective duties of inquiry and examination, and to hear the last news from home. No vessel had arrived from thence for a month, an unusually long interval, and intelligence was anxiously expected;

but during the day of our arrival and the following one, above a dozen English vessels poured in.

The pilot had informed us that wheat was at an enormous price in Sydney then, but his statement was not credited; it was, however, only too correct, *twenty-seven shillings per bushel* being the average price, in consequence of the severe droughts, which had for two successive seasons destroyed the crops.

The crew of the harbour-master's boat were New Zealanders, fine intelligent-looking, copper-coloured fellows, clad in an odd composite style, their national dress and some British articles of apparel being blended somewhat grotesquely. The New Zealanders are much the noblest specimens of "savages" that I have ever met with. During our residence in Sydney I saw a chief walking along one of the principal streets, with his wife following him. I had often heard of and seen what is called majestic demeanour, but this untutored being, with his tattooed face and arms, and long shaggy mantle, fairly outdid even my imaginings of the majestic, as he paced deliberately along, planting his foot at every step as if he had an emperor's neck beneath it, and gazing with most royal indifference around him. There was the concentrated grandeur of a hundred regal mantles of velvet, gold, and ermine in the very sway of his flax-fringed cloak; I never beheld anything so truly stately. I cannot say so much for his lady, a black-haired, brown-faced body, in a gaudy cotton-print gown, and (so far as I could judge) nothing else. She trotted after her lordly better-half, staring with unsophisticated curiosity at everything, apparently quite a novice in the busy scene; but I verily believe, had you placed the man amidst the coronation splendours of Westminster Abbey, that he would not have been so "vulgar" as to betray surprise. Nor is their courtesy of manner in any degree inferior to their magnificent demeanour. I have heard my husband say, that when at New Zealand, he was treated by the chiefs with such kind, anxious hospitality, and true gentlemanly bearing, as might put to shame many an educated but less civilized European.

About noon we cast anchor opposite Fort Macquarie, a neat stone building, with a few cannon planted around it: Close alongside of us lay a Scotch emigrant ship, her deck thronged with crowds of both sexes and all ages, enlivened by the fearful din of

some half-dozen bagpipers, who were all puffing, squeezing, and elbowing away with incomparable energy and perseverance, though, as they all seemed to be playing different airs, the melody produced was rather of a complex character.

Behind, or rather to the right of Fort Macquarie, was Government House, a long low building with a spacious veranda, in which sentinels were pacing to and fro; before it lay a fine green lawn, sloping towards, though not to, the water's edge, (quays intervening,) and around it grew noble trees, both European and Colonial, the English oak in its early spring garb of yellow green being here and there overtopped by the grand and more sombre Norfolk Island pine. A few other good houses were in view, but the chief of the town, or, as it must now be called, city, is built on the sides and at the head of a cove running at right angles with the stream in which we lay, which prevented the best parts from being observed, and the main portion of what was visible had an air of "Wapping" about it, by no means engaging.

The opposite or north shore of Port Jackson, here about two miles across, is of rather a monotonous character. Hills of no great elevation and very tame outline rise from the beach, dotted here and there with villas and cottages, their adjoining gardens making a pleasant green contrast with the uniform brown hue of the scrub. Numberless boats were pulling and sailing about, giving animation to the scene, and several of the vessels we had passed in Bass's Straits were working up the port; the life and bustle all around making a delightful change after our long solitary voyage; and when the boat came to take us ashore, my joy was complete. Once more seated in the slung chair, wrapped in the British flag, I gladly bade adieu to the good ship that had so long seemed to me a weary "prison-house," and soon, with a delight that must be felt to be understood, stepped again on *land*.

And how happy a time it is—the first few days on shore after such a voyage! Every action of life is an enjoyment. I could walk, without the floor jumping about and pitching me over; could use *both* hands to brush my hair, instead of keeping one to hold on by; could absolutely set my wine-glass on the table without fear of its upsetting into my plate, though, by the bye,

I often caught myself carefully propping it up against something, or looking above for the swing-tray to put it out of danger. Then the abundant supply of water for ablutionary purposes is a priceless luxury when first enjoyed after the limited allowance on board ship; and I often made the chambermaid smile by asking if she could *spare* me another ewer-full. It is *fresh, clean* water too, not flavoured either by a vinegar or rum cask, and can be used without being "left to settle!" Perhaps few ship-stewards are *very* clean, but all are not *extremely* dirty, and therefore our exquisite enjoyment of clean cups, glasses, plates, and forks, may not be imagined by the generality of voyagers. Vegetables too, after a long diet of pork and rice, were most acceptable. Fruit was not in season, except loquats, a pleasant acid berry, the size and shape of a gooseberry, with large kernel-like pippins. The tree is a very handsome one, bearing large long leaves, and drooping clusters of white, deliciously fragrant blossoms, which are succeeded by the golden-coloured fruit.

When we remember that Sydney has risen within little more than fifty years from the first settlement of the colony, its size, appearance, and population are truly wonderful. It is a large busy town, reminding me of portions of Liverpool or Bristol, with many good buildings, though few have any pretension to architectural beauty. The newer portions of the town are laid out with regularity and advantage. One long street traverses its whole length, about a mile and a half, full of good shops exhibiting every variety of merchandise; and in the afternoon, when the ladies of the place drive out, whole strings of carriages may be seen rolling about or waiting near the more "fashionable emporiums," that being the term in which Australian shopkeepers especially delight. The vehicles are sometimes motley enough in their equipment. Here and there appears a real London-built chariot, brilliant in paint and varnish, and complete in every luxury; with a coachman, attired something like worthy Sam Weller, "as a compo of footman, gardener, and groom," sitting on a box innocent of hammercloth, and driving a pair of mean-looking, under-sized horses terribly out of proportion with the handsome, aristocratic-looking carriage behind them. Sometimes, but very rarely, you see a consistent, well-appointed equipage; I think the tandem is more frequently turned out in good

style than any other kind: and as no "lady" in Sydney (your grocers' and butchers' wives included) believes in the possibility of walking, the various machines upon wheels, of all descriptions, are very numerous; from the close carriage and showy barouche or britzka, to the more humble four-wheeled chaise and useful gig. Few ladies venture to risk their complexions to the exposure of an equestrian costume, and accordingly few appear on horseback.

George Street seems to be by common consent considered as the Pall-Mall, or rather as the "Park" of Sydney, and up and down its hot, dusty, glaring, weary length go the fair wives and daughters of the "citizens," enjoying their daily airing; whilst close to the town is the beautiful Domain, a most picturesque rocky promontory, thickly wooded and laid out in fine smooth drives and walks, all commanding most exquisite views of Sydney and its environs, the opposite shore, and the untiring ever-beautiful estuary of Port Jackson. It was our favourite spot; even after driving elsewhere out of town (for alas! the splendour of George Street had no charms for me) we generally made one circuit round the Domain, and as generally found ourselves the only visitors. It was unfashionable, in fact, not the proper thing at all, either to walk or drive in the Domain. It was a notorious fact, that maid-servants and their sweethearts resorted thither on Sundays, and of course that shocking circumstance ruined its character as a place for their mistresses to visit; the public streets being so much more select.

Lady Macquarie had this Domain laid out after her own plans; walks and drives were cut through the rocks and shrubs, but no other trees destroyed; seats placed at intervals, and lodges built at the entrances. On the high point of the promontory some large horizontal rocks have been slightly assisted by art into the form of a great seat or throne, called Lady Macquarie's Chair, above which an inscription informs the visitor to whose excellent taste and benevolent feeling he is indebted for the improvement of this lovely spot. It always reminded me of Piercefield in Monmouthshire, but is far more beautiful, inasmuch as, instead of the black-banked Wye, here the bright blue waves of the bay wash the lower crags, and in place of looking only at one opposite bank, here is a noble estuary with countless bays

and inlets, pretty villas and cottages, and dainty little islands, all bright and clear and sunny, with a cloudless sky above them. The trees are chiefly different species of *Eucalyptus*, or "gum-tree," some of which bear large and handsome flowers, having a remarkably sweet and luscious scent, like honey, with which they abound. The name *Eucalyptus* is admirably descriptive of the flower, meaning covered well with a lid; and each closed blossom is shaped like a goblet, with a pyramidal cover, which in due time falls, or is thrust off, by the crowd of squeezed-up stamens within, that quickly expand into a starry circle when released from their verdant prison. The leaves are mostly of a dull green, with a dry sapless look about them, more like old specimens in a herbarium than fresh living and growing things, and, being but thinly scattered on the branches, have a meagre appearance. They are, however, "evergreens," and in their peculiarity of habit strongly remind the observer that he is at the antipodes of England, or very near it, where everything seems topsy-turvy, for instead of the "fall of the leaf," here we have the stripping of the bark, which peels off at certain seasons in long pendent ragged ribands, leaving the disrobed tree almost as white and smooth as the paper I am now writing on. At first I did not like this at all, but now the clean stems of a young handsome gum-tree seem a pleasing variety amidst the sombre hues of an Australian forest.

Several species of tea-tree (*Leptospermum*) form the chief portion of the shrubbery here, producing their small pretty blossoms very abundantly, whilst various other shrubs and many species of acacia (generally called *Mimosa* or *Wattle* here) display innumerable novelties of leaf and flower to the admiring eyes of an English visitor. One beautiful shrub grows on some of the low rocks, which I have not observed elsewhere: the leaves are large, and not unlike those of a *Camellia*; the flower, in form, size, and colour, resembles a fine single yellow rose.

Opposite the south shore of the Domain, and forming the other boundary of a beautiful cove, is another similar point or promontory, called still by the native name of Woolloomooloo (the accent being on the first and last syllables), on which a number of elegant villas have been erected by the more wealthy residents in Sydney, being to that place what the Regent's Park

is to London. The views from many of these are beautiful in the extreme, looking down into two bays, one on either side, and beyond these to the town and port, with the magnificent heads of the harbour closing the seaward prospect. Vines flourish here luxuriantly, and many tropical plants and trees mingle with those of European growth. Hedges are often formed of geraniums, and sometimes of the fruit-bearing cactus, called the prickly pear (*C. opuntia*, or *C. nana*?), a detestable thing, which if touched, even with strong leathern gloves, so penetrates them with its fine long spines, that the hands of the unlucky meddler are most annoyingly hurt by them. Some of our rarest greenhouse passion-flowers grow here unsheltered, and flower profusely; and the Brugmansia often forms the centre of a grass plot, with its graceful tent-like white bells hanging on it in hundreds. Geraniums thrive and grow very rapidly, but I did not see any good ones; none that I should have thought worth cultivating in England. A Horticultural Society has now been established some years, and will doubtless be the means of much improvement.

The Government Gardens are tastefully laid out round the sloping head of a small bay between the Domain and Government House, and contain (besides abundant vineries, and all other productive matters) a strange and beautiful assemblage of dwellers in all lands, from the tall bamboo of India to the lowly English violet. A group of graceful weeping-willows overhang a pretty shady pool, where a statue, by an English sculptor (Westmacott, I think), is now erected to General Bourke, formerly governor of New South Wales. It had not arrived when we left Sydney, or I should have much rejoiced to see the first specimen of high art which the colony has obtained, placed in so lovely and, with us, so favourite a spot. The grand Norfolk Island pine, the fig, orange, mulberry, and countless trees, shrubs, and flowers new to me, add to the gay beauty of these gardens; and when tired of roaming about the sunny and fragrant walks, there are grassy lawns and shaded seats—and such a lovely prospect around, that, much as I should dislike to dwell in Sydney, I left its beautiful gardens with great regret. Yet, will it be believed, that even these are very little frequented by the inhabitants? They are evidently, from some cause unknown

to me (but doubtless nearly allied to the cause of the Domain's desertion), not considered correctly fashionable by the fancied "exclusives" of the place, though constantly frequented by all new-comers; at all events, the former prefer the hot, glaring, dusty pavement of a town street for their promenade, to these delicious gardens.\*

\* Since writing the above, I have seen some remarks in a Sydney newspaper which imply a more general resort to the "Domain" than was the case at the time of which I speak. I rejoice to find that the beauties of so delightful a spot are becoming more properly estimated.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Sydney Market—Fish, &c.—Dust; Flies—Mosquitoes—Drive to the Light-house—Flowers—Parrots—Black Cockatoos—Hyde Park—Churches—Libraries—"Currency" population—Houses—Balls, &c.—Inns—Colonial Newspapers.

THE market in Sydney is well supplied, and is held in a large commodious building, superior to most provincial market-houses at home. The display of fruit in the grape season is very beautiful. Peaches also are most abundant, and very cheap; apples very dear, being chiefly imported from Van Diemen's Land, and frequently selling at sixpence each. The smaller English fruits, such as strawberries, &c., only succeed in a few situations in the colony, and are far from plentiful. Cucumbers and all descriptions of melon abound. The large green water-melon, rose-coloured within, is a very favourite fruit, but I thought it insipid. One approved method of eating it is, after cutting a sufficiently large hole, to pour in a bottle of Madeira or sherry, and mix it with the cold watery pulp. These melons grow to an enormous size (an ordinary one is from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter), and may be seen piled up like huge cannon-balls at all the fruit-shop doors, being universally admired in this hot, thirsty climate.

There are some excellent fish to be procured here, but I know them only by the common Colonial names, which are frequently misnomers. The snapper, or schnapper, is the largest with which I am acquainted, and is very nice, though not esteemed a proper dish for a dinner-party—why, I am at a loss to guess; but I never saw any native fish at a Sydney dinner-table—the preserved or cured cod and salmon from England being served instead, at a considerable expense, and, to my taste, it is not comparable with the cheap fresh fish, but being expensive, it has become "fashionable," and that circumstance reconciles all things. The guard-fish is long and narrow, about the size of a herring, with a very

singular head, the mouth opening at the top, as it were, and the lower jaw, or nose, projecting two-thirds of an inch beyond it. I imagine it must live chiefly at the bottom, and this formation enables it more readily to seize the food above it. They are most delicate little fish. The bream, a handsome fish, not unlike a perch in shape (but much larger, often weighing four or five pounds), and the mullet, but especially the latter, are excellent. The whiting, much larger than its English namesake, is perhaps the best of all; but I pretend to no great judgment as a gastronome. I thought the rock-oysters particularly nice, and they are plentiful and cheap; so are the crayfish, which are very similar to lobsters, when small, but the large ones rather coarse. I must not end my list of fish that we eat without mentioning one that is always ready to return the compliment when an opportunity offers, namely, the shark, many of whom are inhabitants of the bright tempting waters of Port Jackson. Provisions vary much in price from many circumstances. Everything was very dear when we landed in New South Wales, and at the present time prices are much too low to pay the producers.

The dust is one main source of annoyance in Sydney. Unless after very heavy rain, it is *always* dusty; and sometimes, when the wind is in one particular point, the whirlwinds of thick fine powder that fill every street and house are positive miseries. These dust-winds are locally named "brick-fielders," from the direction in which they come; and no sooner is the approach of one perceived than the streets are instantly deserted, windows and doors closely shut, and every one who can remains within till the plague has passed over, when you ring for the servant with a duster, and collect enough fine earth for a small garden off your chairs and tables.

Flies are another nuisance; they swarm in every room in tens of thousands, and blacken the breakfast or dinner table as soon as the viands appear, tumbling into the cream, tea, wine, and gravy with the most disgusting familiarity. But worse than these are the mosquitoes, nearly as numerous, and infinitely more detestable to those for whose luckless bodies they form an attachment, as they do to most new comers; a kind of initiatory compliment which I would gladly dispense with, for most intolerable is the torment they cause in the violent irritation of their moun-

tainous bites. All houses are furnished with a due attention to these indefatigable gentry, and the beds have consequently a curious aspect to an English eye accustomed to solid four-posters, with voluminous hangings of chintz or damask, and a pile of feather-beds which would annihilate a sleeper in this climate. Here you have usually a neat thin skeleton-looking frame of brass or iron, over which is thrown a gauze garment, consisting of curtains, head, and tester, all sewn together; the former full, and resting on the floor when let down, but during the day tied up in festoons. Some of these materials are very pretty, being silk, with satin stripes of white or other delicate tints on the green gauze ground. At night, after the curtains are lowered, a grand hunt takes place, to kill or drive out the mosquitoes from within; having effected which somewhat wearisome task, you tuck the net in all round, leaving one small bit which you carefully raise, and nimbly pop through the aperture into bed, closing the curtain after you. This certainly postpones the ingress of the enemy, but no precaution that my often-fashed ingenuity could invent will prevent it effectually. They are terrible pests, and very frequently aided in their nocturnal invasions of one's rest by the still worse and thrice-disgusting creatures familiar to most dwellers in London lodgings or seaport inns, to say nothing of fleas, which seem to pervade this colony in one universal swarm. The thickest part of a town, or the most secluded spot in the wild bush, is alike replete with these small but active annoyances.

One day we drove out to the lighthouse on the South Head, about eight miles from Sydney. Soon after leaving the town the road passes the new court-house and gaol, and its handsome front, in the Doric or Ionic style (I forget which), is the only architectural building the "city" could boast when I was there, though I suppose that ere this the new Government House, a mansion in the Elizabethan-Gothic style, is completed. We began shortly to ascend a hill, the road being all sea-sand apparently, and nothing but sand was visible all around. Great green mat-like plats of the pretty *Mesembryanthemum aequilaterale*, or fig-marigold, adorned the hot sandy banks by the road-side. It bears a bright purple flower, and a five-sided fruit, called by children "pig-faces." A very prickly species of solanum also grew here, with large green spiky leaves, more difficult to gather even

than holly, and pretty bluish potato-like blossoms. The universal tea-tree, and numberless shrubs which I knew not, adorned the sandy wastes in all directions. As we continued to ascend, the road became very rough, huge masses of rock protruding like gigantic steps, over which the wheels scraped and grated and jumped in a way that made me draw rather strong comparisons between the character of roads at home and abroad. As we approached the summit, the hollow formed by the road was suddenly filled by a background (forgive the paradox) of deep blue water; it was the open sea that gradually rose before us, seen over the rocks, and spreading out bright and blue, with small waves sparkling in the fervid sunshine, and the white diamond-crested spray dashing high against the iron-bound coast, here broken into a low craggy amphitheatre, into which the rolling waves came surging on, breaking over the groups of rocks, and forming bright little basins among them. On either side the rocks rose again in large masses, presenting a precipitous face to the sea, being part of the dark formidable cliffs we had seen in approaching the Heads by sea. The road, after descending the hill, turned to the left, through some sandy scrub, crowded with such exquisite flowers that to me it appeared one continued garden, and I walked for some distance, gathering handfuls of them—of the same plants that I had cherished in pots at home, or begged small sprays of in conservatories or greenhouses! I had whole boughs of the splendid *metrosideros*, a tall handsome shrub, bearing flowers of the richest crimson, like a large bottle-brush; several varieties of the delicate *epacris*; different species of *acacia*, tea-tree, and *corræa*, the brilliant “Botany-Bay lily,” and very many yet more lovely denizens of this interesting country, of which I know not even the name. One, most beautiful, was something like a small iris, of a pure ultra-marine blue, with smaller petals in the centre, most delicately pencilled; but ere I had gathered it five minutes, it had withered away, and I never could bring one home to make a drawing from. Surely it must have been some sensitive little fay, who, charmed into the form of a flower, might not bear the touch of a mortal hand!

Numbers of parrots, those

“Strange bright birds, that on starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things,”

were flying from tree to tree, or crossing the road in chattering, screaming parties, all as gay and happy as splendid colours and glad freedom could make them. Often they rose close before us from the road, like living gems and gold, so vividly bright they shone in the sun; and then a party of them would assemble in a tree, with such fluttering, and flying in and out, and under and over; such genteel-looking flirtations going on, as they sidled up and down the branches, with their droll sly-looking faces peering about, and inspecting us first with one eye, then with the other, that they seemed quite the monkeys of the feathered tribes.

On nearing the lighthouse, after ascending one or two slight hills, we passed several small houses, and others were building; the views from thence are doubtlessly very grand, but it must be a most exposed situation, with nothing to break the force of the strong sea-breezes, and but little vegetation to moderate the glare of the sun.

The view from the cliffs is indeed grand,

“O’er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea;”

and looking down over the dizzy height, the eye glances from crag to crag, till it catches the snowy puffs of foam flung up from the breakers that roar and dash in the cavernous chasms below, booming among them like subterranean thunder. As I fearfully gazed down, something leaped between me and the dark water—it was a goat, and there were some half-dozen of the agile creatures far down the slippery precipitous crags, leaping, jumping, and frolicking about, with scarcely an inch of foot-room, and only the boiling surf below.

Opposite to us rose the corresponding cliff, called the North Head, bluff and bare, and wearing on its hoary front the hues with which thousands of storms have dyed it. Myriads of sea-fowl were soaring and screaming around, and several vessels in the offing, and nearer shore, were apparently shaping their course to the port, but too distant for us to wait their entrance through these most grand and stupendous gates. The lighthouse itself is not in any way remarkable; close by is the signal-staff, by means of which the intelligence of vessels arriving is speedily transmitted to Sydney and Paramatta.

We drove back by a different road, nearer to the port, and less hilly, but equally beautiful with that by which we came. It

led us through a moister-looking region, with more large trees, greener shrubs, and more luxuriant herbage, and commanding most lovely views, that appeared in succession like pictures seen through a natural framework of high white-stemmed gum-trees and tall acacias. Here and there peeped forth a prettily situated residence, with its shady garden and cool piazza, looking down into one of the small bays I have before mentioned, and beyond that to the estuary.

On one large dead gum-tree a whole council of black cockatoos was assembled in animated debate, sidling up and down the branches, erecting and lowering their handsome gold-tipped top-knots, as if bowing to each other with the politest gestures imaginable; and accompanying the dumb show with such varied intonations of voice as made it impossible to doubt that a most interesting discussion was going on, all conducted in the most courteous manner: perhaps a reform of the grub laws was in agitation, for the business was evidently one of grave importance, and we respectfully remained attentive spectators of the ceremony until "the House" adjourned, and the honourable members flew away. These birds are by no means common in the neighbourhood of Sydney, nor did I see any more during my stay in the colony.

The same deep sandy road continued: it appeared to me that this part of the country must have been gradually elevated from the sea, and a long succession of beaches consequently formed, and left inland by the retreating waters; for the prodigious accumulation of true sea-sand here seems difficult to account for in any other way. In the Domain, too, and many other situations, are raised beaches, consisting wholly of sea-sand and shells (recent ones, so far as I examined them), above which, in a thin stratum of soil, great trees are growing; so that, although these beaches have formed part of the dry land long enough for a body of soil to be deposited upon them, and for aged trees to have grown in that, they are still of modern elevation.

Sydney boasts her "Hyde Park;" but a *park* utterly destitute of trees seems rather an anomaly. It is merely a large piece of brown ground fenced in, where is a well of good water, from which most of the houses are supplied by means of water-carts. There is also a racecourse between the town and Botany Bay,

racing being a favourite amusement among the gentlemen of the colony, and sometimes among the ladies, for I was told of a race somewhere "up the country," in which two "young ladies" were the riders, the prize being a new side-saddle and bridle, which was won in good style by one of the fair damsels; the horse of the other receiving a severe castigation from his gentle mistress, for having swerved and lost the race.

Most of the country gentlemen near Sydney, and for many miles round, are members of the "Cumberland Hunt;" they have a tolerable pack of hounds, and the destructive native dog, or dingo, serves them for a fox. So long as they hunt the really wild ones, the sport is certainly useful; but when, as frequently happens, a *bagged dog* furnishes the day's amusement, I cannot but think the field of mounted red-coats as something less than children. Dinners and balls of course form a part of the arrangements for the races and hunts, and everything is conducted in as English a manner as can be attained by a young country imitating an old one.

There are several large churches in Sydney, plainly, but substantially built; and one was in progress when we were there, which promised a more architectural appearance. The Bishop of Australia is a resident in Sydney. The Roman Catholics, and various dissenting congregations, have also neat and commodious chapels.

I heard that there was a Museum of Natural History; and the "Australian Library" contains an excellent selection of books for so young an institution. The circulating libraries are very poor affairs, but, I fear, quite sufficient for the demand, reading not being a favourite pursuit. The gentlemen are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book; and the ladies, to quote the remark of a witty friend, "pay more attention to the adornment of their heads *without* than *within*." That there are many most happy exceptions to this rule, I gladly acknowledge; but in the majority of instances, a comparison between the intellect and conversation of Englishwomen, and those of an equal grade here, would be highly unfavourable to the latter. An apathetic indifference seems the besetting fault; an utter absence of interest or inquiry beyond the merest gossip,—the cut of a new sleeve, of

the guests at a late party. "Do you play?" and "Do you draw?" are invariable queries to a new lady-arrival. "Do you *dance*?" is thought superfluous, for everybody dances; but not a question is heard relative to English literature or art; far less a remark on any political event, of however important a nature:—not a syllable that betrays *thought*, unless some very inquiring belle ask, "if you have seen the Queen, and whether she is *pretty*?" But all are dressed in the latest known fashion, and in the best materials, though not always with that tasteful attention to the accordance or contrast of colour which an elegant Englishwoman would observe.

The natives (not the aborigines, but the "currency," as they are termed, in distinction from the "sterling," or British-born residents) are often very good-looking when young; but precocity of growth and premature decay are unfortunately characteristic of the greater portion. The children are mostly pale and slight, though healthy, with very light hair and eyes—at least such is their general appearance, with of course many exceptions. They grow up tall; the girls often very pretty and delicate-looking whilst young (although very often disfigured by bad teeth); but I have seen women of twenty-five or thirty, whose age I should have guessed to be fifty at least. They marry very young, and the consequent "olive branches" are extremely numerous. The boys grow up long, and often lanky, seldom showing the strong athletic build so common at home, or, if they do, it is spoiled by round shoulders and a narrow chest, and, what puzzles me exceedingly to account for, a very large proportion of both male and female natives *snuffle* dreadfully; just the same nasal twang as many Americans have. In some cases English parents have come out here with English-born children; these all speak clearly and well, and continue to do so, whilst those born after the parents arrive in the colony have the detestable snuffle. This is an enigma which passes my sagacity to solve.

Of course a large proportion of the population are emancipists (convicts who have served their allotted years of transportation), and their families or descendants; and a strong line of demarcation is in most instances observed between them and the free emigrants and settlers. Wealth, all-powerful though it be,—

and many of these emancipists are the richest men in the colony,—cannot wholly overcome the prejudice against them, though policy, in some instances, greatly modifies it. Their want of education is an effectual barrier to many, and these so wrap themselves in the love of wealth, and the palpable, though misplaced importance it gives, that their descendants will probably improve but little on the parental model. You may often see a man of immense property, whose wife and daughters dress in the extreme of fashion and finery, rolling home in his gay carriage from his daily avocations, with face, hands, and apparel as dirty and slovenly as any common mechanic. And the son of a similar character has been seen, with a dozen costly rings on his coarse fingers, and chains, and shirt-pins, glistening with gems, buying yet more expensive jewellery, yet without sock or stocking to his feet; the *shoes*, to which his *spurs* were attached, leaving a debatable ground between them and his trowsers! Spurs and shoes are, I imagine, a fashion peculiar to this stamp of exquisites, but among them very popular.

Many instances occur of individuals of this class returning to, or perhaps for the first time visiting England, with the purpose of remaining there to enjoy their accumulated wealth, and after a short trial, coming back to the colony, heartily disgusted with the result of their experiment. Here, as “small tritons of the minnows,” they are noted *by* their riches, and courted *for* them; but at home, shorn of their beams by the thousands of greater lights than their own, and always subject to unpleasant prejudices and reflections touching “Botany Bay,” and other like associations, they find their dreams of grandeur and importance wofully disappointed, and gladly hasten with all speed from the scenes of mortified vanity. One of these adventurous worthies made the voyage to England, landed, and remained in London a very brief space,—not more, I believe, than one or two weeks,—when, fully satisfied, he took ship and set forth back again. On arriving in Sydney, his friends inquired his opinions of England;—Did he not admire the magnificent buildings and streets in London? “Oh! very well; but nothing like George-street!” At all events, the extraordinary perfection and beauty of the English horses *must* have delighted

him?—"No, not at all; nothing to be compared with Mr. Cox's breed."

The good people of Sydney have yet many wise things to learn, and many silly ones to unlearn, before they can attain that resemblance to the higher middle classes at home which is their anxious aim; and the shallow petty pride, or rather vanity, which causes so many heart-burnings and such eager rivalry among those who can often but ill afford its cost, is the main-spring of their follies. The existence of such feeling in a colony, where all, with very rare exceptions, have sprung from needy emigrants or transported criminals, is too absurd to require a comment. Yet pride, of a right kind, *might* be the best agent a new country could possess; but it must be a generous, not selfish pride; it must strive for renown in a general good, not an individual aggrandisement; it must show a wise and liberal, not (as is too much the case at present) an ignorant and sordid spirit; its effort must be, not to rise above its neighbours, and, if possible, thrust them lower still, in contrast to its own exaltation, but aid, by an example of strict integrity and honour, careful industry, increasing knowledge, and true morality, the interests of the community at large.

The distinctions in society here remind me of the "Dock-yard people," described by Dickens, that keen and kindly satirist of modern follies. Thus—Government officers don't know merchants; merchants with "stores" don't know other merchants who keep "shops;" and the shopkeepers have, I doubt not, a little code of their own, prescribing the proper distances to be observed between drapers and haberdashers, butchers and pastry-cooks. The general character of the invitations to the entertainments at Government House has caused much discussion and animadversion; the citizens who drive chariots not liking to be mingled in company with their tradespeople who only keep gigs. But all this pride of place is so very ridiculous and unbecoming in such a community, that were not its tendency so mischievous, it could only provoke a smile.

English customs and fashions are carefully followed, and frequently outdone by the more wealthy and (if I may be allowed the phrase, in speaking of commoners) *aristocratic* of the colo-

nists. Their extravagant mode of living, combined with the mania for speculation, has greatly contributed to the late and still existing embarrassments of the colony. Many of their houses are elegant villas, with rooms of noble dimensions, expensively furnished with almost every luxury to be found in a gentleman's residence in England, and environed by beautiful gardens, where every description of fruit, both European and tropical, is cultivated. The numerous servants too are a great and universal expense. The smaller houses of merchants, and various professional and official men, have much the style of those in suburban streets in England, standing alone or in pairs, all protected from the sun by verandas from six to twelve feet wide, with pretty gardens in front, often fenced by high hedges of gay geraniums. Several of these villa-streets are very pretty, and a most refreshing contrast to the dust, dirt, noise, and closeness of the lower part of the town, which is, from the climate and other causes, some shades more unpleasant than any place I ever was in before.

These rambling "Sketches" of mine are fortunately not required to be a complete "Guide" to all the lions, wonders, and beauties of Sydney and its vicinity, for of many I am totally ignorant. I know it possesses a pretty theatre, and that frequent concerts and public balls are given at all seasons; but as my health did not allow of my partaking in any amusement which demanded attendance in close and heated assemblies, I cannot speak of them from experience. Three annual "national" balls were given whilst I was in the colony, which those present described as very gay affairs; the tutelar saints of the three kingdoms being made patrons extraordinary on the occasion—St. George presiding over the English ball, St. Andrew over the Scotch, and St. Patrick, that "gentlemanly" saint, over the Irish entertainment. A fourth ball was then arranged, being a combination of the forces, and at this fancy dresses were very generally worn, and some well supported. All these balls were very numerous attended, it being quite a matter of course for families to come above two hundred miles, even in that climate, and over *such* roads, to attend a ball. How any one at home would laugh at the idea of journeying an equal distance on a

like errand! even with all the aids of rail and turnpike-roads, stage-coaches and post-chaises! But young ladies are so numerous, and balls so comparatively rare, that it seems an act of policy not to lose these occasional opportunities for the display of charms that might otherwise "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

There are several good inns in Sydney, much frequented by bachelor settlers, and one, to which the married ones take their families, at about double the expense of accommodation in a first-rate English hotel; and whilst you are served with "King's pattern" plate, and by half a dozen waiters, you miss many of the commonest comforts to be found in every wayside hostel at home. These and similar inconsistencies are perpetually striking a new-comer, in every circumstance of life and every grade of society.

A stranger cannot fail to notice the prodigious number of public-houses in this place, and, judging from general appearances, I fear they are only too well supported, and receive the greater part of the earnings of the lower classes, among whom habits of intemperance are unhappily very prevalent. The advocates of the temperance and tee-total societies have, I believe, effected considerable good, but much more remains to be done.

My readers doubtless remember the inimitable passages in 'Pickwick,' descriptive and illustrative of the "Eatanswill Gazette," and "Independent," with their rival editors, Mr. Pott and Mr. Hurk. It is my sincere opinion that some of the colonial editors here have mutually resolved on attempting an exact imitation of the style and manner of these renowned papers, for their leading articles bear a most curious resemblance, fraught with the most deadly hatred of each other, and the same unmeasured powers of abuse and wholesale condemnation. Such terms as "Our base and mendacious contemporary;" "That tissue of ignorance and conceit, the —;" "That mean-spirited creature, whose vile insinuations we despise;" together with torrents of "rascal, liar, scoundrel, booby, fool, venom, viper, toad," &c. &c., give an indescribable piquancy and interest to their charming productions; their brethren of Port Phillip,

Hobarton, &c., often zealously emulating their spirit and incomparable choice of language; though some are of a very different stamp, and, strange to say, are preferred by many persons who have the curious taste to peruse with more satisfaction European news, and quiet discussions of general topics, than the most fluent and animated harangues of these eloquent opponents.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Leave Sydney—"Clearings"—Huts of the Working Classes—Chain-Gangs—Parramatta—Creeks and Rivers—Inn—Birds—Road to Penrith—Grasshoppers—Penrith—Nepean—Emu Plains—Ascent of the Blue Mountains—Waratah.

IN the last chapter I have given my general impressions of Sydney; the result of our entire residence in the town and neighbourhood, rather than a mere first view, which could only observe the surface of things, my first sojourn there being only for a fortnight, when, our baggage being landed and stored, and all other arrangements completed, we prepared for a journey "up the country." My husband required to visit his sheep-stations on the Murrumbidgee; but my travels were not to extend farther than Bathurst, about 120 miles.

Our first day's journey was merely an afternoon drive to Parramatta, fifteen miles from Sydney, through alternate cleared land and "bush," but all enclosed. The chief of the way-side houses were those of publicans, round which drays and carts were usually assembled, whilst their drivers refreshed themselves within, and swarms of flies added to the torment and weariness of the miserable horses and oxen, who often wait for hours the return of their brutal and drunken guide.

The system of "clearing" here, by the total destruction of every native tree and shrub, gives a most bare, raw, and ugly appearance to a new place. In England we plant groves and woods, and think our country residences unfinished and incomplete without them; but here the exact contrary is the case, and unless a settler can see an expanse of bare, naked, unvaried, shadeless, dry, dusty land spread all around him, he fancies his dwelling "wild and uncivilized." About some of the older houses in the colony a growth of fruit-trees, and often British forest-trees, has succeeded the despised aboriginal productions, and sometimes a few

of the grand Norfolk Island pines tower above the lower groups. Ungrafted quince and peach trees form hedges in many places; and when not hidden in the thick coat of dust which covers everything near a public road, their greener hue is a pleasing change amidst the brown landscape. Where land is not required for the plough, the trees are frequently only cut down within a yard of the ground, which remains thickly encumbered with the ugly blackened and burned stumps, giving the appearance at a little distance of a large and closely occupied graveyard; grubbing, or taking up the roots, being a far more expensive operation. Many large trees are destroyed by a ring of bark being taken off the trunk, when they die in the course of a year, and their huge leafless skeletons have an indescribably dreary and desolate aspect.

Maize, or Indian corn, which I here saw growing for the first time, is a most ornamental crop, each plant being placed by itself, and its long, broad, green leaves and crowning spire of blossoms having a very graceful appearance. It is generally cultivated here in lieu of other grain, for which the climate is less adapted, and is always understood by the term *corn*, all other corn, such as wheat, barley, &c., being called grain.

The habitations of the working classes, for *poor* there are none, are the least pleasing objects one meets with in this colony. Instead of the neat clean cottage of an English labourer, with its little glazed windows, and tidy though old curtains looped on one side; its small garden-plot of vegetables, pot-herbs, and sweet flowers, and cheerful, though humble aspect,—here you pass a wretched hut or hovel, built of heaped turf, or more frequently of “slabs” (rough pieces of split timber, set on end, like a strong paling), and thatched, and which, if plastered with mud, would be weather-proof and comfortable; but, for the most part, the slabs are all falling asunder, the thatch half torn off, the window, or rather the place for one, stopped with pieces of wood, hides, and old rags; and the door, without hinges, inclining against the wall. A heap of ashes and chips usually lies in front; broken bottles, old casks, old rags, bones, and shoes, and various similar articles are scattered around. Not a herb, not a cabbage is to be seen; no attempt at making a garden, although a fence might be had for the trouble of cutting it, and, by very little

labour, abundant crops of vegetables and fruit produced. Unfortunately, at the time I speak of, wages were so high, that by working only a third or fourth part of his time, a man could gain an ample livelihood, and consequently those disposed to be idle had both time and money to spend in drunkenness; the improvement and comfort of their homes had no share in their thoughts; and the wife in many cases was as bad as her husband; whilst the unfortunate children, growing up without instruction, and under such examples, cannot be expected to adopt any very moral or religious ideas. The rate of wages is no doubt now much lowered by the increased number of emigrants; and this, by compelling many to acquire more industrious habits, will do immense good. I remember the wife of a turnpike-keeper near our house, who was scarcely ever seen sober, and as rarely without a broken head or a black eye. One day Mr. Meredith was driving a friend to the races at Parramatta, and, on reaching the turnpike, this engaging female was discovered seated at a table by the door, with a cup and a half-gallon bottle of rum beside her, the effect of which was already evident; she offered Mr. Meredith a ticket, which he told her was not required, as she knew him so well from his passing constantly—"Oh, sir, you'd better take it, for I shan't know anybody by the time you come back!"

It is amusing enough, in traversing this colony, to come upon a spot in the midst of the wild bush, where a great finger-post stands to inform you that you are in the "township" of Monmouth, or Rutland, or some other old country name, with other posts at certain distances, bearing the names of streets, squares, &c., where not the semblance of a human dwelling is visible, though all arrangements seem made for a large and populous town. These, I imagine, are some of the "town allotments," in which such extensive and fatal speculations have been made in all parts of the colonies.

We passed several "chain-gangs" working on the road; these are convicts, who, from their great and repeated crimes, are sentenced for various periods to work in irons in the service of the government; and the villainous countenances of the greater number, the clank of their chains, and the thought of how awful an amount of crime had led to this disgraceful punishment, made me positively dread passing or meeting a band of the miserable

wretches. Very erroneous opinions relative to the state of convicts in these colonies exist at home as to the degree of hardship they endure. I think I can in the course of these pages relate enough from my own observation, to prove how much very many humane persons are misled in their ideas on the subject. Even the chain-gangs, the lowest grade of this class, do not perform on an average the third part of the labour which any English mechanic or labourer does gladly and cheerfully. Their rations of food are wholesome and abundant, and their huts or barracks provided with every necessary. When sick, they have the best medical care, and whatever additional luxuries their state may require; and when I apply to them the term "miserable wretches," I would be understood as applying it to their crimes and social degradation, not to their corporal sufferings. They work under the superintendence of overseers, and sentinels with loaded muskets, who would shoot any one attempting to escape; but notwithstanding every precaution, they do frequently evade the vigilance of their guards, and, "taking the bush," that is, running away into the forests, they often become formidable in their attacks on travellers in the lonely roads up the country. Not long ago, I saw an account of *eleven* murders having been committed by one of these desperadoes, and accompanied by such horrors of mangling, burning, and otherwise disposing of his victims, as far exceed all the fearful tragedies of a like kind we read of in the English papers. Several parties of bushrangers were out at the time of our journey, but as that is generally the case, it made no difference in our arrangements.

Parramatta is a straggling and extensive place, with good wide streets, containing houses and shops of every size and description, which are most agreeably diversified by the pretty gardens encompassing many of them, shadowed with fine mulberry, orange, and fig trees, and gay with luxuriant shrubs and flowers, among which the large American aloe forms a prominent feature, and frequently one appears in bloom. From its low situation, Parramatta is many degrees warmer than Sydney, and though seated on the shores of Port Jackson (here called the Parramatta river), it feels little if any benefit from the sea-breeze, which in Sydney is so great a relief. I may here add another link to the chain

of antipodean absurdities enumerated by Mr. Baron Field,\* by asserting that all the rivers are creeks, and all the creeks rivers; thus you hear people continually talking of the Parramatta river, which is neither more nor less than the higher portion of the estuary of Port Jackson, and perfectly salt: whilst if by chance you meet with a precious little stream of fresh water far inland, rest assured it is nothing but a "creek." I was most amusingly puzzled by hearing of "creeks" far away from the coast, and began to suspect my geography to be in fault, when I soon found them to be what in England we should call a brook or rivulet. Orange-groves and vineyards are numerous in the vicinity of Parramatta, and supply the "metropolis" with the chief of its fruit. Various kinds of oranges are grown, both sweet and bitter; among the latter, a very small one, called the mandarin orange, is a pretty and fragrant fruit, and makes a delicious preserve. The lemons are very different from those used in England, being much the shape of an ill-formed Seville orange, but well-flavoured and juicy.

Some of the houses are covered with vines, and the verandas of others richly tapestried with jasmine, woodbine, roses, and climbing plants of every description. The church is a singular-looking edifice, having two blunt spires, one of which only is surmounted with the usual vane and weathercock. The Court-house has a handsome Grecian portico of cut stone, and the "factory," or house of correction for female prisoners, the hospital, schools, and other public institutions are large establishments,

\* "It is New Holland—where it is summer with us, when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versa*; where the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar (*Cedrela Toona*); where the fields are fenced with mahogany (*Eucalyptus robusta*); and myrtle-trees (*Myrtaceæ*) are burnt for fuel; where the swans are black, and the eagles are white; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its fore-paws, and three talons on its hind-legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail [It is almost needless to say that *this* absurd idea has long been exploded.—L.M.]; where the mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird (*Melliphaga*) which has a broom in its mouth, instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one half belonging to the genus *Raia*, and the other to that of *Squalus*; where the pears are made of wood (*Xylomelum pyriforme*), with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry (*Exocarpus cupressiformis*) grows with the stone on the outside."

but I never was within any of them, although subsequently residing in the neighbourhood for some time.

After passing a particularly pretty garden, in which stood a long low house, with a spacious piazza in front, I was surprised by Mr. Meredith's driving up to the door, and still more so on finding that this was our inn, where we had engaged rooms. My belief that it was a private residence was natural enough, for the sign of the "Red Cow" on the roof had escaped my notice; but we were most comfortably accommodated in every way. The garden was full of beautiful flowers, particularly the bright scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, the soft and fragrant oleander, and quantities of pink and crimson china-roses. An enormous prickly-pear (*Cactus opuntia*?) grew near the house (I think it must be twenty feet high), and was full of yellow blossoms and dark red fruit, in picking up some of which to taste, I stuck my gloves so full of the fine penetrating prickles that it was some days before I extracted them all from my hands.

Two beautiful birds were living tame in the garden; they were called curlews, but I doubt if correctly. They were much the shape of the avosetta, with long straight legs, long straight bill, a prettily-marked brown plumage, and the finest eyes I ever saw in any but the eagle or hawk tribe. The female was very shy, having had her nest and eggs repeatedly destroyed by mischievous boys and visitors; but the male was very familiar, following us all about, uttering a plaintive cry, which I afterwards used to hear frequently at night near our own residence, where they were very numerous, though scarcely ever seen.

Several of the native parrots were caged in the veranda, and talked a little; one kind, as large as the grey and green parrots so often seen in England kept as pets, had a most elegant plumage, the back, wings, and upper part of the tail being pale lavender-colour, and the breast and tail-linings the most delicate pink. Beside these hung the prison of a lovely little creature, called the Bathurst parrot or parroquet, or, as I named it then, and have done ever since, the "painted lady," as on each cheek (or whatever ornithologists call the part of a bird's face which corresponds to that human feature) there is a round spot of soft crimson orange-colour; the rest of the fair lady's attire being bluish lavender, with a pale primrose-coloured breast; a long tail, and

pretty sly eyes, make her one of the most beautiful of this numerous and gay tribe of birds. In the streets, too, we met a "native companion," or gigantic crane, walking about perfectly tame and fearless, being a sort of general pet among the inhabitants; he was between three and four feet high, and his enormous bill, keen eyes, and grave demeanor gave him a most sapient and dignified appearance as he stalked along, peering about, and sometimes pausing before one of the shop-doors, to take a more minute survey of matters within. But the chief glory of Parramatta in the bird-line is now, alas! no more. This was a tame magpie at one of the inns, of whose fluent conversation and wonderful ventriloquism I have heard most surprising stories, but I never saw the prodigy myself.

On quitting Parramatta the following day, we passed near Government House, which is beautifully situated in a fine domain, and frequently visited by the governor. Sir Maurice O'Connell, commander of the forces in Australia, now resides there. The road to Penrith passes occasionally through pleasant scenery, though chiefly monotonous enough, and the intense heat made me almost incapable of enjoying anything; added to which, the indescribable chirruping, creaking, and whirring of myriads of grasshoppers (*dust-hoppers* more properly), that seemed to fill all space around us, was almost intolerable; and what was very extraordinary, these unwelcome musicians were wholly invisible, nor could the most rigid observation detect them. They seemed to be a little below the surface of the loose dusty soil, and ceased their noise when I approached them. I afterwards detected some of their kindred at Bathurst, at least the voices were the same, and found them to be insects of the true grasshopper shape, with small wings, and about an inch long; but these colonies swarm with an immense variety of these long-legged insects of all sizes, from a quarter of an inch to two inches in length, and of all colours; brown in every shade (particularly the tints of withered grass and dead gum-leaves), green of the brightest hues, grey, black, reddish, and purple. Many of the large ones are very handsome and curious creatures.

Penrith is a long village, containing a few pretty, and many new, raw-looking houses, profusely adorned with green paint on the windows, shutters, verandas, and railings, and some had

very nice flower-gardens in front. We drove through the town to an inn some distance beyond it, close to the ferry over the Nepean, the first *river* I had seen in the colony, and the only one I did see there. The fine view of the Blue Mountains, rising beyond the level Emu Plains on the other side the river, beguiled me into walking in a garden on the banks till driven away by the clouds of mosquitoes; and as we sat in the veranda after dusk, I observed a single bright fiery spark glancing swiftly about in front of the house, now rising high into the air, and again falling, darting quickly to and fro, and occasionally resting a few seconds. On inquiry, I was told it was a fire-fly; but I was not aware that the bright creatures were found in New South Wales, nor did I ever observe more than this one.

I was told of an amusing incident which occurred to a new arrival during our stay. The traveller in question, putting on a most important aspect, walked into the stable, where the ostler was busy in his various duties, and pointing to a horse, inquired if he had been fed. "Yes, sir." "Give him another feed now directly." It was done. "Now, ostler, let that horse be ready for me at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Do you hear?" "*That* horse, sir? That isn't your horse, sir!" "No? Then which *is* my horse?" The steed was pointed out, and the proprietor departed. "Who is that person?" asked Mr. Meredith of the grinning functionary. "Can't say, sir; but I reckon he's a gen'leman wot's newly cotched!"

Early the following morning we resumed our journey, in company\* with a friend with whom we had arranged to travel the remainder of the way. Ourselves, carriages, and horses were safely ferried over the Nepean in a large punt, or railed raft, and landed on the opposite bank, when we drove merrily along the Emu Plains, so named no doubt from the flocks of emu formerly found there; but as civilized, and therefore doubly destructive, man advances in a new country, he invariably exterminates or scares away the timid creatures that have for ages dwelt there undisturbed; and now these noble birds have become unknown, except in the almost untrodden districts of the interior. I saw two tamed ones in a part of the government domain at Sydney; they are most noble-looking birds, and seemed quite happy in the comparative freedom they enjoyed. Their eggs are of a rich

dark-green colour, with a rough surface, like the rind of a coarse orange, or shagreen, and are about the size of those of an ostrich, which bird the emu resembles in general appearance, though handsomer and less awkward.

We had a fine view of the long range of the Blue Mountains before us, and of the abrupt gorge through which the Nepean flows before reaching Penrith. This pass is described as being extremely grand on a nearer approach, as indeed it must be, from the perpendicular height of the mountains, and the large volume of water pouring through so narrow a channel.

After driving for about two miles over the level plains, we reached the foot of Lapstone Hill, the first ascent, up which an excellent road has been made, winding along the side of the mountain, with high overhanging rocks on the left hand and a deep wooded ravine on the right. The wild scenery and the zigzag road reminded me of some of the "passes of the Alps," as drawn by Brockedon, save that our ravine had no foaming torrent roaring down it; and it was only by most intent observation that I could detect something like moisture trickling over the rocks, where an opening in the trees left the far-down stony bed visible.

It was October, and, as I have before remarked, the spring months are by far the *greenest* in this land of ever-browns; so that I saw the country under rather favourable circumstances, although the severe droughts of the two preceding years had destroyed the artificial crops, and even the native grasses, to a deplorable extent. Still, among these lofty mountains and in their shady recesses the trees and shrubs grew in unchecked luxuriance, and yielded me many a new and beautiful flower. As we slowly wound up the steep ascent, and the folding hills narrowed the view behind us, the scene was most picturesque and striking. Far on before us we could see the white-gleaming road still climbing higher and higher; looking back, the plains, reduced to a triangular section by the closing hills, were fast receding from the landscape; gigantic crags, piled high overhead, were mingled with an endless variety of tree, shrub, and flower; and far below, from the depths of the ravine, the opposite side of the pass rose almost perpendicularly, till its upper trees seemed to cut against the bright, unclouded, blue sky. I was quite de-

lighted, and thought that if all our progress over the dreaded Blue Mountains were as pleasant and interesting as the commencement, the journey would be much less wearisome than I anticipated.

I had often been told of the "waratah" (*Telopea speciosissima*), and its grand appearance when growing; and as we drove along, instantly recognised from the description the first of these magnificent flowers we saw, and soon after came more into their especial region, which is about half-way up the height of the mountains, few being seen either far above or below this range. From the temperature, I should think their cultivation at home would be easy, and it would well repay some pains to have such noble flowers added to the treasured wealth of English gardens. The stem is woody, and grows perfectly straight, from three to six feet in height, about the thickness of a walking-cane, and bearing rich green leaves (something like those of the oak, but much larger) all the way up. At the top of this stem is the flower, entirely of the brightest and richest shade of crimson-scarlet. A circle of large spreading petals forms its base, from which rises the cone or pyramid of trumpet-like florets, three, four, or five inches high; the whole flower being much the size and shape of a fine artichoke. Sometimes the stems branch off like a candelabrum, but more generally the flowers grow singly, one on each stalk, and look like bright flambeaux amidst the dark recesses of these wild forests. Unfortunately I had no opportunity of making a drawing of one, having no materials at hand on our journey, and failed to procure a flower during our stay in Sydney. The few plates I have seen give but a very faint idea of this most stately and regal flower.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

A "Country Inn"—Breakfast—Contrasts—A Bush Ramble and digression about Ants—Mountain Scenery—Cattle-skeletons—"Weather-board" Inn—Supper and Night at "Blind Paddy's"—Mountains and the Surveyor's Roads—Mount Victoria—Convict-gangs and Bush-rangers—Inn at the "Rivulet" and its Inhabitants—The ruling Vice.

AFTER driving for some miles nearly all up-hill, we stayed to breakfast at a small way-side public-house, where the slovenly slipshod women, dirty floors, and a powerful odour of stale tobacco-smoke, gave me no very favourable expectations of cleanliness or comfort. On the smoke-stained walls hung some very highly coloured and showily framed prints, representing young gentlemen with red cheeks and very blue coats trying to look very hard at young ladies in pink gowns with very large sleeves; and severally inscribed, "The Faithful Lovers;" "The Betrayed;" "The False One," &c.; ingenious distinctions of character, which it would have been extremely difficult to discover from the portraits alone.

In many places you find some particular dish more generally in vogue than others, but in New South Wales one universal reply follows the query of "What can you give us to eat?" and this is, "'Am an' eggs, Sir;" "mutton-chops" forming the usual accompaniment, if required. So ham and eggs we had, and mutton-chops too; but from their being fried all together, in the same dark-complexioned fat, the taste of these viands was curiously similar, and both of impenetrable hardness. Unless great care is taken, meat spoils so soon in this climate, that the custom among most persons is to cook it almost as soon as killed, which of course precludes the possibility of its being tender. Tea, with black sugar, but no milk, and bread without butter, completed the repast, with the addition of "damper," a composition respecting which there are divers opinions, some persons preferring it to bread, whilst I think it the worst way of spoil-

ing flour. The etymology is perhaps "Dampier," this indigestible food (an excellent damper of a good appetite) being supposed by some persons to have been invented by the great circumnavigator, and the manufacture is this:—A stiff dough is made of flour, water, and salt, and kneaded into a large flat cake, two or three inches thick, and from twelve to eighteen broad. The wood-ashes are then partially raked from the hot hearth, and the cake being laid on it, is heaped over with the remaining hot ashes, and thus bakes. When cut into, it exceeds in closeness and hard heaviness the worst bread or pudding I ever tasted, and the outside looks dirty, if it is not so: still, I have heard many persons, conversant with every comfort and luxury, praise the "damper;" so I can only consider my dislike a matter of taste. In "the bush," where brewer's yeast cannot be procured, and people are too idle or ignorant to manufacture a substitute for it (which is easily done), this indurated dough is the only kind of bread used, and those who eat it constantly must have an ostrich's digestion to combat its injurious effects.

At the period of which I am writing, wheat in Sydney had reached the exorbitant price of 10*l.* 16*s.* per quarter, to which every mile of distance from thence added cost, and this naturally induced every one to economize flour as much as possible; accordingly ground maize, boiled rice, and other things were added to the bread for this purpose, making it hot, bitter, or unpleasantly moist, as the case might be, but I do not remember seeing one instance of the flour being used unsifted, as it is in so many families at home, from motives of health or preference, although it might have been so used at such a time of dearth with manifest advantage.

Adjoining to this comfortless habitation (called an inn) was a small plot of potato-ground, but no attempt at neatness or improvement was visible; all was slovenly and neglected. The dirt and indescribable combination of ill smells within, was but a type of the state of things without. In the rear of the house one vast undistinguished rubbish-heap spread around, bounded only by some wretchedly dilapidated outhouses and stables, and reeking with foul exhalations, on which, and its more tangible delicacies, a large conversation of pigs seemed to luxuriate most satisfactorily. Several children were lying or lounging about in

close companionship with the pigs, equally dirty, but apparently less lively. Miserable creatures! I thought of the contrast between them and children in a similar station at home, for this wretched place would rank with the "Lion" or "Traveller's Rest" of a country village in England, with its couple of clean white-draped spare chambers, and its gay best parlour as neat and bright as a new pin. The landlady, a rosy comely dame with a cap of driven snow and smart flowered gown; the landlord, in cords and blue stockings, velveteen coat, and sturdy figure, a *beau ideal* of an English yeoman; and the children—most of them are at school, but the rest, what clean, shiny, red, laughing, frolicsome young rogues they are! Look on this picture and on that! No—not again; so whilst my companions enjoyed their cigars in the cobwebbed veranda, I crossed the road, and was at once in the wild bush, where I rambled for some time, interested by everything around me, though careful to keep tolerably near the house. Strange birds were fluttering and whistling in the trees; thousands of grasshoppers, large and small, leaped up wherever I went, tumbling down again in their helpless way, with all their legs abroad, and taking a few seconds to gather themselves into place again for a fresh jump; myriads of ants, of various sizes and species, were as busy as ants always are, running hither and thither, up and down the smooth-barked gum-trees, in long lines reaching from the ground far beyond my sight into the tall branches; and here and there, near some old or fallen tree, a swift little lizard would dart into his hole, giving me barely time enough to see that he was not a snake, of which fearful creatures I have a just and most intense terror.

In the course of this and the following day's journey we passed many of the gigantic ant-hills common in some parts of New South Wales. They are great conical heaps of finely worked earth cemented into a hard mass, and from six to ten feet high, with no visible orifice outside, nor did I see a single ant about them, though I closely examined several. I have been told they are the work of a white ant, and, from their magnitude, should suppose them the habitation of a species of termite. When cut open, they display numerous small cells, but on our journey I had neither time nor inclination to destroy and investigate their domestic arrangements myself. The earth of which these ant-

hills are formed, is so finely prepared by the little architects that it is used by the settlers in the neighbourhood as plaster, and frequently as cement for floors. Many various kinds of ants inhabit New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; I know about a dozen species myself. One is a very formidable-looking personage, full an inch long, with a shiny coat of mail gleaming purple and blue, and a threatening sting, which I am told inflicts a most painful wound, as severe as that of the hornet. Besides these are several other large kinds, some entirely black, others with red heads, bodies, or legs. One, with black body and yellow forceps, not only acts on the defensive, but openly attacks any one passing too near him, by jumping at them, and stinging or biting severely; I have often been surprised to observe the distance they can spring when irritated or disturbed. Of the smaller kinds the numbers "are as the sands upon the sea-shore." They swarm in every part of the bush, and infest houses to an intolerable degree. In our house near Sydney, and also our present residence in Van Diemen's Land, I have been excessively annoyed by them; not an atom of anything sweet can be hidden from their attacks: sideboard, pantry, storeroom, cellar, and kitchen, are all alike besieged by the industrious little torments. They bury themselves in sugar, and drown in jam, cream, custards, or tarts; and their odour and taste are so indescribably nauseous, that their repeated visitations become rather expensive. Setting the forbidden viands in vessels of water seemed a perfect remedy, but still the ants gained access to them, and to my amazement I saw whole squadrons of the tiny black army deliberately marching across the water, and climbing the dishes within. Some particles of dust had no doubt fallen on the surface, and enabled them to step over dry. Ants are certainly most interesting creatures (always providing they preserve a respectful distance from one's grocery and sweetmeats), and in the bush I often watch them with great pleasure and without an idea of disturbing them. One day I observed a bright yellow circle on the ground, and on stooping to see what it might be, discovered a quantity of the golden-coloured petals of a small kind of cistus which grew near, neatly cut up into little bits (about the sixteenth of an inch wide), heaped all round an ant-hole, and crowds of my tiny household foes or their relatives busy

in various ways. Some were running about the low branches of the cistus bushes, carrying fragments of the petals towards the heap; others, busy "getting in" the harvest, would come up the hole, seize on a bit of the treasure, and, with the aid of four or five more, pull it down below. Sometimes two parties would bring their burden just to the opening at the same moment, and as the passage was only wide enough for one set at a time, a furious and determined struggle took place as to which should first succeed, which, like many disputes among larger animals, seemed to make up in violence what it wanted in magnitude. I watched the indefatigable little creatures for some time, until I became quite cramped from my crouching position, and still the same routine of business went on with unabated activity.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons!"—We continued our journey through a wild and barren country, utterly destitute of herbage; the inhospitable Blue Mountains were before, behind, and on either side of us, rising in grand and dreary monotony of form and colour. Forests of tall gum-trees covered them from base to peak, but instead of a beauty in the landscape, these were a deformity. All bore the marks of fire far up their branchless, blackened stems, and in many places the burning had been so recent, that for miles the very earth seemed charred, and not even a stunted shrub had sprung up again. The trees, huge masses of charcoal to all appearance, had no branches till very near the summit, and these bore only a few scattered tufts of rusty leaves, scarcely casting a visible shadow, and affording no shade. The steepest ravines had not the semblance of water in their dry dreary depths, and but for the fearful quagmires and deep holes in the road (which made the utmost care in driving requisite to avoid an upset over the precipice), one would not have thought that rain or dew ever visited this desert region.

The main portion of the road is *bad* beyond an English comprehension; sometimes it consists of natural step-like rocks protruding from the dust or sand one, two, or three feet above each other, in huge slabs the width of the track, and over these "*jumpers*," as they are pleasantly termed, we had to jolt and bump along as we best might. How our springs stood such unwonted exercise is an enigma still; but as a vehicle of the ba-

rouche species, crammed in every imaginable corner with live freight and luggage, had passed the inn whilst we were at breakfast, I am inclined to think that springs in colonial use must be made of sterner stuff than I had hitherto given them credit for.

The track we were now traversing usually winds terrace-wise along the side of a steep mountain, and is barely wide enough anywhere to allow of two vehicles passing each other. All the produce of the settlers in the upper country is conveyed to Sydney by this road, and farm supplies taken up from thence: therefore it is no uncommon thing to meet a train of six or eight heavily laden drays (for the continual depredations of bush-rangers render it advisable that several should travel in company), each drawn by eight, ten, or twelve oxen; and to encounter such a caravan on the narrow mountain road is by no means a desirable incident. The patience and docility of the ox are justly proverbial, but unfortunately colonial drivers are less gifted with these virtues, and their violence, ill-temper, and brutal usage often seem to bewilder the poor weary creatures, who, having no harness but bows and yokes, twist round and entangle themselves, much to their own peril and that of any passing horses or carriages. We once narrowly escaped a serious accident from this cause, by driving down the bank, steep as it was, out of the way.

Two years of desolating drought had preceded our arrival in Sydney, and the melancholy proofs of its ravages among the brute creation met us here at every turn, in the remains of unfortunate oxen, that had perished of want in their toilsome journeys over the mountains, where neither food nor water remained for them; and as the dray-journeys from the distant stations to Sydney occupy from three to six weeks, the lingering, protracted misery endured, even by the wretched animals who survived, is horrible to contemplate. In some places by the road side white skeletons alone remained; farther on we saw other carcases still covered with hide; then bones again; and so on, continually meeting these terrible proofs of the poor brutes' sufferings and death. It recalled to my mind descriptions I have read of the caravan-tracks in the sandy deserts of Africa, where the bleached bones of animals that have perished in the journey serve as guides to future travellers.

The climate changed materially as we gained the higher re-

gions of the mountains, becoming quite cold, and I gladly wrapped up in cloaks and furs; our companion, who usually drove within hail of us, retired into a grotesque cloak-hood-and-coat sort of a garment, made of the thick furry opossum-skins of the Colony, and looked like an exaggerated Esquimaux, as we caught a glimpse of his portly figure now and then through the thick flurries of sleety rain that swept round us, the sudden squalls being too furious for any umbrella to live in them. So, laughing merrily (when the wind did not take our breath away), we drove briskly on, our destination for the night being the "Weather-board" inn (so named from its being built, like many houses in the Colony, wholly of wood, the walls consisting of thin boards lapped one over another, nailed to upright slabs or posts, and lathed and plastered within). What was my dismay, as I was just ready to alight, cold, tired, and hungry, at the door of this mountain refuge for the destitute, on our being informed that the house was full, and not a sleeping-place to be had! A native settler returning from Sydney to Bathurst with his wife and family were in possession of all the accommodation. These were the occupants of the loaded carriage I had seen, who, with more foresight than ourselves, had pushed on as rapidly as possible in advance, and seized upon the whole establishment. After a short debate it was determined to go on six miles farther, to a smaller hostel, known as "Blind Paddy's," though it was nearly dark, and raining fast. However, on we went, "through bush and through brier," to say nothing of holes and rocks in the road; and in process of time, long after dark, reached our little inn, very wet, and colder and hungrier than ever. A couple of decent elderly women appeared to do the honours, and ushered us into a small but clean whitewashed room, gaily adorned with feathers, shells, and the droll little pictures usually found in such houses: a bright wood-fire was soon crackling and blazing merrily on the white hearth; the homely table was quickly spread with a coarse but snowy cloth, and supper most expeditiously prepared, consisting of the never-failing dish "ham and eggs," chops, damper, tea, and—crowning luxury of all—a dish of hot mealy potatoes, smiling most charmingly through their cracked and peeling skins. Wine in such houses as this is rarely drinkable, but excellent English ale (at 8s. 6d. per quart bottle) is generally found

in them, so that our repast was by no means contemptible, and the air of plain homely cleanliness about the arrangements added to all an unwonted relish.

A tolerable night's rest in a room about the size of our ship-cabin, with a clean dimity bed and window-curtains, and no worse nocturnal visitants than a moderate party of the universal "light infantry," left me quite recruited and ready for setting forth again on our onward journey, after a breakfast very similar to our supper, or rather dinner, of the preceding evening.

Our route still lay through the same wild, monotonous scenery as the day before. The sight of vast mountain-ranges spread all around, folding in and behind each other as if they filled all space, could not be otherwise than *grand* in the extreme, but it was most dreary, desolate grandeur. Trees without foliage, hills and valleys alike destitute of verdure, chasms and ravines yawning beside us, without a thread of water in their arid, stony depths, made up such a world of desolation, that the contemplation of it became absolutely oppressive, and I gladly listened to glowing descriptions of the green and beautiful plains of Bathurst, which we were to reach the following day.

In one place we came to an almost precipitous descent in the road, called "Soldier's Pinch," or "Pitch," most probably from some accident which has happened there. It was a mass of loose stones, continually rolling from under the horses' feet, and so steep as to be very fatiguing even to walk down, which I preferred doing, not being quite reconciled to such roads for driving on. At the foot lay huge masses and heaps of wood, trees of all sizes having been hooked on to the drays at the summit of the Pitch, to prevent their rushing down suddenly, despite locked wheels, and overrunning the unfortunate oxen. If Major Mitchell, when Colonial Surveyor, had turned his attention and directed his men's labour to such places as this, and remedied their dangerous character, he would have rendered great and essential service to the colonists; but in the generality of instances his road has been made where a *good* bush-track formerly existed, and the really bad and dangerous portions remain in very many instances untouched—at least such was the case when I crossed the mountains. I could not avoid noticing likewise, that Major Mitchell's road, wherever originally marked by him, was almost

invariably carried over the summits of hills, whilst level valleys lay within a few hundred feet; and as we proceeded, I looked out for the highest peaks ahead of us, knowing by experience that the surveyor's road would lead us over them. I was informed that a determination to adopt no other person's suggested line of road was the reason of this most inconvenient and fatiguing route being resolved on, and I have since heard that a new survey is to be made, and a more level and rational track marked out.

The only portion of the present road for which I can give Major Mitchell great credit is the Pass of Mount Victoria, by far the most grand and striking scene in this mountain region. As we approached it, a huge barrier of rocks seemed to close up the onward path, till a sudden turn showed us a gorge cut in them, through which we drove, with a high wall of crags on the right hand and the lofty summit of the mount towering up on the left. Another turn brought us out of the chasm, and in full view of a most grand and beautiful landscape. The road was carried (from the opening of the chasm) by an arch and embankment across a deep valley that lay below, called the Vale of Clwydd, and along the side of the opposite mountain, till it gradually reached the level of the valley beyond. We stayed some minutes on the embankment to enjoy the prospect, so refreshing to eyes weary of the dark desolate sterility of the scenes we had just emerged from. On the left hand, the high rocky range of which Mount Victoria forms a part nearly enclosed the narrowing valley, the lower portions being overgrown with gum and wattle (*Acacia*) trees, amidst which grotesque rocks rose up here and there like fantastic ruins. From the deep water-courses that were plainly visible on the mountain-sides, the stream running through the vale must sometimes be considerable; but at the time we passed it was dry, and its tolerably green banks, shadowed by groups of graceful young gum-trees, had quite a smooth and lawn-like aspect as compared with the rough country around. On the right hand the same long range of precipitous rugged heights continued, stretching away to the north-east; and safely girdled by their fortress-like and frowning walls lay the pretty vale of Clwydd.

Clustering richly about the shrubs near Mount Victoria I first observed the lovely "native indigo" of New South Wales (*Kenne-*

*dia ovata*?). It is a delicate little climbing plant, with slender stems, long, narrow, blunt leaves, and a profuse quantity of small, violet-blue pea-shaped flowers, growing in long sprays, and completely clothing any bush or fence where it flourishes. We had alighted on the archway, to enjoy the view at leisure, and I, as usual, indulged my rambling and scrambling propensities by a descent into the ravine below, where I found many lovely flowering shrubs, including some dozen species of acacia, some of them very fragrant.

A large gang of convicts were stationed here road-making, and several of them importuned us for money or tobacco, showing such truly villainous countenances that the idea of being waylaid by bush-rangers gained tenfold horror, and the knowledge that many were out made me often look very earnestly at a misshapen gum-log or crooked tree, fancy transforming it to "a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm." In one place, we met a couple of soldiers in search of some newly-escaped convicts; they were running about in a half-stooping position, peeping and thrusting their fixed bayonets into every thin bush and low tussock of grass where a man could not by any possibility be hidden, with most valorous resolves no doubt, but cutting rather a ludicrous figure. I am not aware if they succeeded in their chace, but have strong suspicions that they did not.

A comparatively level road succeeded to the grand mountain pass, and we journeyed on to our mid-day resting-place, called the "Rivulet," the little stream at this place being by some remarkable accident rightly named. A new, glaringly smart-looking inn here promised tolerable accommodation; it was as fine as twenty differently coloured kinds of paint could make it. Panellings and "pickings-out" of rainbow hues were set off by pillars of imitative and varnished marble, the like of which no quarry ever knew; and these again, touched up with bronze-paint and gilding, gleamed in the sun with almost dazzling lustre. A good veranda led by French windows to the two front rooms, into which I walked, without seeing any inhabitants or attendants. A few gaudily painted chairs, a small bad mirror in a large gilt frame thickly shrouded in yellow gauze, and a new cedar table

covered with tobacco-ashes and liquor-stains, composed the furniture of either apartment. After a long and ineffectual sonata on the hand-bell (no other description being seen, save in a very few of the very best colonial houses), just as I began to despair of its power, a young girl shuffled along the hall from some of the back settlements, and holding fast by the door-handle, for she was almost too much intoxicated to stand, took my orders for luncheon, and after many vain attempts at length succeeded in wiping the table with a ragged, very dirty apron. Her dull light-coloured hair hung in matted tangles about her neck and ears; her dress was disordered, torn, and dirty; and her face bloated and stupid from the effects of drink;—never did drunkenness wear a more revolting aspect, and I felt relieved when the wretched creature left the room. My companions had a similar tale to tell of the male portion of the establishment; every soul was drunk, and it was some time before they could arouse any one to attend to the horses. The same unfortunate girl I had before seen, laid our cloth, and brought what we wanted, or rather what we could get, for I imagine the copious libations indulged in by the whole household had made them regardless of eating, and the larder was accordingly very ill supplied. Bread and a few eggs (positively without ham!), which our ministering Bacchante rolled on the floor as she staggered in with them, formed our repast, but she took pains to impress upon us the pleasing assurance that "There was plenty o' ale an' sperrits."

We strolled down to the banks of the little rivulet, where I found many beautiful flowering shrubs, and the verdure of the adjacent little flats showed how excellent a garden might be made there, but I fear never will; idleness and drinking are such besetting sins, and money to provide them both so easily earned by "keeping a public" in this Colony, that nothing demanding bodily exertion is attempted. Meat can run about and feed itself on the wild hills, and flour they can buy; fruit and vegetables they "don't heed," as they would demand some little labour to produce.

As we returned towards the house, I looked at it again, as it stood in raw, shiny, comfortless newness, like a great toy freshly unpacked. Behind it lay a crowd of dirty, old, ruinous hovels,

that formerly served in its stead, and still were used as outhouses, stables, &c., all broken, and half unthatched. All the fences within sight exhibited the same dilapidated aspect, whilst ash-heaps and other less sightly things lay all around. How different would be the state of almost everything in this Colony, were that greatest curse man ever created out of God's good gifts, intoxicating liquor, less easily obtained by those who *ought* to be the industrious and prosperous, but, alas ! too generally *are* the idle and worthless part of the community. Time, money, character, decency, feeling, principle, ambition, and honesty—all are sacrificed to the demoralizing passion for rum, when once it gains the ascendancy ; and to know how often that is, we need only observe and listen to the sad evidence so continually passing around us. I perhaps praise the tidy appearance and good cookery of a friend's servant : " Ah ! yes, she is an excellent cook, but we can so seldom keep her *sober*." The coachman of another seems quite a model for his class, till you hear he is so confirmed a drunkard that his mistress dares not trust him to drive her home alone from a party. Another family have an honest old "major-domo," faithful and good in every other point ; may be trusted with " untold gold," but not with a bottle of rum. It is a universal failing, and a really sober servant or mechanic may consequently be held as a pearl of great price. Age and sex make no difference ; your dainty lady's-maid or pretty young nurse-girl is just as likely to be over-liberal in her libations to Bacchus as your groom or shoeblack ; and no threats, no bribes, no punishments avail to keep the besotted creatures from the dram-bottle, if it be by any means or in any shape accessible. I have known a female servant drink camphorated spirits of wine, and suspect the same individual of consuming a pint of hartshorn which mysteriously disappeared about the same time from my room ; its evident strength being no doubt too tempting. Eau de Cologne and lavender-water, I know, they drink whenever they are left about, or anything else believed to contain spirit. The universality of this vice is most dreadful to contemplate, and far worse to witness and endure. Almost the only exceptions among the lower classes are the families of English emigrants, who, accustomed to poor living and hard work at home, continue sober and industrious, thankful for the many hitherto unknown

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comforts and luxuries they can enjoy, and carefully and fearfully abstaining from all excess. Of this class I have known excellent examples, both old and young, male and female, and can only hope that in time their better and wiser course may be appreciated and emulated by other portions of this now numerous population.

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## CHAPTER IX.

"Hassan's Walls"—Grass-trees—Mount Lambey—Victoria Inn—Specimen of Benevolent Politeness—Colonial Bridges—First View of Bathurst—The "Settlement"—Dearth—Climate—Hot Winds—Processions of Whirlwinds—Hurricanes.

OUR road now lay over hilly ground again, sometimes skirted by live trees and a slight semblance of herbage, and often approaching in wild and sterile grandeur the scenery we had before traversed. A singular range of perpendicular cliffs form a striking feature in the landscape at a place called "Hassan's Walls." These walls or cliffs rise, I should think, to a height of about 300 feet perpendicularly above the road, and their summits, broken and fissured in various fantastic forms, exactly resemble a ruined castle crowning the brow of the sheer precipice, with here and there a stunted tree or graceful shrub growing from crevices in the dark rock. Had I been travelling in an old country, I should at once have decided that these were truly the ruins of some mighty mountain-fortress of former days; loopholes, arches, battlements, and buttresses were, as it seemed, so clearly remaining, and extending far along the airy heights of these genii-haunted crags, for such I half fancied them, especially when a turn in the road gave to view a colossal head standing well out against the clear, bright, blue sky, and bearing a strong resemblance to the venerable and veteran Duke of Wellington. We paused to contemplate the rude though striking likeness; and then, as we slowly drove on, the features changed, and a judge with a flowing wig stood frowning down on us; another turn, and another change came over the mountain statue, and then it again resolved itself into a mere turret of the heavy

ruin. I thought of the mysterious castle of St. John,\* with its wizard transformations, and of how much romance would attach to these fantastic crags in a romantic or legendary country; but the existence of poetry or imagination in New South Wales is what none who know and have felt the leaden influence of its ledger and day-book kind of atmosphere would believe it guilty of suffering.

The grass-tree (*Xanthorrhæa arborea?*) is one of the most strikingly novel plants I observed in our mountain journey, and is common in most hilly or rocky places both in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. A young grass-tree appears merely a large reedy-leaved plant without a stem, the leaves being very long, narrow, and sharp, and growing erect for a foot or more, then curving over and nearly touching the ground, forming a thick boss or circle; but as the tree becomes older, the lower circles of leaves drop off, the young growth all rising from the centre; and in time a thick stem appears, from one to eight or ten feet in height, and two feet in circumference, rough with the scars left by the fallen leaves, and bearing on its summit an immense drooping cluster of foliage, which reminded me of a palm-tree (although, it must be confessed, by rather a clumsy resemblance). From the centre of this cluster the scape rises like an enormous bullrush or typha, frequently measuring ten feet and

\* "Midmost of the vale, a mound  
Arose, with airy turrets crown'd,  
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,  
And mighty keep and tower.  
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand  
The castle's massive walls had plann'd.

\* \* \*

But the grey walls no banners crown'd;  
Upon the watch-tower's airy round  
No warder stood his horn to sound;  
No guard beside the bridge was found;  
And where the Gothic gateway frown'd,  
Glanc'd neither bill nor bow.

\* \* \*

This dismal keep,  
Which well he guess'd the hold  
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,  
Or Pagan of gigantic limb,  
The tyrant of the wold."

For the magic and gramoury of the Castle, *vide* Sir Walter Scott's 'Bridal of Triermain.

more in height, the spike being about a foot long, of a yellowish brown colour. Groups of this very singular plant often give a picturesque and somewhat Oriental aspect to an otherwise uninteresting landscape, some being old, crooked and deformed, hump-backed and knobby; others erect and stately, bearing their verdure like a royal diadem; whilst the young ones, sitting close to the ground in all humility, look up to their patriarchal neighbours with the patient hope of one day rivalling their nobler growth. A resinous gum exudes from the grass-tree, said to resemble in great measure the "dragon's blood" prepared from the *Pterocarpus* and *Calamus*. Boiled with oil, it has, I believe, been successfully used for covering the bottom of vessels, instead of pitch. I have also heard that the natives cut out the pith of the trunk to eat.

The next point of our route having any claim to the picturesque was the rocky ravine at Cox's River; the sight of clear running water is always pleasant, but nowhere more delightful than in so dry and thirsty a clime as this. The ruins of numerous huts, formerly occupied by a convict-gang at this spot, gave it rather a desolate look; but the clear little brook (for such in England should we call this river) gurgling merrily over its pebbly bed, had a sweet music in its voice that made me forget all disagreeables. We tasted, and then crossed it, and immediately began the steep ascent of Mount Lambey, which rises abruptly from the river's bank. This mount had been the highest point in our landscape all day, and accordingly, despising all humbler and easier tracks, over its very summit passes Major Mitchell's vaunted road. Seven long miles of climbing were before us, up as bare, sterile a mountain as ever gloomed on a wayfarer's path. The rock is a splintery slate, not unlike many in old South and North Wales, and its dark grey and purple hue, stained in places with a rusty tinge, gave a dismal monotony to the scene, which scarcely a shrub or herb appeared to relieve.

An inn has very wisely been built half-way up this inhospitable mountain, and there, at the auspicious sign of the Queen Victoria, we purposed remaining the night, which was fast approaching, for the rapid departure of twilight leaves little time after sunset available for travelling. After a weary pull of four miles, the gracious countenance of our fair Queen (somewhat

libelled by the artist, it is true) beamed on our most loyal and rejoiced eyes from amidst a chaos of crown, sceptre, red drapery, and ermine; and our tired horses, after a last resolute effort, stopped at the inn door. At the same moment we heard a hand-bell sharply and loudly rung within, and after a minute's delay the landlord appeared at our summons, with the pleasing intelligence that he was very sorry indeed, but he could not accommodate us. As it was impossible to proceed farther in this case, there being no other habitation within a long stage, and our horses knocked up, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Campbell declared their determination to stay at all events; and again questioned the landlord, who then admitted his own willingness to receive us (and who of his class ever voluntarily rejected good customers?), which he could easily do at some trifling inconvenience, but Mrs. — (whose party had the preceding evening excluded us from the "Weather-board") was there, and the instant we stopped had *ordered* that no one else should be admitted, as they had taken *all the house*! This most overbearing monopoly, however, did *not* prevent our being comfortably installed in a snug little parlour, and a tolerable bed-room, which some of the landlord's family vacated for us, whilst the sofa in the sitting-room was made up into a bed for our companion. I am well aware that had we been known at the time, the conduct of this "lady" would have been very different; but at such an hour, and in such a place, no woman possessed of common humanity would have desired to turn a beggar from the door. The pride of wealth, unmixed with aught of better or nobler feeling, is too often the sole and engrossing principle and characteristic of persons raised by some fortunate chance to that kind of rank which in these Colonies, where the worship of Mammon reigns triumphantly, is at once accorded to the *rich*: "What *has* he?" not "What *is* he?" being the test; and this petty superiority is often the foundation of absurd and selfish importance, of which the above trifling incident is an apt illustration.

I am happy to say we found the members of this royal establishment sober, industrious, and civil; a most welcome contrast to the inn at the Rivulet, and, despite our unpropitious reception, were tolerably comfortable.

The following morning we again set forth, and after complet-

ing the ascent of Mount Lambey, proceeded to descend its opposite side, a far more pleasing task, especially as the surrounding country gradually assumed a less wild and inhospitable aspect. There is one little peculiarity in Colonial bridges, at least those usually met with on roads like the one of which I am treating, which it may be proper to mention; namely, that it is always far safer to plunge into the stream, morass, or ravine they stretch across, and wade or scramble out the best way you can, horses, carriage, and all, than to trust their treacherous and far more dangerous conveniency, for, like the celebrated bridge planned by Jack the Giant-killer for the destruction of the two-headed Thundel, they are apt to part company just as the passenger has passed too far to recede. In one place I remember seeing men erecting a stone bridge, with strong, good masonry; but the usual contrivance of a few long poles, covered with turfs, is far from satisfactory.

We rested about mid-day at a tidy public-house, which, although the fair hostess is believed to suffer from the prevailing thirst after strong drinks, we found very neat and clean; the miniature apartments set forth with bright Birmingham tea-trays, conch-shells, and the beautiful tail of the lyre pheasant, whilst the whitewashed walls and dimity curtains preserved their purity most surprisingly in this fly-tormented country. We had experienced the effects of the drought in the exorbitant charges made for the horses at every place we stopped at; and here, for a few handfuls of bad hay, ten shillings were added to the other items of the bill.

Journeying on, we arrived in process of time at the spot whence the first view of those lovely and verdant plains of Bathurst, of which I had heard so much, was to greet my delighted eyes.

"There, look! Do you not see them through the trees?"

I did look, anxiously and eagerly, directing my eye-glass towards every point of the compass in succession; still nothing green could I discern, but on a nearer approach beheld a wide extent of brown earth, with occasional flurries of dust passing across it; and this was all that remained of the so-vaunted Bathurst Plains! Every blade of grass and every green herb had disappeared during the drought, and a dry desert usurped their place, whilst a few thin, weak, widely-separated little roots of dry,

withering everlastings (*Gnaphalium*) were the only things bearing the semblance of vegetation. It was very dreary !

We drove along the tedious road across the plains, which just undulate enough in places to prevent a person from seeing entirely over them, and that is all ; no hill, grove, or tree, scarcely a bush, breaks the heavy, weary monotony, till the tired eye rests on the dim outline of the distant hills. At length a few straggling houses and a church showed us that we approached the settlement ; but as this is divided into two portions about a mile asunder, with the deep channel which is sometimes (water permitting) the river Macquarie between them, we had yet farther to go. The second division of the township contains the gaol, police-office, female factory, barracks, Scotch chapel, and bank, with several stores and small shops of a most heterogeneous character, where you may find iron pots, writing-paper, blonde lace, fire-arms, Dutch cheese, " P. coats," crockery, and various other commodities, though very rarely the one article you require. The private dwellings are of all grades, but chiefly of the smaller class ; and the public-houses, as compared with the others, very numerous.

The bank, then the residence of near relatives, was our destination, and most welcome to me were the happy quiet and rest of the next few days, after our not very long, but tedious and fatiguing journey.

Bathurst, being the last township on the " up-country road," is comparatively a place of some importance, and frequently visited by settlers from the less civilized districts beyond, to whom it is a kind of half-way metropolis, as well as being in their direct road to Sydney, whence there is a mail-cart twice a week (the distance being 120 miles) ; a strange-looking two-wheeled vehicle, carrying the post, the driver, and two passengers when required. Travelling both night and day, and over the chief part of the delectable roads I have faintly described, at a hand-gallop, it is not exactly the conveyance to be selected by nervous or comfortable persons. How the whole concern escapes destruction, at least once a week, seems miraculous ; but with the favourite bush assurance of " No fear, Sir !" away they go, driving at the pace of a hunt over ground that would make a steeple-chaser look twice ; and if there be no fear, there is certainly far less danger

than might be supposed, for I do not remember hearing of above half a dozen accidents during our residence in the Colony.

We found Bathurst still suffering severely from the devastating and ruinous consequences of the terrible drought. Every article of food was extremely dear, and nothing good could be procured at any price. Meat was lean to starvation, and flour liberally adulterated with various cheaper ingredients; vegetables there were none; butter and milk had long been but a name; and all horse corn, hay, &c., so extremely scarce, and exorbitantly dear, that the neighbouring families had for some time ceased to use their carriage-horses, the poor animals not having strength to perform any work. The cost of a horse at livery was then one pound per night, and it had recently been two pounds. Visiting Bathurst under such peculiarly unfavourable circumstances, I could not be expected to form any very high opinion of its beauties or advantages; every one told me how very charming a place it had always been, and so I am bound to believe it was, and may be again; but as I saw it, the inevitable impression on my mind was of a most dreary and unpleasing character. Its position, in the middle of a large plain, some twenty miles across, combines many disadvantages, one of the greatest being the distance which all the fire-wood used in the settlement has to be brought, and its consequent high price; one pound being given for a small load, which in most places in the Colony, where it costs nothing, would not serve for more than a winter day's consumption in a moderately-sized household (indeed I believe *more* is burned in our kitchen alone), but here a much greater economy is necessary; and as the cold is often as extreme here in winter as the heat is in summer, the scarcity of fuel is a serious evil.

I found the climate of Bathurst still less pleasant than that of Sydney, as in the latter place, however oppressive be the heat, the mid-day sea-breeze moderates it in some degree; but the plains of Bathurst (although considerably elevated), being shut in on all sides by lofty ranges of mountains, must endure without any relief their own oven-like atmosphere, the temperature of which is frequently increased tenfold by a "hot wind," when it seems as if a fiery blast from a huge furnace pervaded all space around, rushing into the house through every opening with the force of a hurricane. My English habit of flinging wide open all doors

and windows in warm weather, I here found (as a matter of course, so near the antipodes) a most imprudent course to pursue, as the only chance of preserving a moderately endurable existence during the continuance of the sirocco is, immediately on its approach to shut every door and window, and with closely-drawn blinds to await, as patiently and movelessly as half-suffocated mortals may be expected to do, the abatement of the terrible visitation. With us, however, a few hours of faintness, thirst, and misery generally comprise the whole evil (though sometimes the hot winds blow almost without intermission for several days), but the luckless fields and gardens escape not so easily. Every green thing looks as if a salamander had been held over it, either drooping and dying, or dried up like half-burned paper. I have seen large tracts of cultivated land, covered with luxuriant green crops of wheat, barley, or oats just going into ear, scorched, shrivelled, absolutely blackened by the heat, and fit for nothing but to cut as bad litter. Less important, though extremely vexatious, is the destruction caused in gardens, where the most delicate and beautiful flowers are ever the first to wither under the burning breath of this fervid Air-king.

These siroccos always blow from the north-west, and by some persons are supposed to derive their heat from tracts of unknown deserts in the intertropical regions of this island-continent. Their power is felt strongly, though less frequently, in Van Diemen's Land. One might almost fancy the Ancient Mariner to have experienced one during his ghostly voyage, he so accurately describes their aspect :—

" All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon."

I several times observed at Bathurst a phenomenon by no means unusual on the large plains of New South Wales, in dry weather, being a procession across them of tall columns of dust—whirlwinds in fact, which preserve a nearly uniform diameter throughout their whole length, the upper end seeming to vanish off, or puff away like light smoke, and the lower apparently touching the earth. They move in a perpendicular position, quietly and majestically gliding along one after another, seeming, at the

distance I saw them, to be from seventy to a hundred feet high, and about twenty broad. Thus viewed, they do not appear to travel particularly fast, but Mr. Meredith tells me he has vainly endeavoured to keep pace with them for a short time, even when mounted on a fleet horse. When they are crossing a brook or river, the lower portion of the dust is lost sight of, and a considerable agitation disturbs the water, but immediately on landing the same appearance is resumed. As some vanish, others imperceptibly arise, and join the giant-waltz; and, when I first observed this most singular display, I amused myself by fancying them a new species of genii relaxing from their more laborious avocations, and having a sedate and stately dance all to themselves. When the dance ends, these dusty performers always appear to sit down among the neighbouring hills.

I never heard of these gregarious whirlwinds being at all mischievous; they only pick up dust, leaves, little sticks, or other light bodies, which whirl round in them with great velocity; but other and far more terrible visitations occur in the hurricanes, which, like those of the western world, devastate the tract of country over which they pass. Mr. Meredith, in returning from his visit to the Murrumbidgee, encountered one of the most fearful of these terrific tempests. At Bathurst on the same day we had a violent thunder-storm, with a heavy fall of rain and large hailstones, but the fury of the tempest passed chiefly near the river Abercrombie. I shall avail myself of my husband's observations in his own words:—

“I have often seen the effects of former hurricanes in New South Wales, the indications being the total destruction of all trees in the course the hurricane had taken, which course I generally observed to be from the north-west. The length to which the devastation extended I had no opportunity of estimating, but the breadth averaged from 400 to 800 yards. On one occasion I saw the spot where a hurricane had terminated in a whirlwind. My companion and myself had ridden for some distance along the path it had pursued, the direction of which was plainly indicated by the trees it had uprooted in its course all lying one way; the termination was as plainly shown by a circle, in which the trees lay *all* ways; and such is their partiality, or rather, so clearly are the boundaries of both hurricane and whirlwind defined, that

in cases where the blast did not reach the trunk of a tree, the branches were torn off from one side, without uprooting the stem.

"In the beginning of November, 1839, I was journeying from Goulburn to Bathurst by the direct route of the Abercrombie river, through a wild country, covered almost entirely with forests of very lofty gum-trees. On my departure from Mr. M'Allister's station in the morning, the wind was blowing strong, and the sky betokened tempestuous weather. As the day advanced, the gusts of wind became more and more violent, occasionally bringing down the branch of a tree. When I had arrived within three or four miles of the Abercrombie river the air became suddenly warm, and a few flashes of vivid lightning accompanied by loud thunder denoted the approach of a storm. A strong instinctive sensation of fear came over me, such as I never before experienced; and in a short time, perhaps a minute, I heard a strange, loud, rushing noise; the air grew rapidly dark and thick, and my horse was evidently, like myself, under the influence of intense fear, and trembling violently. I exclaimed (although alone), 'This is a hurricane!' and jumped off my horse at the end of a fallen tree; the poor animal endeavoured to shelter himself by backing under a growing tree, which I prevented by a violent pull at his bridle, and then for the space of a minute or two saw nothing; the hurricane, for such it was, had reached me, and everything was in total darkness. I fell on my knees, still holding my horse's bridle. The roaring, crashing sound was deafening, but it soon passed by, and the atmosphere again became clear enough to admit of my observing surrounding objects. My horse and myself stood alone in what a few seconds before had been a high and dense forest; every tree was prostrate, either broken or uprooted, including the one from under which I had luckily pulled my horse, its ponderous trunk lying within a few feet of us. Fortunately the track of the hurricane was in the same direction as that in which the fallen tree lay at the end of which I dismounted, and thus the small space was left which saved us both. Immediately that the hurricane had swept by, the rain fell in torrents, exceeding anything I ever witnessed in the tropics, and a heavy gale continued for two days."

The horse Mr. Meredith had with him then, a beautiful creature, and a great favourite, retained an evident recollection of *his* terror in the hurricane long after—indeed, until we parted with him, on leaving the Colony. If a branch of a tree only lay before him in the road, or a twig blew across him, he would look fearfully at it, start, snort, and tremble, which, as he never used to notice such things before the occasion above mentioned, we believed to be the result of some remembrance or association in his mind. Perhaps the term *mind* is wrong as applied to a brute, however noble in nature, but this evident memory seems something above instinct.

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## CHAPTER X.

Bathurst Society and Hospitality—"White Rock"—Native Dance and Ceremony—Kangaroo Dance—Appearance of Natives—Children—"Gins;" their marriage-slavery and sufferings—Family Dinner-party—Adopted Children—Infanticide—Religion—"Devil-devil"—Language—Story of Hougong and Jimmy—"Ay, Ay?"—Duties of the Toilet—Native Songs—Mimicry—Fondness for English Dress—Boundary Laws—Legal Parricide—Habitual Treachery.

It savours strongly of an Irishism to say so, but the chief inhabitants of Bathurst live at some distance from it; many of the wealthy, and also higher class of settlers, having farms and good residences within a few miles, which renders the society superior to that of Colonial settlements in general. Nearly all are situated on the verge of the plains, combining both the flat and hilly country in their surrounding scenery, and their gardens and vineyards, which at the time we were there were slowly recovering their former verdure and luxuriance, seemed morsels of a brighter world, when compared with the arid waste around the township. Among these the pretty and picturesque residence of our good and venerable friend Captain Piper is as much distinguished by its beautiful situation as by the long-proved worth and hospitality of its owner, than whom I heard of no person in New South Wales more universally respected. Hospitality is so general a feature in Australian society, and I remember with so much pleasure the kind attentions which I, as a "stranger in the land," received for my husband's sake, that only a very remarkable pre-eminence would induce me to break my prescribed rule of abstaining from all personal allusions in these pages.

About three miles from Bathurst, near a pretty cottage on the Macquarie (in a district chiefly granite), is a singular group of low rocks rising abruptly from the turf of the plains, and perfectly white; they appeared to me to be masses of pure quartz, of which many specimens occur a few miles higher up the river.

Pebbles of very clear quartz crystal are sometimes found in the neighbourhood, but the natives search for them so successfully, that I only picked up one or two small ones.

These crystals, although by no means rare, are preserved as "charms" by the Aborigines, being given to them by their doctors, or "Crodjees," after a variety of ceremonies, which Mr. Meredith describes to me as highly absurd, he having been present at the rites, when performed by a tribe at Dundunemawl on the Macquarie, about forty miles below Wellington Valley. Great preparations were made, as for a grand Corrobory, or festival, the men divesting themselves of even the portions of clothing commonly worn, and painting their naked black bodies in a hideous manner with pipe-clay. After dark they lit their fires, which are small, but kept blazing with constant additions of dry bark and leaves, and the sable gentry assembled by degrees as they completed their evening toilettes, *full dress* being painted nudity. A few began dancing in different parties, preparatory to the grand display, and the women, squatting on the ground, commenced their strange monotonous chant, each beating accurate time with two boomerangs. Then began the grand corrobory, and all the men joined in the dance, leaping, jumping, bounding about in the most violent manner, but always in strict unison with each other, and keeping time with the chorus, accompanying their wild gesticulations with frightful yells and noises. The whole "tableau" is fearfully grand: the dark wild forest scenery around—the bright fire-light gleaming upon the savage and uncouth figures of the men, their natural dark hue being made absolutely horrible by the paintings bestowed on them, consisting of lines and other marks done in white and red pipe-clay, which give them an indescribably ghastly and ~~Spanish~~ aspect—their strange attitudes, and violent contortions and movements, and the unearthly sound of their yells, mingled with the wild and monotonous wail-like chant of the women, make altogether a very near approach to the horribly sublime, in the estimation of most Europeans who have witnessed an assembly of the kind. In the midst of the performance on this occasion, two men advanced, bearing between them a large piece of bark, about six feet high and three feet wide, rudely painted with red and white clay, the design consisting of a straight line

down the middle, and diagonal ones thickly marked on each side. The exhibition of this wonderful and mystic specimen of art caused extreme excitement and admiration, and the bearers held it in the midst of the dancers, who bounded and yelled around it with redoubled energy. Presently the oldest "Crodjee" present approached the charmed bark, and walked slowly round and round, examining it in every part, and then carefully smelling it, up and down, before, behind, and on all sides, with grave and reverential demeanour. This was to "find where the charms lay," which charms, consisting of small crystals, he had of course concealed about his person. After a great deal of smelling and snuffing, he commenced violently sucking a part of the bark, and, after some other manœuvres, spat out a "charm" into his hand, and went on sucking for as many as were then required.

These charmed crystals are kept with great care by the possessor, his wife usually having charge of the treasure, which she carries in the family "wardrobe," and the loss of one is esteemed an awful calamity. The charm-sucking ceremony takes place at the full moon, the time generally chosen by the natives for such celebrations. In this instance the Crodjee's part of the performance was very clumsily done, and Mr. Meredith asked one of the men, the following day, "if he were such a fool as to believe that the Crodjee really sucked the crystals out of the bark?" The fellow winked, nodded, and looked wondrously wise, and intimated that *he* certainly *knew* better, but that it would not do to *say so*. And thus is fraud perpetuated, alike by savage and by civilized men, and thus ever do policy and expediency take the place of truth and honesty!

One of the aboriginal dances is called "the Kangaroo dance," and one man, wearing a long tail, drops down on his hands and feet, pretending to graze, starting to look about, and mimicking the demeanour of the animal as nearly as possible; the others, in the character of dogs and hunters, performing their part of the play in a circle round him, at a very short distance.

The natives I saw at Bathurst were less ugly and better proportioned than I expected; the men being far superior to the women, though none of them are tall or largely made; six feet is a most extraordinary size among them. The sable picanninies were naked, long-armed, large-stomached, little bodies, giving

one the idea of a new sort of spider; I never had seen a black child before, and did not see enough of them then to familiarize me with the novelty. Several of the men knew Mr. Meredith, and whilst I was one day making some purchase in a store, one of them accosted him at the door, pointing at the same time to me. "Lady there, that Gin 'long o' you?—Ay, Ay?" "Yes, that's my Gin."—"Ay, Ay?" Then somewhat banteringly, "Bel you got Gin (you have no Gin); poor fellow you—you no Gin!" A "poor fellow" meaning a bachelor, and the possession of a wife, among them, being in fact equivalent to keeping a servant, as the unfortunate Gins perform all the labour.

Judging from what I have heard, I imagine that their marriage-customs are as truly *savage* as any other of their strange ceremonies. Polygamy is general among all who can attain the desirable wealth of several wives, though few have more than two living with them at one time.

Female children are sometimes "promised" in infancy to their future husbands (frequently decrepit old men), and others appear to be taken by means of force and ill usage, as is the case among many *savage* nations. The men are always tyrannical, and often brutally cruel to their unfortunate wives, who really seem to occupy as miserable and debased a position, in *every* respect, as it is possible for human beings to do. I never before heard of, or could have conceived, any state so pitiable and so utterly degraded. If some of the zealous Missionaries of whom we hear so much were to endeavour to raise the moral and social condition of these wretched creatures, and to teach them a few of the simple principles and virtues of Christianity, they would indeed be worthily employed.

*Severe* personal chastisement is among the lesser grievances of the poor Gins. One day Mr. Meredith saw one of them crying most bitterly, and asked what was the matter. She replied, that she was going to get a beating because she had accidentally broken her husband's "pyook" (pipe). Mr. Meredith directly went to the fellow, and tried to dissuade him from his brutal purpose; but in vain, unless another pyook were given him, on which condition he would let her off. Unfortunately there was not one to be procured; and notwithstanding all my husband's persuasions, and his representations to the black tyrant of the simple fact,

that even if he killed his wife, that would not make him a new pipe, he remained doggedly sulky, and the next morning the poor Gin appeared with her *arm broken*, from the cruel beating he had given her with a thick stick. Such instances are of frequent occurrence.

These poor unhappy wretches are *slaves*, in every social sense, and are not even permitted to feed but at their husband's pleasure, and off the offal he may choose to fling them, although on them devolves the chief care of providing the materials for the repast. Two meals a day is the full allowance of the natives; but as they cook all they have for supper, and gorge themselves then to their utmost ability, breakfast depends on the possible remains of the feast. Their usual food consists of kangaroos and opossums roasted whole, without any portion being rejected; and they greedily devour garbage, entrails, &c. of any kind they can pick up, quantity rather than quality being the desideratum as regards provisions. Sometimes they feed more daintily, procuring turtle, fish, wild turkeys' eggs, guanias, snakes, and some large kinds of grubs, which are reckoned great luxuries. Occasionally the women dig up a bitter hot root, not unlike a bad radish, which serves them for a meal, in default of better viands.

Each family have their own fire, round which they sit to eat. The husband first takes the opossum, &c., tears it to pieces and gnaws off his own favourite morsels from the joints, which he then hands over his shoulder to his wife, who waits patiently behind him; and should food be scarce, her supper is a tolerably light one. The children are "helped" much in the same manner; and when, either from having eaten as much as they can, or all they have, the family have finished their repast, they crouch round the fire and go to sleep.

The single men, emphatically termed "poor fellows," have one fire in common; and with them, as with the family group, it is a point of etiquette to hand round their half-gnawed bones to one another.

\* Great fondness is usually displayed by parents for their children (if they survive the perils of infancy), and instances have often occurred of a couple, who had several little ones of their own, adopting some poor friendless orphan, and freely bestowing on

it an equal share of their scanty food. Such cases I have known frequently among the *poor* at home: they who have least to give, and are consequently most intimate with the misery of want, have the greatest compassion and charity for fellow-sufferers.

Although they appear to treat their children kindly when they can in some measure help themselves, yet infanticide is frequent among the women, who often dislike the trouble of taking care of their babies, and destroy them immediately after birth, saying that "Yahoo," or "Devil-devil," took them. One woman, whom Mr. Meredith saw a day or two after the birth of her baby, on being asked where it was, replied with perfect nonchalance, "I believe Dingo patta!"—*She believed the dog had eaten it!* Numbers of the hapless little beings are no doubt disposed of by their unnatural mothers in a similar manner.

I never could make out anything of their religious ideas, or even if they had a comprehension of a beneficent Supreme Being; but they have an *evil* spirit, which causes them great terror, whom they call "Yahoo," or "Devil-devil:" he lives in the tops of the steepest and rockiest mountains, which are totally inaccessible to all human beings, and comes down at night to seize and run away with men, women, or children, whom he eats up, children being his favourite food; and this superstition is used doubtless as a cloak to many a horrid and revolting crime committed by the wretched and unnatural mothers, who nearly always, when their infants disappear, say "Yahoo" took them. They never can tell which way he goes by his tracks, because he has the power of turning his feet in any direction he pleases, but usually wears them heels first, or, as they express it, "Mundoey that-a-way, cobra ~~that-a-way~~" (feet going one way, and head or face pointing the other). The name Devil-devil is of course borrowed from our vocabulary, and the doubling of the phrase denotes how terrible or intense a devil he is; that of Yahoo, being used to express a bad spirit, or "Bugaboo," was common also with the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, and is as likely to be a coincidence with, as a loan from, Dean Swift; just as their word "*coolar*," for anger, very nearly approaches in sound our word *choler*, with a like meaning.

I have seen a vocabulary of the language used by the native tribes near Adelaide, together with a few particulars touching

their superstitions and customs,\* but the words wholly differ from those used to express the same thing by the tribes about Bathurst, Goulburn, and the Murrumbidgee. I have been told by a friend of Mr. Meredith's, who had made himself thoroughly acquainted with many of the tribes, and was known among them as the "chief who spoke their tongue," that great diversity of dialects exists among them—not slight variations merely, but a distinctly different vocabulary, of which he gave me many striking instances. As my few examples of their patois will show, the natives who are acquainted with the settlers soon acquire a curiously composite tongue, where English words sometimes masquerade in most novel meanings, but so arranged as to be very soon understood, especially if used to beg anything.

In all the tribes some particularly solemn ceremonies are performed previously to a youth's being permitted to rank among the warriors, or "men;" but these take place in a very secret manner, not even the women being present. One of the initiatory rites, as practised among some tribes, is the knocking out one of the novice's front teeth.

The natives pay great respect to old age; that, and valour, comprising the only distinctions of rank allowed among them. The best fighting man is the chief or head of his tribe, and in case of his death, the next best takes his place, and inherits his wives. The other warriors and the old men form a sort of council, which is convened as occasion demands, when peace, war, and all other points of importance are discussed and decided upon.

A man named Hougong was some time chief of a Maneroo tribe, and another, called Jimmy the Rover, was second-best man. Jimmy mortally hated Hougong, but contrived to conceal his animosity under the mask of extreme friendliness, which, as his chief was no doubt as great an adept at hypocrisy as himself, was of little consequence. One day Jimmy went to a stock-keeper in the neighbourhood, to propose that he should ask them both to go duck-shooting, and requesting the loan of two guns, one of which should be loaded with ball, for himself, the other with powder only, for Hougong. "Well, me and Hougong go

\* In a paper by John Philip Gell, Esq., of Hobart Town, published in the Second Number of the 'Tasmanian Journal.'

out look for duck, ay, ay. Bel make-a-light duck!—Den me pialla Hougong—‘Good many time you want fight along o’ me; *now* fight, like it white man, along o’ musket.’ Well, me pialla—‘You shoot first time.’ Well, that fellow shoot. ‘Ah! you ’tupid fellow, bel hit it!’ Den me shoot; directly tumble down Hougong!”

Which notable speech, rendered into English, would be, “Well, I and Hougong shall then go and look for ducks. Ay, ay—we don’t see any ducks. Then I say to Hougong, ‘You have wanted to fight me many times; let us fight now, like white men, with muskets.’ Well, I say, ‘You shoot first.’ He shoots.—‘Ah, you stupid fellow, you did not hit me!’ Then I shoot, and Hougong falls dead!”

Shortly after the failure of this most treacherous and cold-blooded scheme of murder (for of course he was refused the guns) Jimmy heard that Hougong was dead. Great were the lamentations raised for their brave chief by his tribe, and most vehement and vociferous of all were the howlings and groanings of Jimmy the Rover. A friend of Mr. Meredith’s, who was present at part of the mourning, found Jimmy full of public woe and private exultation, venting the latter in theatrical *asides* to those in his confidence, during the impetuous outpourings of his tumultuous stage-effect grief, beginning at the top of his voice, and howling most hideously down its whole gamut, more like the yelling of a discontented dog than any other vocal performance I am acquainted with.

“Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ooo-oo-oo-oo-ah! [Cabou (big) rogue that fellow Hougong!] Oh! oh! oh! oh! Oo, oo, oo-oo. [Now he dead, directly me maan (take) his Gins!] Oh! oh!” and *Da Capo*.

Accordingly, as soon as decorum and etiquette permitted, the triumphant Jimmy prepared to go and take possession of his new honours, when who should arrive, alive and well, but the defunct and bemoaned Hougong himself!—and who, on hearing of Jimmy’s kind intentions, promised him a sound beating for his pains.

The various expression conveyed by the peculiar “Ay, ay,” so constantly used by the natives in speaking, is perfectly indescribable. It is used doubtfully, positively, interrogatively, or responsively, as the case may be, and contains in itself a whole

vocabulary of meanings, which a hundred times the number of words could not convey in writing. Suppose you inquire of a native if he have seen such and such a person pass, as he has gone that way :—" Ay, ay?" (interrogatively.) " Yes, a tall man."—" Ay, ay" (thoughtfully). " A tall man, with great whiskers." " Ay, ay (positively). Good way up cobbra, cabou grasse; ay, ay" (corroboratively).

" Good way up cobbra," means " head high up;" *grasse* is used to express hair, beard, or moustache; and *cabou* means great deal, or very much. The aborigines wear no beards themselves, but a friend of ours, who had cultivated a most patriarchal growth of that commodity, excited great awe and admiration among them.

The labour and pains they bestow on their corroboratory toilets prove them by no means insensible to the advantages of personal beauty, although their manner of enhancing their natural charms, in adding a thick stratum of pipe-clay to their usual coating of grease and other accumulations, seems indeed " *as* wasteful and ridiculous excess" as " to paint the lily, or throw a perfume on the violet." In lieu of

" Rowland's inestimable oil Macassar,"

their black elvish locks are always plentifully loaded with opossum or snake fat, which unsavoury unguent, as may be imagined, adds its share to the powerful and not too-pleasing odour natural to them.

A sable exquisite preparing for an evening party first undresses, then thrusts a large lump of pipe-clay into his mouth to soften, and when of a proper consistency uses his forefinger as a pencil, dipping it into the composition, and carefully dispensing the cherished ornament over his person. Having, with infinite regard to the general effect of the pattern, accurately striped and crossed, and wavy-lined and dotted every accessible part of his figure, he selects a trusty friend on whom devolves the important and responsible office of finishing off the work of adornment; and this done, no reigning belle of the season ever entered Almack's with more consciousness of all-powerful beauty than he feels in taking his place among the equally elaborate costumes of his companions. I fear the poor young squaws, or " Gins," have but little to do with their own disposal in marriage; but doubt-

less many a tender heart must be touched by these D'Otrays of the wilderness; and many a pipe-clayed hero is painted in indelible tints on the memory of love. My husband's animated and pantomimic descriptions of these scenes have often made me laugh heartily; but a second-hand detail must of necessity lose much, if not all the interest.

The aboriginal songs which I have heard are far from unpleasing in sound, and some have considerable melody, with much more tune and variety than those of the New Zealanders, which surprised me, as the latter people are so immeasurably superior to the natives of New South Wales in everything else. The words which the latter sing usually celebrate some great feat, nearly all being about eating. One (translated) runs nearly thus:—"Eat great deal; eat, eat, eat: eat again, plenty to eat! eat more yet; eat, eat, eat!" &c. &c.; and this is sung to a rather plaintive, pretty air! Another song consists of a like repetition of "Wind blow, blow; wind blow," &c.; the air being really pretty. The events celebrated by these songs are seldom of a very dignified description. On one occasion a bullock-driver, known to some of a tribe, got drunk, fought his companions, and had a black eye, which occurrence was immediately immortalized by his black friends in a ditty, of which the burden, chiefly English, was "Black-eye, black-eye," with repetitions endless, the remainder being in their own language. I remember once hearing some one say of modern fashionable songs, "What is the use of saying the same thing so many times over?" but these native troubadours far exceed the most echo-weary of drawing-room ballads, for, as I conceive, the self-same reason, a lamentable paucity of ideas.

Most of the natives are shrewd and clever mimics; one learned to waltz very correctly in a few minutes; and the slightest peculiarity of face or figure never escapes their observation, so that in speaking of any person you know, although his name be not mentioned, their accurate impersonation of his gait, expression of countenance, or any oddity of manner, is so complete as to leave no doubt of the identity. Their fondness for portions of European clothing is well known, and I have heard of many amusing instances of its display. One Wellington boot was sometimes worn, unaccompanied by any other article of apparel, and great was the pride

and grandeur of him who could button his upper man in a dress-coat, that alone being considered an ample costume. Other garments were subjected to various modes of wearing, for which they were never intended, legs being inserted where arms should be, and *vice versâ*.

The gift of a brass medal, formerly a rare distinction, is now made so frequently by settlers to natives who have served them well in any way, that the honour of the badge is somewhat diminished; but the pride with which the possessor wears and displays the insignia of his order is most amusing. The "medal" consists of a piece of brass in the form of a crescent, not much less than a cheese-plate, engraven with the name and style of both owner and donor, and worn hung round the neck by a brass chain.

Some of the native "attachés" to the establishments of settlers become useful servants, and are comfortably attired in suitable clothes, and their more than erect carriage (for a plumb-line dropped from the top of the head would fall some inches behind the heel) is still more striking in their civilized than savage costume. These men often accompany their masters' drays to Sydney, and sometimes join the long and toilsome stock-driving expeditions across to Adelaide; but even after a sojourn of many months with Europeans, and in a comparatively civilized state, they invariably return to their old habits, and relinquish their smart and comfortable clothes for the corrobory costume of nudity and pipe-clay.

The companionship of natives in the overland journeys above alluded to might perhaps be supposed of service in preventing injury or attacks from other natives, but this is far from being the case. The whole of the aborigines, as hitherto known, maintain most rigid laws touching all boundary questions, each tribe having a certain allotted portion of country, beyond which they cannot pass but in peril of their lives, or at least without risk of a battle; and when, even in company with and under the protection of their white masters, they traverse these forbidden climes, and meet parties of the rightful inhabitants, the adventurous travellers manifest the most intense fear, which, judging from the threatening and angry aspect of their foes, is tolerably well grounded.

Neighbouring tribes are generally at war, some of the chief causes being acts of trespass and abduction of women; but the battles between them are less murderous than might be expected, all being great bullies, and perpetually vaunting of their grand resolves, and the numbers they mean to kill; whilst it often happens, that after their spears and boomerangs have been flying about for an hour or two, both armies quit the field with undiminished numbers.

A tolerable idea of their "manners and customs" may be formed from an occurrence which took place within Mr. Meredith's knowledge. An intimation being given by a neighbouring tribe to that settled near Goulburn, that they would kill a certain old man among the latter, a council was held forthwith on the subject, and means discussed how this indignity should be prevented; when, after much deliberation, the elders and fighting men decided on a most strange and horrible expedient, being that the old man's *own son* should kill him then, and so deprive their foes of the pleasure! The young man immediately rose, took two spears, and gave his miserable old father his death-wound as he sat, unconscious of any harm, by his fire, although it was some hours before he expired; his son meanwhile tending him with the utmost care and affection. After his death his son and the whole tribe mourned and howled over him several days; and then, taking their weapons, they set forth to go and kill as many as they could of the other tribe, to avenge the death of the old man. They were very successful, leaving several of their foes dead; but the police magistrate of Goulburn, annoyed by their fightings, threatened them with punishment, which caused them to set off in a large body, and well armed, on a peaceful visit to the Bathurst tribe, who received them with all honour and civility, and gave a grand corrobory on the occasion, inviting the strangers to see them dance. The Goulburns accepted, but came armed with all their weapons; which Mr. Meredith observing, he asked them why they came to a dance armed as if for battle. They evaded the question some time, at length saying, "If we keep our weapons, very well, all go right; if we come without, directly they *jump up cooler*" (pick a quarrel, or get angry). A greater proof of the habitual treachery of these people could not be given than this distrust and

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suspicion of their own countrymen. From all I have heard, I am very much inclined to think my husband's maxim is the prudent one:—"Never *trust* a savage: you may serve them, and they may serve you; but never give them the chance of an advantage."

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## CHAPTER XI.

Native Huts—"Gunnyol"—Natives' ingenuity in Duck-snaring and Fishing—Native Weapons—Green Frogs—Freshwater Shells—Platypus—Spur-winged Plover—Australian Harebell—Convolvulus—Everlastings—Peppermint-tree—Opossums—Natives' Mode of taking them.

I HAVE often wondered that constant intercourse with Europeans, and experience of the comfort afforded by a permanent and substantial shelter from the inclemency of the seasons in the variable climate of New South Wales, has not induced the natives to make some rude attempt at building themselves huts, especially as they are always very glad to enjoy the benefit of dwelling in those of the settlers. But their idleness is wholly unconquerable; the uttermost effort they ever make towards the formation of a residence being to raise a few strips of bark slantingly against a tree, under which they crawl during bad weather. Had not these primitive erections been pointed out to me as "natives' huts," I confess I should not have had an idea that they were anything more than accidental heaps of bark.

One very wet miserable day a black was crowding in the warm chimney-corner of a "squatter's" hut, where my husband was present, and some of the party were asking the native why he was so idle and stupid as to go shivering about without a home, when he might soon build himself a warm hut. He listened very quietly to all they had to say, merely observing at last, with the air of a man who has arrived at a most philosophical conclusion:—"Ay, ay! White fellow think it best that-a-way—Black fellow think it best *that*-a-way." "Then black fellow 's a fool for his pains," was the uncourteous rejoinder. "I believe so," returned the sable stoic, and straightway folding his blanket around him, walked calmly out into the pouring rain.

A native one day was wistfully eying a snug pigsty, where

the fat grunting inmates were awaiting their supper, which was being cracked in a mill by a convict servant; doubtless their idle and obese condition must have seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of luxury, for he thus feelingly apostrophized the pigs: "Ay, ay, budgereee fellow you! sit in gunyon all day—white fellow grind for you!" (Ay, ay, you 're a lucky fellow, can lie in a house all day, whilst a white man grinds for you!)

The word "gunyon," or house, they apply to everything that seems appropriated to contain any article. My husband had a silver pipe-case for the pocket, and they used to say his pyook had a "gunyon all along of himself." A dog-kennel would be "gunyon 'long of dingo," &c.

To make them industrious is utterly hopeless; nothing but the present urgent want of anything can induce them to make the slightest exertion. If a man have one "fig"\* of tobacco, and you promise him another if he will do such or such a service, you must wait until his stock in hand is exhausted, before there is a chance of his trying to earn more, though they are always anxious enough to beg for "Pyook, nyook, owrangey bit 'o' bacco" (A pipe, and a knife, and a little bit of tobacco).

A small kind of crayfish frequent the Macquarie, called by the natives "moramy," and I was desirous of obtaining some, to see and taste, but nothing short of an exorbitant bribe could induce the blacks to procure any. They are generally expert fishermen, and in their methods of capturing their prey, making snares, and other occupations requiring patience and ingenuity, they show considerable intelligence and perseverance, despite their inherent idleness.

The contrivance adopted by a tribe on the Murray river for catching ducks is particularly clever. They place nets (very similar to those used by wild-duck trappers at home) over a narrow portion of the river or "creek" which the ducks frequent, and then, by chasing and frightening them at a distance, gradually drive the birds near to the snare; the risk is then that they

\* Mr. Meredith tells me that the term "fig of tobacco," so general here, will not be understood at home, where the same description is not used. That kept here for general use is "Negrohead," and comes in large kegs, packed closely in layers of twisted rolls, about eight inches long, and one inch broad; each of these being technically termed a "fig." Idle smokers employ their servants to cut it up and rub it, ready for use.

may fly over it; to prevent which, the blacks fling up three-cornered pieces of bark high into the air, at the same time accurately imitating the cry of a hawk, and the poor ducks, stooping to escape the supposed enemy, dart into the snare and are caught.

A very fine and excellent fish is often taken in the Macquarie, called the cod, and though not really a species of cod, greatly resembles that fish in its general shape and appearance, though far more delicious in flavour. The Macquarie cod sometimes weighs seventy pounds or more. The natives catch them with spears made expressly for the purpose, in the use of which they are very adroit. These fishing-spears are twelve or fourteen feet long, made of hard wood, usually some kind of Eucalyptus, well sharpened at the end, but not barbed in any way. The native thus armed crouches or lies down on the overhanging bank of the river, or on a fallen tree or old log over the water, intently and motionlessly watching his prey. He then slowly and stealthily glides his spear down towards the water; then dips it a little way, then pokes it farther and farther, so softly as not to alarm the fish; and when quite certain, with one thrust runs it through the unfortunate cod, and brings him up.

The hunting or war spear is quite a different weapon to this, made of the same kind of wood, but much shorter and thicker, about seven or eight feet long, and barbed for some distance from the point, either by notches cut in the wood, or with sharp fish-bones, or crystals securely bound on with kangaroo sinews. These are most savage-like and fearful weapons, and are thrown to a distance of from seventy to one hundred yards, but rarely with certain effect beyond sixty. A great additional impetus is gained by the manner in which they are thrown. A piece of wood called a "wammara," about two feet long, has a notch or socket made in its upper end, into which the blunt end of the spear is inserted before throwing. The wammara is held in a slanting position with the spear horizontally resting in its upper end, and on the hand of the spearman, who, in flinging it, suddenly gives the wammara a perpendicular position, and adds greatly to the force of the blow.

The "nullah-nullah" is another fighting weapon, made like

the others, of hard wood, with a round handle widening towards the end into a broad knob, well sharpened on the lower side, like the edge of an axe. They have also formidable clubs, for which I do not know the native name.

The "boomerang" had become familiar, by name at least, in England before I left, although the toys sold in shops as boomerangs are very unlike the real ones, the use of which is extremely curious and ingenious. This weapon consists of a very slightly curved, nearly flat piece of hard wood, about two and a half feet long, and two and a half inches wide; its curve, weight, and the manner in which it is feathered off to catch the wind, being most accurately calculated for it to take the intended direction when thrown, different ones being adapted for different aims. It is never aimed at the object intended to be struck, but thus:—suppose A, B, and C form a triangle; a man at A throws the boomerang towards B, to which point it flies, strikes the ground, and, rebounding, turns towards C, where it strikes (like a good "canon" at billiards). The accuracy with which the natives can hit any object with this singular weapon, and the ingenious invention of it, seem worthy of a higher order of intelligent beings than they are usually considered. I have heard of several persons who have practised throwing the boomerang, but none could succeed so as to bear comparison with a native.

The word "waddie," though commonly applied to the weapons of the New South Wales aborigines, does not with them mean any particular implement, but is the term used to express wood of any kind, or trees. "You maan waddie 'long of fire," means "Go and fetch firewood."

The shields used by the natives are pieces of solid wood about two feet long, something in a long diamond shape, with a loop or handle to hold them by, hollowed from the inner side. These they use with extreme adroitness, fending off blows in every direction, which perhaps may partly account for the non-murderous character of so many fierce encounters among themselves. I have heard some of their white friends confess to having found an hour's "excellent sport" in shying at them cobs of Indian corn, from which the grain had been threshed, but which would still inflict rather a heavy blow; not one of which ever hit the

sable target, so nimbly did he ward off every cob with his shield, from his legs just as surely as his head, jumping about and grinning all the time in high glee.

I believe these are all the weapons used by the natives of their own manufacture, and these were formerly all cut and made with sharp flints or crystals; but now those acquainted with Europeans procure more convenient tools. The women make neat baskets and bags of the fine long dry grass common in these colonies (and which I have often thought would make beautifully fine plait for hats or bonnets); they use the currijong bark, too, for the same purpose, and carry about with them in these bags a most strange and useless accumulation of trash. They also sew the skins of kangaroos and opossums together (with sinews for thread, and fish-bones for needles), and fashion these into garments, rugs, or bags. Many of them procure English needles and thread from the settlers, and sew with tolerable neatness.

In the Macquarie, near Bathurst, I first saw the superb green frogs of Australia. The river, at the period of our visit, was for the most part a dry bed, with small pools in the deeper holes, and in these, among the few slimy water-plants and *Confervæ*, dwelt these gorgeous reptiles. In form and size they resemble a very large common English frog; but their colour is more beautiful than words can describe. I never saw plant or gem of so bright tints. A vivid yellow-green seems the groundwork of the creature's array, and this is daintily pencilled over with other shades, emerald, olive, and blue greens, with a few delicate markings of bright yellow, like an embroidery in threads of gold on shaded velvet. And the creatures sit looking at you from their moist, floating bowers, with their large eyes expressing the most perfect enjoyment, which, if you doubt whilst they sit still, you cannot refuse to believe in when you see them flop into the delicious cool water, and go slowly stretching their long green legs, as they pass along the waving grove of sedgy, feathery plants in the river's bed, and you lose them under a dense mass of gently waving leaves; and to see this, whilst a burning, broiling sun is scorching up your very life, and the glare of the herbless earth dazzles your agonized eyes into blindness, is almost enough to make one willing to forego all the glories of humanity, and be changed into a frog!

In the same pools I found some fresh-water shells, chiefly belonging to the species *Unio*, *Lymnæa*, *Stagnalis*, and *Physa*, and, I think, identical with my English specimens. The moramies, or crayfish, live in holes in the muddy banks of these pools; I saw many of their deserted shelly coats, but not any living ones.

That most enigmatical of all the strange animals found in Australia, the Platypus, or *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, is also a dweller in the Macquarie, but, being extremely shy, is not often found near Bathurst. So many descriptions have been published of it, that I imagine it is nearly as well understood in England as here. A full-grown specimen is twelve or fourteen inches in length, and much the same shape and proportion as the common mole, with a very thick, soft fur, dark brown on the back, and light coloured beneath; the head and eyes are perfectly *animal*, but in lieu of a mouth or snout, a small flat bill, similar to that of a duck, completes the very odd countenance of this most paradoxical creature. The short furry legs end in half-webbed feet, the hind ones being armed with sharp spurs, which are perforated, and through which, when the animal is annoyed, it is believed to eject a poisonous fluid as it strikes an enemy; but this fact is still doubted by some naturalists, and, like other anomalous peculiarities, is still the subject of argument amongst the learned, to whose information I regret that it is not in my power to add. The creature is very rarely seen on shore, and is usually killed by being shot from a high bank; but this is only practicable when it swims very near the surface.

Among the few living things that frequented the dreary desert plains of Bathurst during my sojourn there, were some flocks of the spur-winged plover; beautiful little birds, whose plaintive cry seemed unceasingly to bewail the dreariness of the spot. It seemed such a miserable place for birds—the gay creatures we love to watch fluttering, and coquetting, and sporting about in the green leafy trees—flying in and out—circling and soaring high into the air, then darting back into a thick shady covert, where only the light quivering of the leaves their quick wings fan into motion tells of their hiding-place! Here were neither bush nor tree—nor branches dancing in the sunlight—nor deep clusters of rich dark leaves—nothing but a scorching sky

and a desert earth, and the poor plover's sad, melancholy cry, instead of the full, varied choir of airy voices that fills the heart with gladness on a day in spring in green, beautiful old England!

Here and there, amidst the scanty and withered herbage, where the flocks of miserable sheep were vainly trying to pick the fraction of a feed, gleamed up an eye of blue, a bright blue starry flower, looking fearlessly to the fervid sky from its slight and hair-like stem; but its bolder aspect did not prevent my claiming a loving acquaintance with it as a relative of an ancient friend in my own dear land, the harebell. The Australian harebell (*Campanula gracilis*) is scarcely a *bell* at all—rather a star—the corolla being very deeply cleft, and widely expanded; but it is as beautiful: yes, with all my life-long love of the English one, I must acknowledge her antipodean cousin to be even as beautiful as the “poet's harebell,” that so merrily dances and waves over British heaths and hills.

In the same barren spots, too, I found a likeness of another old friend, the small meadow convolvulus, the new one being far brighter in hue than the sly, mischievous little sprite that frisks over our English fields, and baffles the sagacity of the neatest farmer when he strives to exclude it. The garb of my new friend is veritable *couleur de rose*, with scarcely a tint of yellow or a gleam of white. The plants were very small and quite compact; the flower growing on a short footstalk, which sprung direct from the root, without any climbing stem. This excessive dwarfishness was probably the consequence of the withering droughts, as in Van Diemen's Land I often gather the same kind in streamers half a yard long, or more; but they usually run along the ground, instead of twining up a bent of grass or any other support.

During our few drives and rambles among the nearest hills, to the north-west of Bathurst, I found some pretty everlastings, *Gnaphalium apiculatum*, and others, with the names of which I am unacquainted. Some of the white ones were large, and grew in handsome clusters, with the soft central florets yellow; looking, at a distance, not unlike the English ox-eye daisy. Others were entirely yellow, and larger than the white ones, growing singly on the stalk, and very handsome, showy flowers, but

from their wide open, staring look, always reminded me of those full-blown representations of the sun, so much patronized by country sign-painters. The dry, harsh, juiceless everlastings seemed exactly the kind of growth we might expect to meet in such an arid, parched region as this. They seem as if they could be quite independent of droughts, hot winds, and every other destructive agent of this withering climate, and thrive just as well, or better, on a whirl of dust, than in a shower of rain. I began almost to dislike them for daring to blossom and flaunt in such bright array, when so many fairer and sweeter things were drooping and dying all around. Some of the hills we climbed (having driven across the weary plains to their feet) had really very pretty spots among their little glens and slopes, being well clothed with trees living and growing; and as green as trees in New South Wales usually are, chiefly consisting of the common acacias, and various kinds of gum, or Eucalyptus, all very much resembling each other, except two species, one of which, the "blue gum," bears large, broad, rather blunt leaves, with a pale blue bloom upon them, which makes a pleasing contrast to the dark olive-green tint of the commoner kinds. The peppermint-tree (*Eucalyptus piperita*) is also a very distinct species, and usually a handsome tree; I have seen some old ones that an artist would delight to sketch. The bark is often very various in colour, the smooth white portions being overlaid in places with a thin coat partially peeled off, tinted with light and dark grey, red, fawn-colour, and brown of many shades, whilst towards the ground the rough, thicker, more orthodox kind of bark generally remains. The foliage is denser and casts more shade than any other gum-tree; the leaves are small and very narrow, both sides alike (as are those of the whole family), and thickly, yet lightly grouped on the spray; their colour also is much brighter and greener than the other kinds, and when in flower, the tree is often a dense mass of blossoms, sweet, luscious-smelling, white-fringed little stars, with myriads of birds fluttering and chirping about them, sucking the honey, and showering down bunches that they pull off in sport and mischief. The scent of the leaves when rubbed, and also their taste, which is very pungent, is exactly similar to that of our English herb peppermint, and I should think an essence might be distilled from them,

to serve for the use of both the druggist and confectioner. The leaves are commonly supposed to form the chief food of the opossum both in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. These beautiful animals live in hollow trees, and are rarely visible by day, unless, as I have sometimes done, you can see one sitting at his front door (as I suppose we may term the entrance to his habitation), usually a hole far up the tree, whence they descend at night to feed on grass and herbs, and may be seen scampering and playing about like squirrels among the branches. The marks left by their sharp claws in climbing trees are constantly seen, and on the trunks of large old gums tracks of scratches are visible in such numbers as to prove them very favourite places of resort. A full-grown opossum is larger and heavier than a very large cat, with a pretty innocent-looking face, the expression of which is both like that of the deer and the mouse, the shape of the nose and whiskers strongly resembling the latter. The eyes are very dark and brilliant, the ears soft and delicate, the legs short and strong, with monkey-like feet and long sharp claws. They sit up, holding their food in the fore-paws, like a monkey. The tail is eighteen or twenty inches long, about the thickness at the base of a sable boa, and tapering to the end; the under side is quite smooth and devoid of hair, the upper being covered with the same thick woolly fur as the other part of the body, the colour being either black, dark grey, dark brown, or deep golden brown, like very yellow sable, but always beautifully shaded off from the sides towards the under part, which is lighter. These different colours are most probably also distinctions of species, as no blending or mixture of them is ever observed, which would very likely be the case if they were merely accidental varieties in the same animal, just as we see the common colours of the domestic cat mixed indiscriminately. The tail is strongly prehensile, and holds so tightly, that they often swing their whole weight upon it, and when shot dead, sometimes hang for a minute by it, before falling. Fine moonlight nights often prove fatal to the poor creatures, being the time chosen for shooting them by scores, either for the sake of their warm skins for rugs, or to feed dogs with their luckless bodies. Sometimes they commit sad ravages among the young corn, and then the war waged against them has certainly a fraction more of justice in it; but too often they

are, like my poor favourites the Cape pigeons, shot in mere wanton cruelty, which, to gild its villany, assumes the name of "sport." All dogs pursue them to the death, and often in the day-time find one who has either been too idle or unsuspecting to run up his tree, who, unless he can instantly climb one, falls a victim to his imprudence, though not without a most vigorous resistance of sharp bites and scratches, and many a shrill and piercing squeal of agony: as is the general course in this world, either among men or brutes, might is victorious over right, and poor "possey" rarely escapes. The noise they usually make at night, when undisturbed, is something like a very hoarse laugh, a kind of grating throat-chuckle; and on a still night many of them may be heard calling to and answering each other for a considerable distance.

Like all other animals of their class, they are marsupial, and have rarely more than one young one at a time, which the doe carries about with her, at first in the pouch, and afterwards on her back.

The blacks procure opossums by climbing trees where their holes are, and have evidently some means of ascertaining whether the animal is turned with its head or tail towards them, before touching it; if the former, they frighten him, or by some means induce him to turn round, when, instantly seizing the tail, they forcibly drag him out. If the hole extends too far for them to reach their prey, they cut a larger hole with an axe or tomahawk.\* They often show great brutality in torturing the unfortunate animals they take, long before putting an end to their wretched sufferings. Mr. Meredith on one occasion remonstrated with a black who was cruelly and inhumanly maiming one of these poor harmless creatures, but the only reply the savage made was by a broad grin, and the cool remark, "Bel 'possum cry!"—(Opossum don't cry!) The natives, like most savages, are very agile in climbing trees, making small notches in the

\* Formerly these implements were made of flint or crystal, but now the natives procure English ones.

My omitting all allusion to the kangaroo may be deemed an oversight, but the reason I do not describe them here, is, that I did not see one in New South Wales, nor has Mr. Meredith, in all his wanderings there, met with more than half a dozen. So effectually is the race being exterminated. In Van Diemen's Land they are much more abundant.

bark as they ascend, just large enough to rest the end of the great toe upon, which member seems in them particularly strong, for even in riding on horseback, which many of them do, well and fearlessly, they never put the flat foot in the stirrup, but only lay hold of it with the great toe.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Native Turkeys ; their mode of incubation—Native Cranberry—Our Return—Locusts—Manna—Transformations—Ground-grubs—Night at the Rivulet—New Flowers—Heat and Dust—"Weatherboard" Inn—Walk to the Cascade—Fringed Violet—Waratahs—Fine View—Lories.

EMUS and native turkeys are not now seen near Bathurst, although still very numerous in the less populous districts. The bush-turkey is about the same size as a tame one ; the colour dark brown, with light grey feathers on the breast, and full plumage on the head and neck. They are very shy, and, being excellent eating, are much sought after by both Europeans and natives. On foot it is all but impossible to approach within gunshot of them, as they take wing on the least alarm ; but they will allow persons on horseback, or in a vehicle of any kind, to come close to them, and by such means they are usually taken.

A most extraordinary account is given by Mr. Gould and other naturalists of the manner in which these birds provide for the artificial hatching of their young, by scratching together a great heap of vegetable matter, in which the females lay their eggs, and leave them, trusting to the heat which the mass acquires during fermentation, to bring out the brood. This, if true of any Australian bird, is certainly a mistake as regards the turkey, which frequents the wide, open plains of the interior, and forms scarcely any nest, but in some accidental hollow lays several bluish-spotted eggs, which afterwards become much darker in colour, and are hatched in the usual manner. Were the birds to form so large and conspicuous a receptacle for their eggs as I have seen described, namely, a mound of rubbish thirty feet round, and eight or ten high, none would escape discovery, and as both eggs and birds are valued as food, the race would ere this be totally extinct. I never had an opportunity of seeing the

nest of a bush-turkey, and therefore *my* account is but the transcript of what I have been told; but of my informant's veracity and knowledge I cannot entertain a doubt.

One staple article of consumption, both with emus and turkeys, is the berry of the low-creeping prickly plant called the native cranberry (*Astroloma humifusum*), which is so very hard that I should think their digestive organs must be akin to those of the ostrich. This semblance of a fruit is about the size of a currant, and with its peach-like bloom looks rather tempting, but a marble covered with thin kid would best represent its flavour and consistence. I remember the shock of disappointment I received on attempting to taste some on a hot thirsty day, and have never since deprived the emus of a single berry. The blossom is very pretty, not unlike a small fuchsia, growing abundantly on the under-side of the trailing sprays, and not often noticeable until a piece is gathered, so closely they lie on the ground.

After a sojourn at Bathurst of about a month, we set forth on our return to Sydney, and the summer being more advanced, and the heat much greater, the weariness and discomfort of the journey were increased tenfold. The mountains were just as dreary as when we crossed them in coming; the roads not quite so bad, the great holes and reservoirs of mud in them being a little dried up, and the really dry portions rising in continuous volumes of dust.

Equally annoying with the dust was the loud, incessant, and indescribable noise of myriads of large and curious winged insects, commonly and incorrectly called locusts, but which are totally different from any kind of locusts I ever saw either represented in books or in collections. They literally swarm in the summer time on the gum-trees, and are seen flying about in immense numbers; the noise they make when on the wing being a loud hum or buzz, not nearly so disagreeable as their note when settled on a tree, which most closely resembles the sound of a miniature watchman's rattle; and when this is multiplied by thousands and millions of these noisy creatures, the din is intolerable. A stocking or lace manufactory is not more distressing to a person unaccustomed to the rattling and riot of the machinery. Whilst we rested one day, a couple of the locusts were caught, and I no

longer wondered so much at their loud notes, for they are powerful-looking creatures, something the form of an enormous fly, with stout brown bodies two inches long, six rough legs, a squarely shaped head like a grasshopper's, half an inch or more in breadth, with large prominent black eyes, and a long proboscis, which when at rest lies very compactly under the chin. (I must pray entomologists to forgive my unscientific descriptions, as I am unacquainted with their technical phraseology.) On the front of the head are some jewel-like markings of yellow and red; the wings are very large, and as transparent as glass, traversed by some very strong and many finer fibres in a beautiful net-work. Altogether they are very handsome and most harmless-looking insects, and I liberated those caught for me, as soon as I had well examined them.

Since leaving New South Wales, I have become rather better acquainted with the locusts, as a species but slightly different inhabits Van Diemen's Land. These are somewhat smaller, with coral-red eyes, instead of black ones, and of a blacker colour generally. They frequent certain kinds of Eucalyptus in countless numbers, but only in particular localities; we sometimes drive several miles without hearing one, and then suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a whole swarm.

In both Colonies a kind of manna is found upon and lying beneath the trees chosen by the locusts, in snow-white flakes, sometimes soft, and often nearly as hard as a sugar-plum, with a sweet and rather pleasant flavour; its medicinal properties being the same as those of the manna sold by druggists. Children are very fond of it, but I have never seen it in any quantity.

I have heard very many discussions as to the origin of this manna and its connexion with the locusts, some persons believing that the insects made it, as bees make honey, others that it was a natural exudation from the tree, which attracted the locusts to feed on it. But since I have had opportunities of observing the matter more attentively, I have been convinced that neither of these is the true solution of the mystery, but that the following explanation, given me by our worthy medical attendant here (Van Diemen's Land), Dr. Storey, is the true one.

Beneath the outer bark of some gum-trees is a sweet kind of mucilage, free from the very strong aromatic flavour which per-

vades the rest of the tree; and the locusts, perforating the outer bark with their long, sharp proboscis, suck out the juice, which continues to flow for a short time after they leave the aperture, and drying in the sun, falls to the ground in flakes of manna.

I have had many corroborative proofs of this fact, and, before knowing it, had often vainly endeavoured to conjecture what the locusts could be doing, when I saw them covering the smooth stem of a tree for many yards, and the greater portion of them motionless.

They evidently pass through one, if not more stages of existence, preparatory to their becoming perfect winged insects. In the summer, towards evening, it is common to see on the trunks of trees, reeds, or any upright thing, a heavy-looking, hump-backed, brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat; clawed; lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which is easily accounted for, when at the foot of the tree a little hole is visible in the turf, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carefully carried these home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle off his mortal," or rather earthy coil, and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen below, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently, a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very slowly and very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old, ready to be encased in the cabinets of the curious; the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone, looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of "speculation" in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell. These begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, whilst the body has acquired

its proper hard consistency and dark colour; and when placed on a gum-tree, the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues, with little intermission, as long as its happy harmless life.

When the locusts happen to come out in the morning, the heat of the sun often dries their unopened wings so suddenly that they cannot expand, and thus, quite helpless, the poor things become a prey to the numerous birds and swarms of ants that are always ready to attack and devour them.

What state the locust passes through previously to its existence as an underground beetle, I am not aware; but in newly-ploughed peat land\* great numbers of fat, white, inactive caterpillars or grubs are constantly found, some of which, judging from their size and shape, are probably locusts in their first state of being. I find these grubs some inches below the surface, coiled round in little cells exactly their own shape and size, hollowed in the moist ground, whence they apparently derive their sustenance. When disturbed, they slowly crawl under another piece of earth, where they soon form a new cell, similar to the old one.

Another locust, resembling the one I have described, in every respect except size, is perhaps the male insect, the body being much slighter in proportion, and not exceeding an inch in length. The circumstance of these two sizes in the locusts exactly corresponding with those of two kinds of the ground-grubs, induces me to think that the latter are locusts in their first or lowest form; but my opinions, being formed solely from observation, without that aid which a previous knowledge of entomology would afford me, may very probably be erroneous. The cruelties which all persons learned in that science are perpetually guilty of, and, as it seems, irresistibly tempted to commit, always rendered it abhorrent to me, and consequently I am now nearly if not wholly useless as an observer of my interesting neighbours of the insect kingdom in this populous region; but lest my modest fear of telling what is already known should by any possibility nip some wondrous discovery in the bud, I simply detail my small sums of knowledge, only regretting that the total amount is not greater.

\* In Van Diemen's Land.

As we journeyed on, we found it convenient to rest one night at the Rivulet Inn (the scene of such bacchanalian orgies during our up-journey). The inmates were certainly not *so tipsy*, and more of them were visible than before; but as to *cleanliness*, the word and the meaning seemed equally unknown within, though the paint outside was as bright as ever, reminding one so much of a newly-furbished-up caravan at a country fair, that I almost expected to see a picture of a giant and dwarf in the veranda, or to hear a great drum. On our retiring for the night (in company with a dark-brown fat candle that smelt most insufferably ill, as it fizzled and flared by turns) to a freshly painted room with very scanty furniture, and a most sombre coloured, hide-the-dirt kind of bed, I instituted an examination into the state of the linen, and believe that half a dozen unwashed chimney-sweeps occupying the same bed for a fortnight could not have left evidences of a darker hue than presented themselves to my horror-stricken eyes. The blankets corresponded well in colour, but as to exchange those was totally hopeless, we dispensed with their services, and after great difficulty, and most eloquent grumbling from the rum-inspired landlady, I obtained some coarse cotton sheets (linen ones being rarely seen in the Colony), the dampness of which was satisfactory, as it proved they had been acquainted with the wash-tub.

Thrusting the other sable and not inodorous coverings into the farthest corner of the room, I washed my hands, and rearranged the bed, and had begun to think of sleep, when a loud knocking at the door aroused us—

“Who’s there?”

“If you please, ma’am, Missus wants them sheets you pulled off your bed, for a gentleman as is just come in!”

With my parasol I poked the things out on the landing, inly congratulating the happy man destined to enjoy such sweet repose; but I could not help thinking, at the same time, how many pairs of sheets might have been bought with the money the household were drinking at our previous visit; or even that a white-washed house *with* clean linen would have been preferable to gilding and rainbow paintings without that humble luxury.

The beauty of the vale of Clwydd had become much enhanced

during the interval of our visits by the blossoming of the young gum-trees, and the greater degree of verdure generally perceptible. I gathered many flowers by the road-side that were quite new to me, including several orchideous plants, and a bright rich blue flower, with gold and black stamens, growing on a straggling branched stem from out a large tuft of tall reedy leaves. I named it then the "Knight of the Garter," and have often met it since in both Colonies.

Mount Victoria, too, towered above far greener glens and ravines than when we had crossed the pass before; but once again amidst the forests of those dreary, black Blue Mountains, and all improvement was at an end. Burned trees, bare ground, and interminable hills once more surrounded us; the scorching heat of the sun was to me almost overpowering, and, reflected as it was by the dusty, shadeless road into our faces and eyes, became absolutely painful. Still the time and the journey wore on, and we reached the Weatherboard inn, then wholly at our service, and where an ever memorable luxury awaited us, in the shape of a capacious dish of young potatoes at tea, being the first vegetables we had seen for some time. Here we also found a clean bed, though the possession thereof seemed a point of dispute with its numerous tenantry; but this is an almost universal evil in New South Wales, and in wooden houses like the one in question is, I believe, incurable. A tolerably neat and productive garden adjoined the house, and everything about bore an air of more comfort than the generality of such places in the Colony.

After an early breakfast the following morning, we set forth on foot to visit a waterfall. Entering a little valley with low hills on either side, we soon reached the borders of a bright brook, that, as it gurgled and glittered over its rocky bed, spoke to me of many a lovely valley and verdant meadow at home, where, instead of being, as here, precious as a fount in the desert, such a stream would be but one among the thousands that gladden the teeming earth. After our dry and parching journey, it was delightful to walk close beside it—to be quite sure that it ~~was~~ water—and when wetted feet did not suffice, to stoop and dabble in it—and scoop it up in tightly-clasped hands to drink—and to step over on its large dry stones, with no very great

objection to a splash if one's foot slipped. All the valley was green too,—think of that! And how exquisitely refreshing such moist greenness was to our dust-blinded eyes! Tall rushes grew there, and half-immersed water-plants, from amidst which we heard the sonorous “clop, clop” of the great green frogs; and bright dragon-flies darted about among the high waving reeds; and there were gay flowering shrubs with pleasant odours, and the delicate “fringed violet, a gem worthy to grace TITANIA'S rarest crown. It is an humble lowly flower, about the size of a violet, growing alone on a thin transparent stem some two or three inches high, of a deep bluish lilac rather than purple, and somewhat the shape of the iris, having also the same peculiar lustre, so well described by my poet-friend Mary Howitt—

“As if grains of gold in its petals were set.”

The sepals of the flower are edged with the finest fringe, like that which adorns our English bog-bean. It fades so very soon after being gathered, that I could not even carry one alive to the inn, and never meeting with it again, had no opportunity of sketching it.

As we walked on, a group of slender young gum-trees attracted my attention by their very graceful forms and polished verdure; and when opposite to them, we saw, as through a purposed entrance, that they formed a nearly circular bower, beneath whose leavy canopy dwelt a sisterhood of queens—a group of eight or ten splendid waratahs, straight as arrows—tall, stately, regal flowers, that with their rich and glowing hue,

“Making a sunshine in the shady place,”

seemed like the magic jewels we read of in fairy-tales, that light up caverns by their own intrinsic lustre.

It would have seemed a small sort of sacrilege to disturb this beautiful picture, this temple of the mountain nymphs; so I contented myself with gathering some less fine flowers of the waratah that grew near, and we pursued our way still along the green little valley, and close beside the streamlet, which, as we advanced, flowed much more swiftly, and a sound of pouring water reached us, the cause of which was soon explained by one

of the most stupendous scenes I ever beheld, bursting unexpectedly upon us.

Suddenly we found ourselves standing on the brink of a tremendous precipice; for though I have spoken of traversing a *valley*, be it remembered that this was on one of the highest parts of the Blue Mountains, and the valley itself merely a water-course. I know not how to describe the scene without a comparatively insignificant simile, namely, a theatre, but supposing a space of three or four miles between the centre of the audience-portion and the back of the stage, with a proportionate width. We stood, as it were, in the front of the gallery, which was the summit of a colossal amphitheatre of precipitous and most picturesque cliffs, rising in many places above the point where we stood, and in others broken by rugged ravines, fantastically adorned with trees, that seemed to hold on, like the natives, by a great toe only. At a depth of some hundreds of feet below us lay a thickly wooded undulating vale, a billowy ocean of verdant foliage, stretching far away, and rising again in the distance, until bounded by a towering wall of rocks, their sharp outlines telling in strongly marked light and shade against the clear, deep blue sky.

On our left hand, the bright waters of the mountain stream poured over the rocks in one smooth, glassy, unbroken torrent for some distance, and then, scattered by projecting crags into smaller jets, were lost to view amidst the overhanging trees that fringed the sides of this natural Colosseum.

That portion of the rock near us seemed certainly of an igneous origin, and some more distant parts had much the aspect of basalt, being apparently columnar. Some of the small fragments I picked up had a beautifully crystalline structure, and glittered like "ruby-blende."

I much regretted the impossibility of remaining to have a day or two's exploration about this grand and interesting spot. I should have liked to visit the foot of the cliffs as well as the brow, but this would have incurred a circuit of many miles, and too much fatigue for me to dream of; and with excessive reluctance I retraced my steps to the "Weatherboard," whence we immediately started on our onward journey.

Near the inn we saw some lories, the most brilliant of all the

parrot tribe ; the back and upper portion of the body being a bright gleaming blue, whilst the breast and under parts are the most intense rose-colour, or *ponceau*. Gay as were all the parrots I had previously seen, I gazed on these in sheer wonder, scarcely believing they could be *real*, as they rose in a flock from the road before us and flew past, brightening the very sunshine with their glorious colours.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

Storm and fine View on Lapstone Hill—Farm-house in the "Public" line—  
Arrive at Parramatta—Steamboat—Scenery on the "River"—Sydney—  
Christmas-tree—Christmas-day—Tippling Servants.

IN the afternoon we encountered a storm of lightning, thunder, and rain, just before reaching Lapstone Hill, and whilst we wound down it we enjoyed as perfect a picture of a landscape as ever eye beheld. How I wished, and wished in vain, for some rare artist to see it with us!—and fancied the versions of its beauty that Constable, Creswick, Copley Fielding, Cox, or Turner might give to an admiring world. I have before endeavoured to describe Lapstone Hill (Chapter VII.): but if beautiful then, how much more so was it now,—with tall and graceful gum-trees loaded with their white and honied blossoms, lifting up their garlanded heads from the deep ravine,—amidst groups of the delicate, feathery-leaved acacia, whose countless clusters of pale-golden, hawthorn-scented flowers were bending with the heavy rain-drops, that glittered and sparkled like diamonds on the shrubs, trees, and deep-crimson waratahs on the rocks above us! Before us lay the green Emu Plains, the broad Nepean, and town of Penrith; the view being bounded on either side by the rocky gorge through which we looked. One half of the sky was black as night, with the yet unspent wrath of the thunder-clouds, whose artillery still reverberated grandly amongst the mountains; the other half of the Janus-faced heaven was blue, and bright with sunshine: and over both, like a beautiful spirit of concord, blessing alike the darkness and the light, beamed a most brilliant rainbow. The whole scene was so indelibly painted on my mind, I can fancy now that I see each individual rock and tree that helped to make up the beautiful whole.

Crossing the Nepean as before, in the punt, we took up our quarters again at the Ferry Inn, and early the next day continued our journey. Seeing a tolerably large house by the roadside,

with stacks, cows, pigs and other farm-like things about, and a tall sign-post, or what appeared such, in front, we alighted, to see if we could procure a glass of milk, and entered a room, evidently in the "public" line of business, smelling dreadfully of rum and tobacco, and garnished with pipe-ashes, dirty glasses, and empty bottles in abundance. A continuance of loud knocking brought a stupid, dirty, half-dressed, slipshod woman from an inner room, in which, as she left the door open, I could see several messy, unmade beds, soiled clothes all about the floor, and three or four more women of different ages, and of as unpleasant aspect as the one who had obeyed my summons, and who, after some delay, brought me a jug of nice sweet milk, and a dirty glass to pour it into; seeming to me as if she had ably assisted in the bottle-emptying of the preceding evening. This universal addiction to drink, and the consequent neglect of all industry and decency, are truly shocking. Here was a substantial farm-house (sometimes performing in another character, it is true), with the female inmate half-drunk and scarcely out of bed at ten o'clock on a summer's morning, rooms unswept, beds unmade, and the whole establishment telling of plenty, sloth, and drunkenness.

We reached Parramatta about noon, and remained, in luxurious idleness, at the pretty inn I had so much liked on our previous visit, for a day or two, until lodgings were prepared for us in Sydney. We then embarked in a steamboat named the *Rapid* or the *Velocity*, or some like promising title, on the Parramatta river (*alias* Port Jackson), and moved away from the wharf at a most funereal pace, which I for some time accounted for by supposing that other passengers were expected alongside, but at length found, to my dismay, that it was the best speed with which this renowned vessel could travel without fear of an explosion. One advantage it gave us was a good and deliberate view of the scenery on either side; a moderately quick draughtsman might have drawn a panorama of it as we slowly puffed along.

Some of the cottages and villas on the banks are very prettily situated, with fine plantations, gardens, and orange-groves around them, and nice pleasure-boats moored beside mossy stone steps leading to the river. As we neared Sydney the banks became

much more rocky and picturesque, skirted and crowned with pretty native shrubs, with here and there a fantastic group of crags, like a little fort or castle, perched among them.

The animation of the scene in the harbour, the numerous vessels at anchor, and the busy little boats plying in every direction, gave by no means unpleasing evidence of our return to the Australian metropolis. Viewed from any point, Sydney cannot fail to strike a thinking mind with wonder and admiration, as being the creation of so comparatively brief a space. A large and well-built town, abounding with all the expensive luxuries of civilized life—streams of gay equipages and equestrians traversing the wide and handsome streets—thronged of busy merchants, whose costly and innumerable goods are being landed from whole fleets of noble ships that bring hither treasures from all climes—all this, and more—where, but a few years ago, the lonely native caught and eat his opossum, or paddled his tiny canoe across the almost matchless harbour!

Not without strong misgivings as to the equity of such appropriations generally, do I make these remarks; but, in the cruel annals of colonization, I believe that of New South Wales to be the least objectionable. For the most part it has been peacefully effected, and the great disproportion of the scanty aboriginal population to the vast extent of habitable country still leaves a superfluous abundance to the natives, of both land and sustenance. Unlike the nobler and far more abused natives of New Zealand, they attach themselves to no particular spot, but within a certain wide boundary, which separates them from other aboriginal tribes, they wander about, without attachment or interest in one portion of country more than another, so that they can find abundance of food, the vicinity of Europeans' residences being sought and preferred for that reason.

We now made a few weeks' sojourn in Sydney, which, could we have laid the dust, moderated the heat, and dismissed the mosquitoes and their assistants, would have been very pleasant; but as it was, my colonial enjoyments were limited to our usual drives, and when able to walk at all, an idle, languid stroll in the beautiful Government gardens. For some days before Christmas, in our drives near the town, we used to meet numbers of persons carrying bundles of a beautiful native shrub, to decorate

the houses, in the same manner that we use holly and evergreens at home. Men, women, and children, white, brown, and black, were in the trade; and sometimes a horse approached, so covered with the bowery load he bore, that only his legs were visible, and led by a man nearly as much hidden; carts heaped up with the green and blossomed boughs came noddingly along, with children running beside them, decked out with sprays and garlands, laughing and shouting in proper Christmas jollity. I liked to see this attempt at the perpetuation of some of our ancient homely poetry of life, in this new and generally too prosaic Colony, where the cabalistic letters *£. s. d.* and *R U M* appear too frequently the alphabet of existence. It seemed like a good healthy memory of *home*; and I doubt not the decked-out windows and bouquet-filled chimney in many a tradesman's house gave a more home-like flavour to his beef or turkey, and aided in the remembrance of old days and old friends alike numbered with the past.

The shrub chosen as the Sydney "Christmas" is well worthy of the honour (the rough usage it receives rendering the quality of the post it occupies rather problematical, by the way). It is a handsome verdant shrub, growing from two to twelve or fifteen feet high, with leaves in shape like those of the horse-chestnut, but only two or three inches broad, with a dark green, polished, upper surface, the under one being pale. The flowers, which are irregularly star-shaped, come out in light terminal sprays, their chief peculiarity being, that they completely open whilst quite small, and of a greenish white colour; they then continue increasing in size, and gradually ripening in tint, becoming first a pearl white, then palest blush, then pink, rose-colour, and crimson: the constant change taking place in them, and the presence of all these hues at one time on a spray of half a dozen flowers, has a singularly pretty appearance. Their scent when freshly gathered is like that of new-mown hay. Great quantities of the shrubs grow in the neighbourhood of Sydney, or I should fear that such wholesale demolition as I witnessed would soon render them rare.

The "Christmas dinner" truly seemed to me a most odd and anomalous affair. Instead of having won a seasonable appetite by a brisk walk over the crisped snow, well muffled in warm

winter garments, I had passed the miserable morning, half-dead with heat, on the sofa, attired in the coolest muslin dress I possessed, sipping lemonade or soda-water, and endeavouring to remember all the enviable times when I had touched a lump of ice or grasped a snowball, and vainly watching the still, unruffled curtains of the open window for the first symptom of the afternoon sea-breeze.

I have heard persons who have lived for years in India say that they found the climate of Sydney by far the most oppressive; and I partly account for this by the better adaptation of Indian habitations to the heat, and their various contrivances for relief, which English people, choosing to build English houses in an un-English climate, never dream of providing. The only cool arrangement generally adopted is the substitution of an oiled cloth or matting for a carpet on sitting-room floors; some of the mattings are fine and rather pretty-looking, but the oiled cloth has always a kind of hair-dresser's-shop look about it, which not the most elegant furniture of every other description could reconcile to my old-world prejudices; and the noise which the softest step makes upon it is always unpleasant.

The prevailing vice of drunkenness among the lower orders is perhaps more resolutely practised at this season than any other. I have heard of a Christmas-day party being assembled, and awaiting the announcement of dinner as long as patience would endure; then ringing the bell, but without reply; and on the hostess proceeding to the kitchen, finding every servant either gone out or rendered incapable of moving, the intended feast being meanwhile burned to ashes. Nor is this by any means a rare occurrence; as the crowded police-office can bear ample testimony.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Homebush—Colonial Country houses—The “Avenue”—Gates—Slip-rails—Bush-rangers—Mounted Police—Dingoes—Flying Fox—Flying Opossum—Native Cats—Birds—Robins—Swallows—Knife-grinder—Coachman—Bell-bird—Laughing Jackass—Larks—Game.

IN January, 1840, we removed to “Homebush,” an estate within eleven miles of Sydney, on the Parramatta river, where we proposed residing for a year or two; and rendered the ill-arranged and dilapidated old house a tolerably comfortable home. It contained two good rooms and five smaller ones; the veranda in front was one hundred feet long, by twelve in width, and was carried round the ends of the house in the same proportion, the whole neatly flagged; at the back, the line was broken by the two wings, leaving a shorter veranda in the centre, with the garden (or rather wilderness) before it, commanding a beautiful view of the river (a creek of which ran up towards the house), the opposite shores, and several wooded jutting points on our own side.\*

Homebush was a fair specimen of a New South Wales settler's residence, possessing many of the Colonial peculiarities. The house stood on the highest ground in the estate, and for some hundreds of acres all around not a native tree nor even a stump was visible, so completely had the land been cleared, although not worth cultivation. This desert bareness was a little relieved close to the house, by three magnificent Norfolk Island pines, which towered far above the roof; and by the then broken and ruined fruit-trees of what had been two very large orchards, which were

\* On one of these was a school for young ladies, and any one addressing the principal by letter would be somewhat amused at the very alarmingly soft nature of the superscription, which would run thus:

“Mrs. Love,  
Harmony House,  
Concord,  
Near Kissing Point!”

formerly well stocked with mulberry, plum, cherry, pear, apple, peach, orange, and loquat trees, but at the time of our taking the place, after its being vacant some years (or only occupied by a drunken overseer), the cattle had free ingress through the broken fences, and the fine orchards were utterly destroyed.

A curving road, nearly half a mile long, and some twenty yards wide, with a good four-rail fence on either side, led from the entrance gate, on the public road, to the house, and this, being unadorned by a single tree, was, according to a Colonial stretch of courtesy, termed the "Avenue;" much to my mystification, when, on inquiring for Mr. Meredith one day, a servant told me, "Master had just gone down the 'aveny.'" I pondered this announcement some moments, and not being able to recollect any thing of the kind near the place (for I confess my thoughts were wandering in search of some gum-tree likeness of the stately aisles of elms and limes that I loved so well at home), I was compelled to inquire where this "*terra incognita*" lay; and having once discovered that we *had* an "avenue," I never failed to remember its style and title.

Proceeding, then, along the avenue towards the house, a stranger might be apt to fancy he had entered at a wrong gate, for he would find himself led into the midst of all the farm-buildings; stock-yards, cow-sheds, barn, stable, and piggeries ranging on his left hand, whilst huts for the farm servants lay on his right; and in front, commanding a full view of all these ornamental edifices, the hall door of the house! Such being the almost universal arrangement in the Colony; and, as compared with many other settlers' houses, this was rather aristocratic. Why the approach to a farm-house here should be so much more dirty, unpleasant, and intrusive than in England, I know not; but certain it is that in visiting a colonist you are generally obliged to inspect every other portion of the establishment before you can reach the apartments of the family.

Another universal inconvenience is, that you never see a *gate*, or so rarely as only to be the exception to the rule. "Slip-rails" are the substitute; five or six heavy long poles loosely inserted in sockets made in two upright posts. They may be stepped over by a horse if only lowered at one end, but to allow any vehicle to enter, each one has to be lifted out and put aside;

and it often happens that four or five of these troublesome and slovenly contrivances occur in the approach to one house, with the invariable additional charm (in winter) of a deep squashy pool of mud around each one; yet, most probably, when you do gain your destination, if a dinner-party be the occasion, you find a table spread with abundance of plate, glass, damask, and costly viands, and a profusion of expensive wines. Such inconsistencies perpetually struck me, showing the general preference for glitter and show, rather than sterling English comfort. A settler will perhaps keep two or three carriages, and furnish his house in a costly style, yet grudge the labour of a carpenter to convert some of the useless wood around him into gates for his farm and grounds. Homebush did possess a gate, but, as was requisite, to be in proper Colonial "keeping," one half was off its hinges, and the companion-moiety never consented to open unless it was lifted; therefore, on the whole, it was remarkably convenient.

During nearly the whole time of our residence here the public road near us was infested by a gang of bush-rangers, or rather footpads, who committed many robberies on persons travelling past; but although we and our servants constantly traversed the dreaded road, we were never molested. Possibly the shelter and concealment they very probably found in some of the dense scrubs and thickets which skirted part of our ground near the scene of their exploits, induced them to adopt the fox's policy, who rarely "robs near his own den;" but the constant depredations we heard of rendered our drives far less pleasant to me, although a double-barrelled gun usually accompanied us. One day we met the clergyman of Cook's River,\* who, on his way to dine with the Governor at Parramatta, had been stopped by three of the party, who took his money and a very valuable watch. He had directly ridden to the nearest public-house, not a quarter of a mile off, and, with some of the inmates and an old musket, had diligently scoured the bush in pursuit, but without again seeing the gang, who within an hour robbed some persons in another road. They one day took from a poor woman even her wedding-ring, and for several months continued the same prac-

\* Cook's River is an arm of the sea, running inland from Botany Bay, and on its banks are many pleasant residences, and the prettiest church in the Colony.

tices on this, the most frequented public road near Sydney, almost without an attempt being made for their capture; for so constantly were they "at work," that had the police been desirous of taking them, they could not have failed. In the case of the more formidable gangs of bush-rangers, who by their outrages often become the terror of a wide rural district, the "mounted police" is an excellent and efficient force. It consists of picked and well-paid volunteers from the regiments in the Colony, and the officers are generally brave and intelligent young men, who, when they *look* for a bush-ranger, generally *find* him; two terms by no means synonymous among the constabulary.

During our stay at Bathurst, a party of the mounted police went in search of a very daring gang of bush-rangers, or, as they are sometimes called, "bolters." After some search, the officer in command, Lieut. Hilliard (of the 86th or 28th, I forget which), divided his force, taking one route himself, accompanied by a single trooper, and sent the rest in an opposite direction. He had not gone far before he found the gang of seven desperadoes comfortably bivouacking, with eleven stand of arms, loaded, beside them; and by a sudden and gallant attack, secured them all, and brought them into Bathurst; his prowess being duly appreciated by the settlers, who presented him with a valuable token of their gratitude.

The plan usually pursued by the bush-rangers in robbing a house (which I imagine they very rarely do without collision with the servants) is to walk quietly in, and "bail up," i. e. bind with cords, or otherwise secure, the male portion, leaving an armed guard over them, whilst the rest of the gang ransack the house, taking all firearms, money, plate, or valuables, together with what clothes or stores they require. Resistance is out of the question, silence or death being the alternative. One friend of ours on such an occasion sprang across the room to seize his gun, the moment the bush-rangers entered, but they fired, and he was severely wounded, without gaining his object; another gentleman had several fingers shot off, but the wretches seldom commit murder if their victims quietly submit to their peremptory demands.

Another unpleasant class of neighbours were the native dogs, or dingoes, evidently a species of wolf, or perhaps the connect-

ing link between the wolf and dog. These creatures were very numerous around us, and their howling or yelling at night in the neighbouring forests had a most dismal, unearthly kind of tone. They are more the figure of a Scotch colly, or sheep-dog, than any other I can think of as a comparison, but considerably larger, taller, and more gaunt-looking, with shaggy, wiry hair, and most often of a sandy colour. Their appearance is altogether wolfish, and the expression of the head especially so, nor do their ferocious habits by any means weaken the likeness.

We had a number of calves, which, for greater safety from these savage animals, were folded at night in one of the old orchards adjoining the house; but several of the poor little ones fell victims to the dingoes. Shortly after our arrival at our new residence, we were one night alarmed by a fearful outcry among the calves, and Mr. Meredith, who instantly divined the cause, got up, and found several dingoes dragging along one of the youngest of the herd; as they ran away he fired, but the night being thickly dark, the brutes escaped. The cries of terror among the poor calves had brought all the cows to the spot, and the indescribable moaning and bellowing they continued until morning showed their instinctive knowledge of the danger. The poor wounded calf was so much injured that it died the following day, and its unhappy mother, after watching and comforting it as long as life remained, never ceased her cries and moans till she entirely lost her voice from hoarseness: I have rarely seen anything more distressing than the poor animal's misery; and to prevent such an occurrence again, the youngest calves were always locked in the stable at night.

The dingoes rarely kill their victim at once, but coolly commence *eating* it, at whatever part they chance to have first laid hold of, three or four often gnawing at the unfortunate animal together, whilst its agonised cries do not seem to disturb their horrible feast in the slightest degree; and unless by chance a vital part is destroyed, the maimed creature probably lingers during hours of protracted and unimaginable torture.

Their audacity, too, is quite equal to their other engaging qualities. Finding that our veal was not to be obtained, a party of them made an onslaught on our pork, and very early one morning carried off a nice fat pig, nearly full grown. Luckily pigs

are not often disposed to be silent martyrs, and the one in question made so resolute a protest against the abduction, that the noise reached Mr. Meredith, who immediately gave chase, and soon met the main body of porkers trotting home at a most unwonted speed, whilst the voice of woe continued its wail in the distance; on coming to the spot, he found two dingoes dragging off the pig by the hind legs towards a thick scrub; he fired, wounding one, when both released their victim and made off, the poor pig trotting home, telling a long and emphatic story of its wrongs and sufferings, from which it eventually recovered. In about two hours after this, a lame white dingo, the same which had been so lately shot at, boldly chased my two pet goats into the veranda!

On one occasion Mr. Meredith was travelling from one station to another with a number of cattle, both old and young, and at night had, as usual, placed them in a secure stock-yard, the calves being with the cows. On going to see them turned out in the morning, the peculiar moaning of a cow struck him as being similar to that of one which had lost her calf; but knowing they were all right the night before, he paid little attention to it, until, on observing a skin and fresh blood just outside the rails, he examined more closely, and found that the dingoes had contrived to drag a young calf through the bars of the stock-yard, and had devoured it (doubtless nearly alive) within a foot or two of the miserable cow, who could see and hear, but not help, her poor little one.

Frequently, when their visits are interrupted, a foal or calf is found with a limb half-eaten away, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to protect the yet more helpless sheep from their ravenous jaws. All flocks are folded at night and watched. Two yards or folds are usually erected near together, between which the watchman has his box, and a large bright fire, and frequently during the night he walks round with his dogs.

I had not the satisfaction of seeing any of the marauders about us taken, though they were continually seen by the servants skulking about, early in the morning, and I have seen them pass through our veranda before sunrise, followed by our own dogs, barking and growling their evident dislike of the intruders. The dingoes do not bark, but howl and yell most dismally. The

Cumberland hounds meet occasionally in the neighbourhood of Homebush, and I hoped they would find and destroy some; but though repeatedly on the scent, they did not succeed, and the members of the "hunt" seemed generally to prefer having their fox (dingo) in a bag, to the trouble, or, as I should have supposed it, sport of finding one in the forest.

The "flying fox" of New South Wales is an animal I do not remember to have seen any published account of, yet it is a very remarkable one. I had often heard Mr. Meredith speak of the quantities of these creatures that he had seen on the shores of the Hunter's River, but was not aware we had any of them near us, until one moonlight night, whilst initiating an English friend into the barbarous mysteries of opossum-shooting (familiarly termed "possumin"), he heard a great flapping and rustling amongst the branches and leaves above his head, and firing, brought down a very fine specimen of the flying fox.

I forget the dimensions which Dr. Buckland assigns to the pterodactyle, the gigantic bat of a former world; but this seemed a not unworthy representative of the species, the wings measuring between four and five feet at their full expansion, and the body being larger than that of a well-conditioned rat. The head more resembles that of a dog than a bat, covered, like the middle and hinder portions of the body, with thick black fur, that round the neck being fox-coloured. The claws and limbs of the wings are very strong, and the membrane very tough and elastic.

These giant bats are especially destructive in orchards, as they have a great penchant for ripe fruit, particularly peaches, and their mode of gathering their dessert not being economical, they knock off great quantities while buffeting about in the trees; added to which, their scent is so exceedingly unpleasant that no fruit they have once touched is eatable.

I never saw any other large bats here. Several of a small kind, apparently very similar to the common little English bat, used to flit about the house in an evening; but I liked them too well to molest them.

One dead specimen of the flying opossum was brought to me. The head greatly resembles in its gentle expression those of the other kinds of opossum, and with a still greater length of prehensile tail. The fore and hind legs on either side are enclosed

in the soft, elastic, furry membrane, which spreads like a bat's wing from the back, leaving only the sharply clawed feet exposed. On having the body skinned, I observed that this membrane was double, and easily separated, but without the slightest particle of any other substance between the two thin, almost transparent textures. The upper portion was covered with warm black fur; the under part had a thinner covering of soft, greyish white hair.

Several of the mischievous little animals commonly called native cats (*Dasyurus* — ?) were destroyed by our dogs. They seem to occupy the same place in Australia that the weasel and ferret family do at home, being terribly destructive if they can get into the henhouse; not only killing to eat, but continuing to kill as many fowls or turkeys as they have time for, leaving a sad spectacle of mangled corpses behind them. They are pretty, but have a sharp, vicious countenance, very different to the deer-like expression of the herbivorous animals here. Their common colour is grey, finely spotted with white; the tail thin, covered with rather long, wiry hair, which forms a sort of tassel at the end. They are about the size of a lean, half-grown domestic cat, very agile, fierce, and strong, and extremely tenacious of life. Dogs seem to have a natural propensity to destroy them, but sometimes find the engagement rather more equal than they might wish.

Very few birds came near our house, but among those few was the robin (*Petroica phœnicea* ?), as much more beautiful in plumage as he is inferior in note to our winter darling in England, but with exactly the same jaunty air, and brisk, quick manner. His attire is, I really think, the most exquisite of all the feathered creatures here: the breast is the most vivid geranium-colour, softening to a paler shade towards the wings, which are glossy black, with clear white markings across them; the back is also black, with a white spot on the crown of the head, and the tail-feathers are also barred with white. The colours are so clear and distinct as almost to convey the idea of different garments put on and fitted with the most exquisite taste; whilst the gay, frolicsome air, and intelligent, bright, black eyes of the little beau tell you that he is by no means unconscious of the very favourable impression his appearance must create. He

hops about, sings a few notes of a soft, lively little song; flies to a rail or low tree, and arranges some fancied impropriety in a wing-feather; then surveys the glossy spread of his tail as he peeps over his shoulder, and after a few more hops, and another small warble, very sweet and very low—a passing glance, like the flash of a tiny flambeau, and he is gone!

Some robins, which I supposed the females, have a less vivid scarlet on the breast, though similar in all other respects.

When we first came to Homebush, I observed fragments of many swallows' nests in the veranda, and marks where others had been, but had wholly crumbled away, the constant heat so drying the mud that it could not stick, and the poor birds were in constant danger of losing both their patient labour and their helpless young. To obviate this sad distress, I had a few little shelves nailed up in the most retired part of the veranda, as foundations for the nests, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a nice strong superstructure raised on one of them, from which in process of time five downy little heads emerged, opening very wide mouths for the food constantly supplied by the parent birds. Only one family placed themselves thus under our immediate protection, but many others built in the old barn and other outhouses.

One bird which frequently came near the house has a very singular note, which has gained for him the Colonial *sobriquet* of the "knife-grinder;" a portion of his song bearing a most accurate resemblance to the sound of grinding a knife on the grindstone, giving exactly the *errew - - - whiss - ss - ss -*, but in a most musical and dulcet tone. His attire, as befitting an artisan, is somewhat sober and plain.

Another equally singular voice among our feathered friends was that of the "coachman," than which no title could be more appropriate, his chief note being a long clear whistle, with a smart crack of the whip to finish with. Although I have often heard his fine clear voice sounding far above me, from his favourite perch in the top of the highest tree near, I never had a distinct view of Mr. Jehu.

The "bell-bird" has, as may be supposed, won its appellation from the resemblance of its deep full voice to the tones of a bell; and that general favourite, the "laughing jackass," equally well merits the first portion of his title, by his merry and most musical

peals of laughter ; but why he should be called a "*jackass*" at all, I am at a loss to divine. Under this name, however, he is generally respected in the colony, being an adroit destroyer of snakes, guanas, and other reptiles. When many of these merry birds congregate together, the effect is extremely droll : first one begins alone, and laughs lustily out at the top of his voice ; a second, third, and fourth then take up the strain, like glee-singers, till the whole party are fairly off, and the very trees seem to peal out along with them. I am half inclined to fancy that Martini's popular laughing chorus, "*Vadasi via di qua*," must have been suggested by the voices of my friends the Australian jackasses ; certain it is, that both songs have an equally infectious spirit, and set the most gloomy-minded listener laughing in concert, whether he will or no. The poor birds often fall victims to their own accomplishments, for, being much esteemed as "pets," they are frequently maimed to prevent their escape, and tied by the leg or closely caged, whilst their less human persecutors spoil their naturally merry voices by teaching them a few lame bars of some London-alley tune ; and "All round my Hat," "Jump Jim Crow," or "Sich a getting up Stairs," tells a melancholy story of their miserable fate.

Many small birds, with which I am not sufficiently acquainted to describe them, inhabited our woods ; and one or two kinds of "larks," as they are called, used to rise in considerable numbers from the dry grass-tufts, as we walked over the cleared land. A few quail, a chance wild duck or teal, and one solitary snipe, formed our list of game at Homebush, and I scarcely saw a parrot during our stay.

## CHAPTER XV.

Norfolk Island Pine—English Pear-tree—Daisy—Bush Flowers—Creepers—“He-oak”—Zamia—“Wooden Pear-tree”—Native Cherry—Insect Architecture—Twig Nests, &c.—Butterflies—Ground-Spiders—Tarantula—Silk-Spiders—Scorpions—Hornets—Mosquitoes—Ants.

THE Norfolk Island pine (*Aracauria excelsa*), of which, as I have before remarked, we had three magnificent specimens close to the house, is certainly the most noble and stately tree of all the pine family that I have ever seen, beautiful as are they all. The tall, erect, and tapering stem (seventy or eighty feet high), the regularity of the circling branches, lessening by small degrees from the widely-spread expanse below, to the tiny cross that crowns the summit of the exquisite natural spire, and the richly verdant, dense, massive foliage clothing the whole with an unfading array of scale-armour, form altogether the finest model of a pine that can be imagined. The cones too are worthy to grow on such a tree; solid ponderous things, as large as a child's head—not a *baby's* head, neither—with a fine embossed coat of mail, firmly seated on the beam-like branches, as if defying the winds to shake them.

Mr. Meredith climbed very nearly to the summit of our tallest pine, and said he had never seen anything more beautiful than the downward view into and over the mass of diverging branches spread forth beneath him. He brought me down one cone, with its spray, if so I may call the armful of thick green shoots that surrounded it, and I was gazing at it for half the day after; it was so different from anything I had seen before, so new, and so grandly beautiful. The rigidity of the foliage had a sculpture-like character, that made me think how exquisitely Gibbons would have wrought its image in some of his graceful and stately designs, had he ever seen the glorious tree.

One of those at Homebush grew near to the front veranda,

and some of its enormous roots had spread under the heavy stone pavement, lifting it up in an arch, like a bridge.

When the cones ripened, the large winged seeds fell out in great numbers; they require to be planted immediately, if at all, as the oil in them quickly dries out, and with it the vegetative properties are lost.

Close under the towering pines grew a common English pear-tree; a crooked, wide-spreading, leafy, farm-house-garden sort of pear-tree, that won my especial love, from the good old-fashioned pictures of gable-ended houses and neat garden-orchards it brought into my mind, and the glory and delight of its spring-time blossoms was an earnest and most child-like joy to me. Surely never was pear-tree so watched and gazed on, both morning, evening, and moonlight!—for Sydney moonlights are like tropical ones, so clear, so silver-bright, that I could see to read small print as well as by day—and the old pear-tree shone out in them like a beautiful vision of home, telling store of pleasant stories in each fluttering leaf that fell from its thousands of flowers—telling of bloomy fragrant gardens, with velvet turf paths, and shady arbours, and singing birds, and little running brooks, *one* of whose silver threads near our thirsty home would have been a priceless treasure—oh! it was an exhaustless remembrancer of pleasant by-gones was that old pear-tree!

Its rival in my home-loving regards was a little root of the double daisy, which, as a great treasure, my husband brought me one day from a gardener's. It lived, as very few daisies do at home, I can tell them, in a pot by itself, and was carried into the shade, and watered daily, and tended with as much solicitude as any *rara avis* of the choicest conservatory. It bore two nice pinky-white daisies, just like real English ones; and then, during an illness I had, in which I could not attend to it, it withered away, and my first glance into the garden showed me the scorched remains of my poor favourite.

Many very pretty native flowers and shrubs adorned our "bush," or rather forest, and the graceful native indigo crept up many bushes and fences, sometimes totally hiding them with its elegant draperies. Another handsome climber of the same family (*Kennedia*) has rich crimson flowers, very long in the part called the keel, with bright yellow stamens protruding from its

point. This species climbs to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and the dark leaves and drooping flowers hang down in elegant pendulous wreaths. But the most beautiful climbing plant I have yet seen in Australia, I know not the name of, nor can I find any botanical description to suit it, except that of *Bignonia Australis*, which it possibly is. The leaves resemble those of the jessamine in form, but are much larger, and of a rich glossy green; the flowers fox-glove shaped, in long axillary sprays, their colour being a delicate cream-colour, beautifully variegated within by bright purple markings. I only found one plant of it, in a (comparatively) cool moist thicket in our Homebush wood.

Great quantities of a tall, handsome, herbaceous plant, commonly called the "mock-cotton tree," grew near us, and by the roadsides around Sydney, it having at one time been introduced as a probably profitable speculation, but the cotton was not found to be a marketable article. The clusters of white flowers are extremely beautiful, having very much the structure of the *Hoya carnosa*, and are full of clear honey. I used to put them to a very ignoble use, namely, as fly-cages, to attract the troublesome swarms from our picture-frames, which the honey-laden blossoms effected to a great extent.

The seed-pods are large, and full of most beautiful soft filaments, like white floss silk, which before they are ruffled by the wind have a bright and silvery gloss, that might well tempt a trial of so fair a material in manufactures. It looks as if it might be spun into an exquisite stuff between cambric and satin; and I think still, that some clever genius of the spinning-jennies might weave us a most dainty and gossamer fabric of its fine and even threads, which are the wings of the seeds, and being so light and long, waft them an immense distance, often to the annoyance of the agriculturist, who would by no means partake in my idle admiration of his insidious foe. I suppose it is a species of *Asclepias*.

Small shrubs with yellow and orange papilionaceous blossoms abounded everywhere, some clinging to the ground like mosses, and others, with every variety of soft and hard, smooth and prickly leaves that can be imagined, growing into tall shrubs, all very pretty, but with so strong a family likeness that I grew fastidious among them, and rarely gathered more than two or

three. A small scentless violet and a bright little yellow sorrel (which is an excellent salad-herb) made some few patches of the dry earth gay with their blue and golden blossoms, and the ground convolvulus and southern harebell seldom failed to greet me in our rambles. Various kinds of epacris also abounded, with delicate wax-like pink and white flowers.

The trees called by the Colonists "he-oak" and "she-oak" (*Casuarina stricta* and *C. torulosa*) form a remarkable feature in Australian scenery. They are usually of rather handsome forms, with dark, rough, permanent bark, and brownish-olive foliage, resembling in structure the "horse-tails" of English brooks, consisting of long tufts of jointed grassy branchlets, hanging down like coarse hair, or a horse's tail. The he-oak has much shorter tresses than the she-oak, which may perhaps have given rise to the absurd Colonial distinction of the species (as they belong to the order *Monaccia*). The blossoms in spring appear like a small crimson fringe on portions of the branches, and the succeeding cones are the size of a pigeon's egg, very roughly tubercled. Perhaps none of all the novel trees in this Colony have so completely strange and un-English an aspect as these; and in a moderate breeze the tones uttered amongst their thousands of waving, whispering strings are far from unmusical, and reminded me of the lower, wailing notes of an Æolian harp. However luxuriant may be the foliage of one of these singular trees, the skeleton form of the branches is never hidden, but every twig shows itself, making a drawing of one rather a puzzling affair to so humble a limner as myself.

*She-oak* is especially liked as fuel. It is said that this name has been borrowed from the *sheac*, or cheoak, of America, in consequence of some resemblance in the wood.

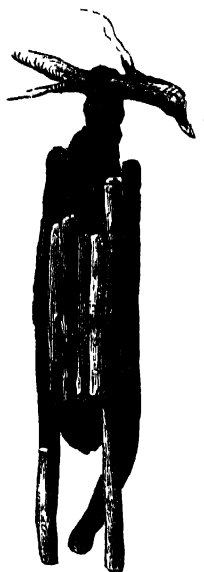
The zamia, now so well known in English stoves, I have often observed near Sydney, with its handsome coronet of palm-like leaves gracefully spreading round the central cone. Near the road to Cook's River they grow very numerously.

The name, and some resemblance in form between the seed-vessel and the fruit, form all the likeness which the famed "wooden pear-tree" of Australia bears to its more useful namesake at home. One or two large specimens of the wooden fruit which I saw were the size of a good Jargonelle pear. When

ripe, they split open from end to end, showing a solid wooden structure, with the thin winged seeds scaling off the inner sides. Several other shrubs bear similar seed-vessels of a smaller size.

The "native cherry" (*Exocarpus cupressiformis*) has no better claim to its borrowed title than the pear-tree, being in foliage more like a cypress, but of a brighter and yellower green than the generality of trees in this ever-brown region. Its form is usually handsome, although it seldom attains a large size, and the wood is remarkably close, hard, and finely grained, well adapted for turning or carving. The fruit, so celebrated among Antipodean contrarieties for having the "stone outside," is like a small yew-berry, but still less pleasant in flavour, with a hard seed growing from its end, fancifully termed the stone. Of all countries or climates, I think that of Australia must be the most barren of useful natural products of the vegetable kingdom; for this miserable "cherry" is the best specimen of its indigenous fruits, if not the only one; nor am I aware of any one edible grain or root fit for human food. Some florid descriptive writers have, I know, luxuriated in depicting imaginary gardens of "parsley and wild carrots," amidst which the cattle are said to revel in abundance; but whilst in the Colony I never heard of such things. Perhaps the wretched root which, as I have before mentioned, the aborigines dig for when all other sustenance fails them, may be the "carrot" in question; but it is too hot, stringy, bitter, and small to be of the slightest use to Europeans.

Some of the insect-architects here are most extraordinary creatures; but I grieve to say I know comparatively little about them, my chief acquaintance being with their deserted houses, of which I have several kinds. Some of these are formed of straight twigs, the sixth or eighth part of an inch thick, and from two to four inches long, placed side by side in a circular form, and very strongly webbed together within, so that it is impossible to tear them asunder without breaking the twigs, the ends of which usually project beyond the closed portion of the cell, which is suspended by a strong web woven over the spray of a tree or shrub, so as to let it swing with the wind. I have sometimes seen a large white caterpillar inside an unfinished cell, and on one or two occasions have observed a bush or tree so full



Strong bags of web, with sticks strongly fastened round them



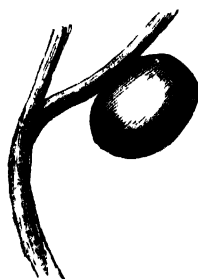
Bag of silky web, with small twigs woven and cemented on it.



Cone of web, with dry leaves loosely attached to it.



Cone of web, with small twigs and grass straws attached.



Cell like an egg, stuck on a twig.

of these pendent berths as to give them the appearance of a good crop of some fruit or seed ; but (very stupidly) I always limited my collection to the vacant ones, or I might have learned much more of their economy. How such a creature could cut off, and carry to their destined place, pieces of twig four or five times its own weight, I cannot imagine : that they were cut expressly for the purpose is evident from the neat manner in which the ends are rounded off : they are left of uneven lengths, and not webbed on the outside, which, together with their being hung so as to wave with the leaves of the tree, seem all precautions against discovery.

Some are formed in the same manner of much smaller twigs ; others are pointed bags of strong web, with small bits of stick fastened at intervals on the outside ; and some are formed of a webbed bag, to which quantities of small dead leaves are attached by one end only, so as to cover it entirely, and flutter like a withered bunch of leaves ; but all are hung upon trees as much resembling the nests in colour and aspect as possible. Those I have opened are lined within with the smoothest white silken web, the outer portion being brown or ash-coloured, to correspond with the tint of the twigs or leaves.

I have two examples of another kind of cell, like a very small bird's egg, of a brown ash-colour, with one end open and the other firmly attached to a twig. At first it might be mistaken for the empty seed-vessel of a plant (had I not gathered it from a pod-bearing shrub) ; but on inspection the cell seems evidently built upon, not grown out of, the spray. The egg-shape is perfect, and the open end smoothly finished. Both those I found were empty, their texture was quite smooth and hard, the same substance to all appearance as the bark on which they were so firmly lodged.

I saw very few butterflies in New South Wales, not more than two species, I think, both of a finely spotted copper colour. Large moths are more numerous ; but of these I did not notice many remarkable ones. Whilst we were at Bathurst, the settlers were complaining of a kind of white grub which infested the roots of the corn, and by eating through the stalks destroyed the crops ; I have seen half a dozen, or more of them, at one root. Before we left Bathurst, a prodigious number of small copper

butterflies were seen flying about, and I had strong suspicions of their being identical with the destructive grubs.

The ground-spiders may well be ranked among the wonderful native architects of Australia; they are of various sizes, and differ in their colour, form, and markings. They hollow a circular hole in the earth, adapted to the size of their body, and more beautifully formed and perfectly round than any engineer with all his scientific instruments could have made it. Within, it is nicely tapestried with the finest web, woven closely over the wall of this subterranean withdrawing-room, the depth of which I never accurately ascertained, as at a certain distance they seem to curve, or perhaps lead into a side-cell, where the feelers of fine grass I have introduced could not penetrate. Some of these tunnels terminate at the surface with merely a slight web spun over the grains of soil close to the aperture, as if to prevent their rolling into it; the holes being from one-sixth of an inch to an inch or more in diameter. Some of them boast the extraordinary luxury of a front door; these I imagine to be rather first-rate kind of spiders, and their doors are as beautiful instances of insect skill and artifice as any that our wonder-teeming world displays to us. When shut down over the hole, nothing but the most accurate previous knowledge could induce any person to fancy they could perceive any difference in the surface of the soil; but, perhaps, if you remain very still for some minutes, the clever inhabitant will come forth, when you first perceive a circle of earth, perhaps the size of a wedding-ring or larger, lifted up from beneath, like a trap-door; it falls back gently on its hinge side, and a fine, hairy, beautifully pencilled brown or grey spider pops out, and most probably pops in again, to sit just beneath the opening, and wait for his dinner of flies or other eatable intruders. Then we see that the under side and the rim of his earthen door are thickly and neatly webbed over, so that not a grain of soil can fall away from its thickness, which is usually about the eighth or tenth of an inch, and although so skilfully webbed below, the upper surface preserves exactly the same appearance as the surrounding soil. The hinge consists also of web, neatly attached to that of the lid and the box. I have the greatest respect and admiration for these clever mechanics, and though I very often, with a

bent of grass or a soft green twig, try to persuade one to come up and be looked at (which they generally do, nipping fast hold of the intrusive probe), I never was guilty of hurting one. I have picked very large ones off ground that the plough had just turned over, and have carried them to places unlikely to be disturbed: and I generally have two or three particular friends among them, whom I frequently take a peep at. They often travel some distance from home, probably in search of food, as I have overtaken and watched them returning, when they seldom turn aside from hand or foot placed in their way, but go steadily on at a good swift pace, and, after dropping into their hole, put forth a claw, and lock the door to after them, just as a man would close a trap door above him when descending a ladder.

The tarantula is not quite so great a favourite with me, as I have strong suspicions of its bite being venomous. At first I understood them to be harmless, although servants and ignorant people hold them in great abhorrence, and, unless too frightened to approach, always kill them when discovered. Certainly the appearance of a full-sized tarantula is by no means prepossessing. An oval body nearly an inch long, and a proportionably large head and shoulders, are surrounded by eight bent-up legs, two or three inches long, covered, as are also the head and body, with thick, fine, brown, hair-like fur. When disturbed they scramble along at a rapid rate, and are very frequent residents behind pictures or furniture against the wall, often causing terrific screams from one's housemaid, which are somewhat alarming, until, on inquiry, the dreadful words "*A Triantelope*, Ma'am!" are gasped out, and the tragedy ends in the death, or, as I usually arrange it, the careful expulsion of the intruder.

Not being learned in entomology, I know not if the tarantula is a spinning spider or not, but I never saw one in a web, or detected any thread attached to their bodies. Out of doors their favourite haunts are old trees, where they live between the loose bark and the wood, or in cracks of wooden fences; and from the large families of several generations which I have sometimes discovered, I imagine their habits to be somewhat patriarchal.

Several persons of education and intelligence have assured me of their dangerous nature, but I have never yet witnessed an instance of it, and they are such patient and industrious fly-

catchers, that so long as they confine their perambulations to the ceiling, or the upper portion of the walls of a room, I never disturb them.

Many other large kinds of spider are common, and frequently in the woods I have found some with immense webs of dark yellow silk, which would bear a tolerable pull without breaking; the threads being far thicker and stronger than those of the silkworm, and often stretched from tree to tree in a length of several yards. The weavers of these are very handsomely marked spiders of various colours, bright green being a prevalent one. If, as I remember hearing some years since, spiders' web can be spun into gloves and lace, the manufacturers would do well to procure a supply of the raw material from Australia.

We once found what appeared to be the first essay of a numerous family of young spiders at setting up in life on their own account. The large parent web, of strong bright silk, was spread out in all its exquisite and regular divisions across a path, with the portly owner daintily arrayed in green, with leopard-spot markings, staidly poised in the centre; and close by, scattered amongst the twigs and leaves of the thick shrubs, hung a multitude of *little* starry webs, with a little spider seated in the midst of each, all exactly the same size, and bearing a strong filial resemblance to the large one.

The scorpion is a far more truly formidable creature than the tarantula, and, as it frequently lives in old wood, is apt to be brought into the house with the fuel. It is the real, orthodox, zodiacal scorpion, with its hideous scaly, claw-armed body, and long jointed tail, ending in a fearful sting, a wound from which is severely painful, and often of dangerous consequence. It is, without doubt, the most horrible-looking of all the creeping and crawling fraternity that I am acquainted with; and even my philanthropy cannot defend the detestable scorpion, which I ruthlessly kill whenever an opportunity offers. Those I have seen in these Colonies are about two inches long, the tail being about half the entire length; and when the creature is disturbed, this diabolical tail seems to turn on a dozen pivots, darting in every direction, until, when hard pressed or wounded, the creature most assuredly stings itself (even without being "girt by fire"), but whether accidentally, or with intent to commit *felo de se*, of course no one can decide, unless

some vicious, venomous individual who *was* a scorpion “in Pythagoras’ time” can throw light on this poesy-honoured question!

On several evenings I was driven from the veranda, where we commonly sat for some time after sunset, by the sudden appearance of great numbers of large hornets flying in all directions; and the cattle and horses seemed, by their half frantic demeanour and loud cries, as well aware as ourselves what dangerous visitors had arrived, although we did not find that any of the animals were stung. All the fences near the house were thickly occupied by the hornets, who seemed, by their loud buzzing and rapid movements, to be themselves in a state of great excitement. These tumultuous and most unpleasant assemblies took place for several evenings in succession, but fortunately the terror of all our household sufficed to keep every one as much within doors as possible, and we all escaped being stung. I did not even see a single hornet in the house, which, with such countless swarms careering through the air all around, and even in the veranda, seems rather singular.

Mosquitoes used to rise in positive clouds from the banks of the creek in the evening, and if I dared to remain then near the water, they severely punished my temerity, their long sharp proboscis piercing like a fine needle through shoes, gloves, dress, or shawl, and the shrill hum of some hundreds round my face seeming to promise a still further increase of their delicate attentions. A precipitate retreat was my only resource, for most fortunately we were rarely annoyed by them within doors, and there at least I could escape the torments.

But the house, as if no place in this Colony could be free from nuisances, was assailed by myriads of ants, that made their way into every description of sweet stuff, through every kind of barrier; jars, canisters, boxes, and papers were alike unavailing; whatever I touched seemed alive with ants, and their industry was unwearied; day and night the “runs,” or paths they traversed, were always black with their countless millions, like a miniature Cheapside or Ludgate Hill, and none of our destructive or protective measures seemed to make the least difference. If one million were scalded, two more supplied their place, and I have met some of the little foragers with bits of sugar in their mouths far down the garden, showing their plans of business to be on a most extensive scale.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Guanas—Lizards—Snakes—Salt - Marshes—Fishing—Crabs — Toad - fish—  
Mangrove-trees—Romance and Reality—Night Sounds—Orange-groves—  
Gardens—Gigantic Lily—Scarcity of Fresh Water—Winter Rains—Salt  
Well—Climate in Winter—Society—Conversation—Servants—Embark  
for Van Diemen's Land.

MANY large kinds of guanas inhabit New South Wales; some, which have been described to me, must be enormous reptiles. I have only seen two species, the most common being generally called the sleeping lizard, and is found also in Van Diemen's Land. It is about a foot or fourteen inches in length, the body dark coloured, fat, and bloated-looking, the tail short and thick; the head broad, with a snaky expression, and a long blue tongue, which gives the poor animal a terrible reputation among the vulgar, who declare that so blue a tongue must be a proof of its venomous nature. I believe, if the poor stupid creatures had the sense to keep their ill-hued tongues out of sight, many hundreds would escape violent deaths. Contrary to the habits of most lizards, which are remarkable for their extreme activity and timid alertness on the approach of a footstep, or the slightest noise, the sleeping guana is often seen lying in the midst of the road, and frequently the crushed body of one bears disastrous evidence of the fatal consequences of indolence. Sometimes we have turned aside to avoid driving over them, or have bestowed a light lash of the whip in passing, which only caused them to crawl slowly away, as if our friendly hint were a most officious and impertinent proceeding, and they had rather a preference for being trodden or rolled to death. They are most undeniably ugly creatures, although without the hideous pouch-cheeks of the West Indian guanas; but we always considered them quite harmless, until a little incident which occurred since our residence in Van Diemen's Land led us to suspect them of being at

least capable of mischief. One day, last summer, we found one lying in our path, during a bush-ramble; and without any intention to hurt or annoy the animal, but merely to intimate that its place of repose was an unsafe one, Mr. Meredith touched it gently with the barrel of his gun, when, instead of retreating as might be expected, it turned fiercely round, and snapped repeatedly at the gun, just as a savage dog would do, and bit so sharply and strongly as to cut into the solid iron with its teeth, as deeply as a hard stroke of a diamond cuts into glass. Had a hand or foot been in the place of the gun, a fearful wound must have been inflicted. Still, as they appear only to act on the defensive, I see no reason for wantonly destroying them, although I would not advise any one to incur their bite.

My other acquaintance in the guana family is a far less loathsome creature; I have only seen one specimen, which Mr. Meredith shot, as it was swiftly climbing a tree, with only its head exposed, watching his movements. The head and body of this together were not more than ten inches long, but the slender tapering tail measured more than twice as much. The head had no pouch-cheeks, but was a sharp, knowing-looking lizard's head, covered with small, close, hard scales, as were the entire body, tail, and legs; the feet had long toes, and long, sharp, black claws, evidently well adapted for climbing trees, and seeming as if, like the natives' yahoo, it could turn its feet any way required. The whole of the creature was most beautifully piebald black and white, and in some parts the old scaly coat was shelling off, leaving a brighter new one below. This guana had moveable teeth, like those of the snake, but, I need scarcely say, we were not anxious to experimentalize upon their qualities. By the ignorant, and even by some persons who might be supposed to know better, these animals are termed goannas, and I have heard of a "great pianna" among them.

Numbers of a small kind of lizard, about five or six inches long, used to frequent the garden as well as the "bush," and two took up their abode in my china-pantry, where I often saw them crouching motionless on the dresser, watching the flies till one came near enough to be snapped up in their nimble jaws. Flies were so great a torment, that I respected anything which aided to destroy them, and accordingly never molested the lizards;

but my housemaid, who, I fear, was destitute of all taste for natural history, had a great dread of my poor friends, and either used to run shrieking away, or fling something at them whenever they ventured into her sight. They were agile, delicate little creatures, with bright black eyes, slender long-tailed bodies of a mottled grey and pale brown colour, and extremely fine small feet and toes. Still, they were reptiles, and the common prejudice against their race extended even to these very harmless little creatures.

With the snake tribe in New South Wales, I am happy to say my personal acquaintance is very limited, for I fully partake in the horror usually and very reasonably entertained of them. Our servants had frequently raised an alarm about a "large black snake," which lived in an unoccupied hut near the house, but it always vanished before a gun could be brought, and we rather discredited the story, until on one occasion the alarm being, I suppose, more quietly given, Mr. Meredith succeeded in shooting it through the head, to the extreme satisfaction of the whole household. It was not a large snake, not being more than four feet long, of a purplish black colour, with a kind of damson-bloom on the skin, instead of a polished appearance, which most of them have, and down each side was a streak of dim red. The extreme tenacity of life in these reptiles, or more probably the long continuance of muscular power and motion, even after the head has been wholly severed from the body, has given rise to a common idea that at whatever time of the day a snake may be *killed*, it cannot *die* until sunset. The extraordinary activity with which the tail-end of the creature will leap and jump about, whilst the head is swiftly travelling in another direction, is horrible to see; it seems as if every joint had a vitality of its own, entirely independent of brains, or spinal cords, or any other imagined seat of life.

One of our men-servants told a story of a large black snake which lived in his hut a long time, and used to lie on his bed at night, until he took unto himself a wife, who, very naturally, demurred at the presence of so suspicious a bed-fellow, and induced him to kill it. The large kind called the diamond snake is (for a snake) as handsome a creature as can be conceived, being most exquisitely adorned with various colours, like mosaic-

work. Could a lapidary imitate its varied markings in a girdle or bracelet of gems and gold, his fortune would be made.

During our walks in the forest we frequently saw a smaller kind of snake, about two feet long, and so exactly similar in colour to the dead sticks and leaves with which the ground was covered, as not to be observed until they moved: I several times have most narrowly escaped treading on them, which, as all the snakes known in this Colony are venomous, would be a dangerous accident. Some species are far more fatal than others, and of a few the bite is certainly mortal. Among the latter, the small one commonly called the whip-snake, or death-adder, is the most rapidly fatal of all. Several instances of immediate death from its bite were related to me. On the victims in two cases, my informant, our friend Mr. Dunn, of the Hunter River, had, as coroner for the district, held inquests; the evidence proving that in one instance death ensued in seven minutes after the bite, and in the other in eight, the sufferers being scarcely conscious of having been hurt, so very slight had been the puncture, and so wonderfully subtle the poison. It may well be imagined that these dreadful occurrences did not tend to diminish my terror of snakes.

One portion of our land at Homebush consisted of salt-water marshes, covered in high tides, and producing immense quantities of a species of samphire. Through these marshes deep drains had been cut and embankments formed, evidently at an enormous expenditure of labour, but for what purpose we never could divine. One of these drains, which, being very old, had become quite natural-looking, with shrubs, trees, and all kinds of growth adorning the banks, had a sort of wide flood-gate next the creek, through which the tide flowed and ebbed, bringing with it quantities of fine fish, bream and mullet especially. A couple of narrow logs formed something of an "Al Sirat" across the deep channel, which was about twenty feet wide, and on this crazy bridge Mr. Meredith used to station himself to fish; but not being a votary of the (so called "gentle craft" of quaint old Izaak Walton, he found a spear armed with a strong barb a more efficient weapon than the rod, and often caught some very fine fish. I, meanwhile, read, sketched, or more frequently idled away an hour or two in watching the myriads of small crabs with

which the muddy banks were thickly peopled. At a certain state of the tide they might be seen scrambling out of the water by thousands, and often reminded me of a hungry cargo of stage-coach passengers, to whose dinner only a limited time can be allotted; for the whole troop, after sidling a short distance from the water, immediately commenced eating most expeditiously, picking up some mysterious comestible from the soft rich mud, first with one claw and then with the other, and continually carrying the supplies to the mouth, which, being situated in the broad central region, always gave the idea of a person very busily engaged in filling his waistcoat-pockets; and the effect of some thousands of these odd little bodies all engaged in the same manoeuvres was droll in the extreme. If disturbed, they instantly began turning round and round on one claw, as it seemed in a kind of *pirouette*, using themselves as an auger to work their way down, and in an incredibly short time were all lost to view. Occasionally, two happened to fix on the same spot to bore into, or probably old holes remained in the mud, only slightly hidden by the last tide, and access to the known sanctuary was disputed; in this case there was usually a great deal of clawing and turning under and over, which ended in the combatants both waltzing away together under the mud. These crabs were of various colours, some red, others black, and some dark green. On the sandy beaches near Sydney I have seen some very small ones, of a fine blue, just as busy pirouetting into the white sand as my Homebush friends were in the black mud. The larger ones had bodies the breadth of a dollar, whilst some of the small were not bigger than a fourpenny-piece.

A disgusting tenant of most of the shores around Sydney, and of ours in particular, is the toad-fish: most admirably named; it looks precisely like a toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery, scaleless skin, and a bloated body, dark mottled brown above and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad, but swims very swiftly, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said Mr. Meredith *did* not fish with a line and rod, I might have added that he *could* not, for the toad-fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped in the water, than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the

honour of swallowing your hook, generally taking the precaution to bite off the line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned were the greedy little wretches fit to eat, but they are highly poisonous; and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know one instance, at least, of their fatal effects, a lady with whose family I am intimate having died in consequence of eating them. As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling, by biting off every hook dropped in the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing-spear, upon which many hundreds, if not thousands, must have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, I doubt not, but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with toad-fish; from those who are, I fear no reproof. When speared, they directly inflate their leathery skins to the shape of a balloon, and eject a stream of liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they had burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about and begin eating; and should one be a little less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack and eat him up. Even my poor little harmless friends the crabs become their victims; when these usually well-armed troops have just got their soft new coats on, and are almost defenceless, then come the cowardly, ravenous toad-fish, and make terrible onslaughts among them—an attention which, I believe, the crabs eventually repay with interest.

A tree which we, I know not if correctly, called the mangrove, grew very luxuriantly on the brink of the salt-water all along the embankments. Many of the trees, from their gnarled and twisted appearance, seemed very old, but all were clothed in a rich glossy verdure, something like the laurel, the leaves not being quite so large.

In the too-completely cleared space around Homebush these belts of green trees skirting the water were of great value in our view, and the sailing boats which daily passed up the creek, glancing behind and between the groups of mangroves, added infinitely to our home-pictures, and served to build many a pleasant little fiction upon as they gaily glided past; distance rendering all blemishes invisible. After a time, however, these

"light barks" were stripped of half their interest and all their romance by an officious friend, who heartlessly remarked, when I one day pointed out a particularly nice effect of light and shade on the white sails of one, he "did not know before that Jones's *brick-boats* came up that creek!"

Twice a day too the Parramatta steamer puffed in sight, as she passed the mouth of the wide creek down which we looked towards the estuary. And with a telescope, on a Sunday morning, we could plainly see the carriages and pedestrians going to the new church at Kissing Point, on the opposite shore; besides having a view of the half-way signal-staff; and on a still night hearing the drums beat at the Parramatta barracks. Thus, in our quiet retreat, "the contingent advantages" were almost as extraordinary as those which the inimitable Dick Swiveller discovered in the apartments of Mr. Brass. Often, when we have sauntered in the garden and veranda late in the evening, especially on a dark moonless night, I have listened for a long time to the wild tones and voices that rose from the forest and the marsh, whilst the wind, gently sweeping through the string-like foliage of the casuarina, made a soft flowing music in unison with them all. From the marsh arose the multitudinous, incessant gurgling, croaking chorus of the lesser frogs, with at intervals the deep sonorous *clap, clap*, of a great one, the Lablache of the small fry, whose note is extremely melodious and solemn withal, not unlike a single stroke on a very mellow musical bell. The long clear treble note of the shy curlew often came from many points at once, now near, now distant—calling and answering each other. Many persons dislike their cry, but to me it has a most plaintive, melodious tone, and sometimes the concluding cadence is far from melancholy. I often tried to see the curlews, but they retreat on the slightest sound or motion, and, except the tame ones at Parramatta, I only knew them as an airy voice heard in the "stilly night." The least pleasing part of our natural concert was that taken by the troops of dingoes, and unfortunately it was often the most prominent. Their indescribably wild and dismal yelling and howling seemed like the cries that evil and tortured spirits might utter in their dire agony, and often drove me within; for though not usually a "nervous" person, they made me feel positively uncomfortable, and conjured

up all the fearful stories of ravenous wolves in howling wildernesses, and packs of jackals, and all the natural-history-book horrors that I used to shudder over when a child.

Some of the vineyards and orange-groves near us were extensive and very beautiful. The large orange-trees, gay with their golden fruit and exquisitely fragrant bridal-blossoms, are among the noblest of all the acclimatized products here, and, with the many other exotics common in every garden near Sydney, were quite a delight to me to see. The handsome bushy pomegranate, adorned with quantities of its large red fruit, is tempting in appearance, but its beauty is very deceptive. The rind is thick and as hard as wood, containing nothing but seeds, each enveloped in a thin coat of acid astringent pulp; but the tree is always highly ornamental, with its rich glowing scarlet blossoms and handsome foliage. The large-leaved magnolia-like loquat is beautiful, whether laden with its pendent clusters of fragrant blossoms or their succeeding bright amber fruit. The mandarin orange is an elegant dwarf species, with fine, smooth, bitter fruit the size of an Orleans plum. The lemons grown in this colony resemble a Seville orange in their rough, deformed shape, although well flavoured. Huge bushes of the delicate oleander are very common, and how lovely they are may well be imagined. Geraniums of the old-fashioned kinds are almost like weeds, but very few good varieties have reached the colony.

That magnificent indigenous flower the gigantic lily (*Doryanthes excelsa*) is often and easily cultivated in gardens, and well deserves a place in the stateliest. From the centre of an immense group of long, broad, curving leaves the flower-stalk rises to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and of proportionate thickness, crowned with a great cluster of the gorgeous crimson lilies. It is, truly, a colossal flower.\*

Gardens in this neighbourhood might be small editions of

\* The following little poem, written for a juvenile work (not yet completed), may perhaps be permitted a place here:—

#### THE GIGANTIC LILY.

Who loves to cull gay flowers?  
Come hither, all, to me;  
I'll show ye rare and strange ones,  
On grass and shrub and tree.

Do ye love the modest lilies,  
Each shrouded in its leaf,  
And hanging down its gentle head  
As full of fear, or grief?

I have

Paradise, had they sufficient and regular moisture; but the uncertainty of the seasons, and the impossibility (not to mention the expense) of supplying the deficiency by artificial means, render the most industrious and anxious attention to them a source of annoyance rather than pleasure. The *want of water* is a drawback of which no dweller in England can imagine the curse. I well remember my husband's admiration of our English rivers, brooks, and the little narrow, trickling lines of bright water that traverse our meadows and gardens; and when I used to laugh at so much good enthusiasm being thrown away on a *ditch*, he would say, "Ah! only wait until you have lived a few years in a *dry* country, and then you will better understand the inestimable value of such *ditches*!"

I have a lily here,  
A nobler one than those;  
The tulip may not vie with it,  
Nor the dahlia, nor the rose.

Its long broad leaves are spread  
Down curving to the ground;  
And I doubt if, as they grow,  
Four yards would span them round.

One stem from out the centre  
Of those bright leaves ascends;  
As straight as is an arrow,  
It neither twists nor bends.

Month after month it higher grew,  
We watched it day by day,  
Impatient to behold the flower  
In all its bright array.

It grew above the cottage eaves,  
Full fifteen feet in height,  
Before one bud had shown a streak  
Of hidden treasure bright.

At length our wondering eyes beheld  
The tall stem richly crowned  
With silken-petalled lilies, all  
In one bright cluster bound.

But not the pale and timid flowers  
Of northern climes are these;  
Not shrinking from the temp'rate sun,  
Nor trembling in the breeze.

In robe of regal hues they're drest,  
And to our fervid sky  
With bold, unblenching gaze, is bent  
Each bright and glowing eye.

They scorn to share with humbler  
flowers

Kind Nature's smile or tear,  
And proudly above all their kin  
Their crowned heads uprear.

In lofty, solitary state  
They ope, and fade away;  
Whilst far below, their scorned friends  
Dwell socially and gay.

The bright pomegranate's smiles re-  
The oleander's blush, [flect  
And roseate passion-flowers lend  
Pale clematis a flush.

The twining indigo entwreaths  
Full many a gentle flower,  
That dwell together lovingly  
In some acacia bower.

The humble and the lowly, all  
Contented, happy, gay.  
Laugh on, whilst in their lonely pomp  
The lilies fade away.

But think—how grand they are!  
How tall, and how arranged!  
How far beyond those little bells  
That tremble in the shade!

Choose ye between the two—  
And then I'll truly tell  
If ye in lordly pride and pomp  
Or in happier love would dwell.

Our whole and sole dependence whilst at Homebush for a supply of water on the estate consisted of two or three holes, like old clay-pits, which were about half filled during heavy rains; and as no shade was near them, very rapidly evaporated in warm weather. At these the cattle and horses drank, and we had a water-cart to convey the daily supply to the house; but in the heats of summer these water-holes were completely dry, and then our unfortunate cattle and horses were driven three or four miles to another clay-pit, where we also sent the cart, with, of course, the constant fear lest, with so many claimants on its bounty (for all our neighbours were in as ill a plight as ourselves), even that source should fail us too. Some of our friends were at the same time sending five and eight miles for water, and *such* water! I did indeed then bethink me of the English meadow *ditches*, and how luxurious a draught their fair bright streamlets would afford. And as I commiserated our poor cows and oxen, parching amidst dry, brittle hay, for it were absurd to call it grass, without a chance of slaking their thirst till their daily toilsome pilgrimage along the dusty road, I used to think of the deep shady rivers at home, where I have seen whole herds stand in the summer noons with the rippling water often meeting over their sleek backs, and green, juicy herbage nodding at them from the bank, and such a world of luxury around as made the heat seem but a means for its enjoyment.

I would have all discontented grumblers in England, who growl alike at November fogs and April showers, and who always carry umbrellas by way of an implied reproach to the seasons of their native land—I would have all such sent to New South Wales on a “probation” system: let them enjoy sunshine, since they like it so much; let them really luxuriate in a veritably “dry atmosphere” for a few years, and then see if their hydrophobia will not wonderfully abate!

When a winter rainy fit does assail the sky in this land of extremes, it certainly takes care to leave no doubt of its intentions,—for down comes such a thorough, right-earnest deluge, as not only washes away half your garden, but generally inundates the house, parched and warped as every part is by the previous baking process of the summer months. We enjoyed two visitations of this kind at Homebush, each of about a week’s duration,

and giving us the healthful advantage of an unexpected shower-bath in nearly every room. Every imaginable vessel was enlisted in the water-catching service; the tide in the clay-pits rose several feet, and our spirits in proportion; but the old dry, exhausting weather soon returned.

A large well in front of the house, which had been closed over, excited our curiosity, for although we were told the water in it was salt, still, at so considerable an elevation, this seemed improbable, and we opened the well. To describe the anxious excitement which pervaded the assembled household as the first bucket-full was slowly drawn up, were impossible—perhaps Wilkie might have *painted* the scene, had he witnessed it: even our favourite old pointer stood wagging his tail, and pretending to lick his thirsty lips, as he by turns looked down into the well or wistfully into my face:—the housemaid ran for a cup that “Missis might taste first,” but I was compelled to confess that the singular variety of unpleasant flavours the liquid combined left me quite in doubt whether it were salt or fresh.\* Every one so ardently wished it fresh, that very daring anticipations were formed of the effect which the air might have on it, and various other possibilities; but the experience of a week fully proved that our labour had been in vain. When poured into the trough, some of the pigs and one old horse used to drink the brackish water, but for aught else, save washing kitchen-floors, it was useless. The salt must have been derived from some saline beds in the soil, for the bottom of the well, though very deep, was far above the sea-level. Another half-closed well remained in one of the orchards, showing that every pains had been taken to find good water, but in vain.

After all my own grumblings at the climate of Sydney, which my impaired health and languid frame proved to be not without reason, I must give its two months of winter unqualified laudation, for then existence is no longer a burthen, nor walking exercise absolutely unpleasant. The early morning is often

\* Some years since, Mr. Meredith and an old servant, being out together on some expedition, were seeking fresh water near the coast, for themselves and their horses, and after vainly trying the qualities of many small pools, Godbold dismounted to test another, but instantly began spitting out the water again with a sad wry face. “Is *that* fresh?” inquired my husband. “Fresh to me, Sir, for I never tasted any thing so bad before!”

frosty, with a light white rime on the grass and a bracing sharpness in the air, making a bright fire very good company at breakfast-time. By nine o'clock the frost entirely vanishes, and a warm sun and clear Italian sky tempt us to desert the fire and sit by open windows, or ramble about without even an additional shawl over a light morning dress. Towards evening we begin to notice the darkness of the hearth, and a pile of blazing logs merrily lights up the dining-room. In some houses grates and Colonial coal are used as a luxury, but after being accustomed to a cheerful, broad, good humoured-looking hearth of logs, they seem to me very dull and sulky by comparison. The coal which I have hitherto seen used is less bright itself and emits less blaze than what we should term good coal in my native county of Warwick. It comes, very appropriately, from Newcastle, on the Hunter's River, a part of New South Wales I much wished to visit, and had a land-journey been easy, might perhaps have enjoyed the trip; but to make a sea voyage, however short, for *pleasure*, is an anomalous proceeding I cannot comprehend.

One great pleasure we enjoyed at this time, but have since been wholly deprived of, was that of having plenty of books, as we subscribed to the Australian Library in Sydney, and could send for a fresh supply once or twice a week. We did not obtain many new works of fiction, but of less fashionable literature, as Biographies, History, Travels, &c., we had abundance. Neither were we by any means deficient in society, but, with a few memorable exceptions, I soon found that Colonial ladies seldom speak of aught besides dress, and domestic events and troubles, "bad servants" being the staple topic. And most gentlemen have their whole souls so felted up in wools, fleeces, flocks, and stock, that I have often sat through a weary dinner and evening of incessant talking, without hearing a single syllable on any other subject. Some of our friends had been among the early adventurers who made the perilous overland journeys to Adelaide, with large herds of cattle and sheep, and their narratives were always highly interesting, seeming like a romance, often a most sad one too—after the dull wool-gatherings of more every-day people. Far be it from me, in these slight remarks, to imply want of respect for the worthy enthusiasts in wool; still there are times and places for everything. In English

society the lawyer does not carry his briefs and special pleadings into the drawing-room; the physician dreams not of occupying the attention of a dinner-party with his last wonderful cure; even the author refrains from volunteering a recitation of his new book; and surely, according to our old-world notions of propriety, the wool-merchant also should sometimes divest himself of the "shop," and not be always encompassed and engrossed by his bales and fleeces. However fascinating may be the company of his "fine-woolled sheep" and peerless breed of Merinos, he should not insist on taking them out to dinner. I had to endure a perpetuity of mutton in the wool; whilst choice "samples," tied and labelled with most fond accuracy, were passed from hand to hand, and contemplated with the profound and critical air of a connoisseur passing judgment on a masterpiece of art. So long as the conversation conveyed intelligence respecting different parts of the Colony, as connected with sheep-farming or other occupations, I could derive amusement and knowledge from it, but the eternity of wool, wool, wool—wearied my very soul. Perhaps some excuse is admissible for this unsocial style of conversation in Colonial gentlemen, from the rarity of Colonial ladies who are disposed to take a part in any topic under discussion, and many, though not disposed or qualified to express an opinion on general subjects, would feel insulted if you asked their advice how to make butter or cure a ham; thus rendering it difficult to know what they would like to talk about when the servant-stories are exhausted, which usually prove lengthy and very circumstantial.

I alluded to "bad servants" as being a constant source of complaint amongst my friends, and I am well aware that in most families the relative comfort or discomfort may pretty nearly be proportioned to the scarcity or number of servant-women in the establishment. Free women usually demand such exorbitant wages, and are here such apt illustrations of the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," that the generality of married persons apply for prisoner-women to be assigned to their service. Among these, a few prove willing, good servants, some tolerable, many very middling, and the largest portion totally unfit for a respectable place, not only from their inability to do good, but from their inherent propensities to do evil, every

shape of vice and depravity seeming as familiar to them as the air they breathe. We were fortunate in having two decent emigrant families, the men as head farm-servants, and their wives and one daughter as cook, dairy-woman, and housemaid; being honest, sober, valuable servants, I was thus spared much of the annoyance suffered by others. I certainly had one very bad specimen in an old nurse, and who, although free at the time of her being recommended to me, had been doubly convicted formerly, and at the end of her five days' sojourn carried off with her several articles of value; for at that time I had not become accustomed to the vigilant care of my locks and keys, which is imperatively necessary here, and was, to me, extremely difficult to acquire. Having in various instances purchased experience somewhat dearly, I have since made considerable progress in this essential and troublesome accomplishment, and now as systematically lock my drawers, work-box, and other similar temptations, as if they were caskets of untold diamonds.

Wine or strong liquor of any kind is *never* safely left accessible to servants. The unlimited allowance of good beer common in English households is here scarcely credited, nor could such a custom be practised, for not a soul on the establishment would quit the barrel so long as any liquor remained in it. Tea, at every meal, is the Colonial kitchen beverage, with a good allowance of Cape wine on extraordinary occasions; but the quantity of meat eaten at least thrice a day may well compensate for the loss of beer. The fryingpan is in perpetual requisition, and seems to have scarcely time to cool between its performances; that, and a small iron pot in which the tea and coarse sugar are boiled together, form the sole cooking utensils of many a labourer's household: his bread is "damper," baked in the ashes, and varied occasionally by a "fat cake" done in the fryingpan, vegetables being rarely cared about. In stock-keepers' huts, and others where candles are not attainable, a light is procured by a bit of rag rolled up, stuck into an old cup or pannican full of dripping, and lighted. Home-made mould candles are generally used in houses where wax-lights are dispensed with, and certainly vary more in quality than any other article of domestic manufacture; but nothing beyond common care and attention is

required to make them equally good with those sold by English chandlers.

Various circumstances having combined to determine us on quitting New South Wales, and permanently settling in Van Diemen's Land, we prepared for our removal thither, and in October, 1840, again returned to Sydney for a few days, which, as if to confirm my dislike of the place, and increase my joy at quitting it, were the most disagreeable I had ever passed there. The heat, even at that early period, was most oppressive, and the detestable mosquitoes (with their horrible allies) besieged us in swarms, cruelly tormenting my poor child, whose chubby face and fair fat arms were covered with their mountainous bites, despite of all my care and contrivances.

We embarked in a lumbering Colonial-built vessel named the *Sir George Arthur* (since wrecked off Bermuda), and once more passing the beautiful coves and bays of Port Jackson, sailed forth through its mighty gates on our way to a new home in Tasmania.

THE END.

MARY SCHWEIDLER,  
THE AMBER WITCH.

THE MOST INTERESTING TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT EVER KNOWN.  
PRINTED FROM AN IMPERFECT MANUSCRIPT BY HER FATHER  
ABRAHAM SCHWEIDLER, THE PASTOR OF COSEROW, IN THE ISLAND  
OF USedom.

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EDITED  
BY W. MEINHOLD,  
DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY, AND PASTOR, &c.

TRANSLATED FROM ~~THE~~ GERMAN  
BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN laying before the public this deeply affecting and romantic trial, which I have not without reason called on the title-page the most interesting of all trials for witchcraft ever known, I will first give some account of the history of the manuscript.

At Coserow, in the Island of Usedom, my former cure, the same which was held by our worthy author some two hundred years ago, there existed under a seat in the choir of the church a sort of niche, nearly on a level with the floor. I had, indeed, often seen a heap of various writings in this recess; but owing to my short sight, and the darkness of the place, I had taken them for antiquated hymn-books, which were lying about in great numbers. But one day, while I was teaching in the church, I looked for a paper mark in the Catechism of one of the boys, which I could not immediately find; and my old sexton, who was past eighty (and who, although called Appelman, was thoroughly unlike his namesake in our story, being a very worthy, although a most ignorant man), stooped down to the said niche, and took from it a folio volume which I had never before observed, out of which he, without the slightest hesitation, tore a strip of paper suited to my purpose, and reached it to me. I immediately seized upon the book, and, after a few minutes perusal, I know not which was greater, my

astonishment or my vexation at this costly prize. The manuscript, which was bound in vellum, was not only defective both at the beginning and at the end, but several leaves had even been torn out here and there in the middle. I scolded the old man as I had never done during the whole course of my life; but he excused himself, saying that one of my predecessors had given him the manuscript for waste paper, as it had lain about there ever since the memory of man, and he had often been in want of paper to twist round the altar-candles, &c. The aged and half-blind pastor had mistaken the folio for old parochial accounts which could be of no more use to any one.\*

No sooner had I reached home than I fell to work upon my new acquisition, and after reading a bit here and there with considerable trouble, my interest was powerfully excited by the contents.

I soon felt the necessity of making myself better acquainted with the nature and conduct of these witch trials, with the proceedings, nay, even with the history of the whole period in which these events occur. But the more I read of these extraordinary stories, the more was I confounded; and neither the trivial Beeker (*die bezauberte Welt*, the enchanted world), nor the more careful Horst (*Zauberbibliothek*, the library of magic), to which, as well as to several other works on the same subject, I had flown for information, could resolve my doubts, but rather served to increase them.

Not alone is the demoniacal character, which pervades nearly all these fearful stories, so deeply marked, as to fill

\* The original manuscript does indeed contain several accounts which at first sight may have led to this mistake; besides, the handwriting is extremely difficult to read, and in several places the paper is discoloured and decayed.

the attentive reader with feelings of alternate horror and dismay, but the eternal and unchangeable laws of human feeling and action are often arrested in a manner so violent and unforeseen, that the understanding is entirely baffled. For instance, one of the original trials which a friend of mine, a lawyer, discovered in our province, contains the account of a mother, who, after she had suffered the torture, and received the holy Sacrament, and was on the point of going to the stake, so utterly lost all maternal feeling, that her conscience obliged her to accuse as a witch her only dearly loved daughter, a girl of fifteen, against whom no one had ever entertained a suspicion, in order, as she said, to save her poor soul. The court, justly amazed at an event which probably has never since been paralleled, caused the state of the mother's mind to be examined both by clergymen and physicians, whose original testimonies are still appended to the records, and are all highly favourable to her soundness of mind. The unfortunate daughter, whose name was Elizabeth Hegel, was actually executed on the strength of her mother's accusation.\*

The explanation commonly received at the present day, that these phenomena were produced by means of animal magnetism, is utterly insufficient. How, for instance, could this account for the deeply demoniacal nature of old Lizzie Kolken as exhibited in the following pages? It is utterly incomprehensible, and perfectly explains why the old pastor, notwithstanding the horrible deceits practised on him in the person of his daughter, retained as firm a faith in the truth of witchcraft as in that of the Gospel.

\* It is my intention to publish this trial also, as it possesses very great psychological interest.

## PREFACE.

During the earlier centuries of the middle ages little was known of witchcraft. The crime of magic, when it did occur, was leniently punished. For instance, the council of Ancyra (314) ordained the whole punishment of witches to consist in expulsion from the Christian community. The Visigoths punished them with stripes, and Charlemagne, by advice of his bishops, confined them in prison until such time as they should sincerely repent.\* It was not until very soon before the Reformation, that Innocent VIII. lamented that the complaints of universal Christendom against the evil practices of these women had become so general and so loud, that the most vigorous measures must be taken against them; and towards the end of the year 1489, he caused the notorious Hammer for Witches (*Malleus Maleficarum*) to be published, according to which proceedings were set on foot with the most fanatical zeal, not only in Catholic, but, strange to say, even in Protestant Christendom, which in other respects abhorred everything belonging to Catholicism. Indeed, the Protestants far outdid the Catholics in cruelty, until, among the latter, the noble-minded Jesuit, J. Spee, and among the former, but not until seventy years later, the excellent Thomasius, by degrees put a stop to these horrors.

After careful examination into the nature and characteristics of witchcraft, I soon perceived that among all these strange and often romantic stories, not one surpassed my "amber witch" in lively interest; and I determined to throw her adventures into the form of a romance. Fortunately, however, I was soon convinced that her story was already in itself the most interesting of all romances; and that I

\* Horst, Zauberbibliothek, vi. p. 231.

should do far better to leave it in its original antiquated form, omitting whatever would be uninteresting to modern readers, or so universally known as to need no repetition. I have therefore attempted, not indeed to supply what is missing at the beginning and end, but to restore those leaves which have been torn out of the middle, imitating, as accurately as I was able, the language and manner of the old biographer, in order that the difference between the original narrative, and my own interpolations, might not be too evident.

This I have done with much trouble, and after many ineffectual attempts; but I refrain from pointing out the particular passages which I have supplied, so as not to disturb the historical interest of the greater part of my readers. For modern criticism, which has now attained to a degree of acuteness never before equalled, such a confession would be entirely superfluous, as critics will easily distinguish the passages where Pastor Schweidler speaks from those written by Pastor Meinhold.

I am, nevertheless, bound to give the public some account of what I have omitted, namely,—

1st. Such long prayers as were not very remarkable for Christian unction.

2d. Well known stories out of the Thirty Years' War.

3d. Signs and wonders in the heavens, which were seen here and there, and which are recorded by other Pomeranian writers of these fearful times; for instance, by Micrælius.\* But when these events formed part of the tale itself, as, for

\* *Vom Alten Pommernlande* (of old Pomerania), book v.

Instance, the cross on the Streckelberg, I, of course, allowed them to stand.

4th. The specification of the whole income of the church at Coserow, before and during the terrible times of the Thirty Years' War.

5th. The enumeration of the dwellings left standing, after the devastations made by the enemy in every village throughout the parish.

6th. The names of the districts to which this or that member of the congregation had emigrated.

7th. A ground plan and description of the old Manse.

I have likewise here and there ventured to make a few changes in the language, as my author is not always consistent in the use of his words or in his orthography. The latter I have, however, with very few exceptions, retained.

And thus I lay before the gracious reader a work, glowing with the fire of heaven, as well as with that of hell.

MEINHOLD.

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# THE AMBER WITCH.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE origin of our biographer cannot be traced with any degree of certainty, owing to the loss of the first part of his manuscript. It is, however, pretty clear that he was not a Pomeranian, as he says he was in Silesia in his youth, and mentions relations scattered far and wide, not only at Hamburg and Cologne, but even at Antwerp; above all, his South-German language betrays a foreign origin, and he makes use of words which are, I believe, peculiar to Swabia. He must, however, have been living for a long time in Pomerania at the time he wrote, as he even more frequently uses Low-German expressions, such as occur in contemporary native Pomeranian writers.

Since he sprang from an ancient noble family, as he says on several occasions, it is possible that some particulars relating to the Schweidlers might be discovered in the family records of the seventeenth century which would give a clue to his native country; but I have sought for that name in all the sources of information accessible to me, in vain, and am led to suspect that our author, like many of his contemporaries, laid aside his nobility and changed his name when he took holy orders.

I will not, however, venture on any further conjectures; the manuscript, of which six chapters are missing, begins with the words "Imperialists plundered," and evidently the

previous pages must have contained an account of the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War in the island of Usedom. It goes on as follows:—

“Coffers, chests, and closets were all plundered and broken to pieces, and my surplice also was torn, so that I remained in great distress and tribulation. But my poor little daughter they did not find, seeing that I had hidden her in the stable, which was dark, without which I doubt not they would have made my heart heavy indeed. The lewd dogs would even have been rude to my old maid Ilse, a woman hard upon fifty, if an old cornet had not forbidden them. Wherefore I gave thanks to my Maker when the wild guests were gone, that I had first saved my child from their clutches, although not one dust of flour, nor one grain of corn, nor one morsel of meat even of a finger's length was left, and I knew not how I should any longer support my own life, and my poor child's. *Item*, I thanked God that I had likewise secured the *vasa sacra*, which I had forthwith buried in the church in front of the altar, in presence of the two churchwardens, Hinrich Seden and Claus Bulken, of Ukeritze, commending them to the care of God. And now because, as I have already said, I was suffering the pangs of hunger, I wrote to his lordship the Sheriff Wittich v. Appellmann, at Pudgla,\* that for the love of God and his holy Gospel he should send me that which his highness' grace Philippus Julius had allowed me as *præstanda* from the convent at Pudgla, to wit, thirty bushels of barley and twenty-five marks of silver, which, howbeit his lordship had always withheld from me hitherto (for he was a very hard inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the holy Gospel and the preaching of the Word, and openly, without shame, reviled the servants of God, saying that they were useless feeders, and that Luther had but half cleansed the pigstye of the church—God mend it!). But he answered me nothing, and I should have perished for want if Hinrich Seden had not begged for me in the parish. May God reward the honest fellow for it in eternity! Moreover, he was then growing old, and was sorely plagued by his wicked wife Lizzie Kolken. Methought when I married them that it would not turn out over well, seeing that she was in common report of

\* A castle in Usedom, formerly a celebrated convent.

having long lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmänn, who had ever been an arch-rogue, and especially an arrant whore-master, and such the Lord never blesses. This same Seden now brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, which old goodwife Paal, at Loddin, had given him; also a flitch of bacon from the farmer Jack Tewert. But he said I must shield him from his wife, who would have had half for herself, and when he denied her she cursed him, and wished him gout in his head, whereupon he straightway felt a pain in his right cheek, and it was quite hard and heavy already. At such shocking news I was affrighted, as became a good pastor, and asked whether peradventure he believed that she stood in evil communication with Satan, and could bewitch folks? But he said nothing, and shrugged his shoulders. So I sent for old Lizzie to come to me, who was a tall, meagre woman of about sixty, with squinting eyes, so that she could not look any one in the face; likewise with quite red hair, and indeed her goodman had the same. But though I diligently admonished her out of God's word, she made no answer until at last I said, 'Wilt thou unbewitch thy goodman (for I saw from the window how that he was raving in the street like a madman), or wilt thou that I should inform the magistrate of thy deeds?' then, indeed, she gave in, and promised that he should soon be better (and so he was); moreover she begged that I would give her some bread and some bacon, inasmuch as it was three days since she had had a bit of anything to put between her lips, saving always her tongue. So my daughter gave her half a loaf, and a piece of bacon about two handsbreadths large; but she did not think it enough, and muttered between her teeth; whereupon my daughter said, 'If thou art not content, thou old witch, go thy ways and help thy goodman; see how he has laid his head on Zabel's fence, and stamps with his feet for pain.' Whereupon she went away, but still kept muttering between her teeth, 'Yea, forsooth, I will help him and thee too.'

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## CHAPTER VII.

How the Imperialists robbed me of all that was left, and likewise broke into the Church and stole the *Vasa Sacra*, also what more befel us.

AFTER a few days, when we had eaten almost all our food, my last cow fell down dead (the wolves had already devoured the others, as mentioned above), not without a strong suspicion that Lizzie had a hand in it, seeing that the poor beast had eaten heartily the day before; but I leave that to a higher judge, seeing that I would not willingly calumniate any one; and it may have been the will of God, whose wrath I have well deserved. *Summa*, I was once more in great need, and my daughter Mary pierced my heart with her sighs, when the cry was raised that another troop of Imperialists was come to Ukeritze, and was marauding there more cruelly than ever, and, moreover, had burnt half the village. Wherefore I no longer thought myself safe in my cottage; and after I had commended every thing to the Lord in a fervent prayer, I went up with my daughter and old Ilse into the Streckelberg,\* where I already had looked out for ourselves a hole like a cavern, well grown over with brambles, against the time when the troubles should drive us thither. We therefore took with us all we had left to us for the support of our bodies, and fled into the woods, sighing and weeping, whither we soon were followed by the old men, and the women, and children; these raised a great cry of hunger when they saw my daughter sitting on a log and eating a bit of bread and meat, and the little things came with their tiny hands stretched out and cried "Have some too, have some too." Therefore, being justly moved by such great distress, I hindered not my daughter from sharing all the bread and meat that remained among the hungry children. But first I made them pray—"The eyes of all wait upon thee;"† upon which words I then spake comfortably to the people, telling them that the Lord, who had now fed their little children, would

\* A considerable mountain close to the sea near Coserow.

† Ps. cxlv. 15, 16.

find means to fill their own bellies, and that they must not be weary of trusting in him.

This comfort did not, however, last long; for after we had rested within and around the cavern for about two hours, the bells in the village began to ring so dolefully, that it went nigh to break all our hearts, the more as loud firing was heard between whites; *item*, the cries of men and the barking of dogs resounded, so that we could easily guess that the enemy was in the village. I had enough to do to keep the women quiet, that they might not by their senseless lamentations betray our hiding-place to the cruel enemy; and more still when it began to smell smoky, and presently the bright flames gleamed through the trees. I therefore sent old Paasch up to the top of the hill, that he might look around and see how matters stood, but told him to take good care that they did not see him from the village, seeing that the twilight had but just begun.

This he promised, and soon returned with the news that about twenty horsemen had galloped out of the village towards the Damerow, but that half the village was in flames. *Item*, he told us that by a wonderful dispensation of God a great number of birds had appeared in the juniper-bushes and elsewhere, and that if we could catch them they would be excellent food for us. I therefore climbed up the hill myself, and having found everything as he had said, and also perceived that the fire had, by the help of God's mercy, abated in the village; *item*, that my cottage was left standing, far beyond my merits and deserts; I came down again and comforted the people, saying, "The Lord hath given us a sign, and he will feed us, as he fed the people of Israel in the wilderness; for he has sent us a fine flight of fieldfares across the barren sea, so that they whirr out of every bush as ye come near it. Who will now run down into the village, and cut off the mane and tail of my dead cow which lies out behind on the common?" (for there was no horse-hair in all the village, seeing that the enemy had long since carried off or stabbed all the horses). But no one would go, for fear was stronger even than hunger, till my old Ilse spoke, and said, "I will go, for I fear nothing, when I walk in the ways of God; only give me a good stick." When old Paasch had lent her his staff, she began to sing, "God the Father be with us," and was soon out of sight among the bushes. Meanwhile I exhorted the people to set to work directly, and to cut little wands for springes, and to gather

berries while the moon still shone; there were a great quantity of mountain-ash and elder-bushes all about the mountain. I myself and my daughter Mary stayed to guard the little children, because it was not safe there from wolves. We therefore made a blazing fire, sat ourselves around it, and heard the little folks say the Ten Commandments, when there was a rustling and crackling behind us, and my daughter jumped up and ran into the cavern, crying, "*Proh dolor hostis!*"\* But it was only some of the able-bodied men who had stayed behind in the village, and who now came to bring us word how things stood there. I therefore called to her directly, "*Emergas amici,*" whereupon she came skipping joyously out, and sat down again by the fire, and forthwith my warden Hinrich Seden related all that had happened, and how his life had only been saved by means of his wife Lizzie Kolken; but that Jurgen Flatow, Chim Burse, Claus Peer and Chim Seideritz were killed, and the last named of them left lying on the church steps. The wicked incendiaries had burned down twelve sheds, and it was not their fault that the whole village was not destroyed, but only in consequence of the wind not being in the quarter that suited their purpose. Meanwhile they tolled the bells in mockery and scorn, to see whether any one would come and quench the fire; and that when he and the three other young fellows came forward they fired off their muskets at them, but, by God's help, none of them were hit. Hereupon his three comrades jumped over the paling and escaped; but him they caught, and had already taken aim at him with their firelocks, when his wife Lizzie Kolken came out of the church with another troop and beckoned to them to leave him in peace. But they stabbed Lene Hebers as she lay in childbed, speared the child, and flung it over Claus Peer's hedge among the nettles, where it was yet lying when they came away. There was not a living soul left in the village, and still less a morsel of bread, so that unless the Lord took pity on their need they must all die miserably of hunger.

(Now who is to believe that such people can call themselves Christians!)

I next enquired, when he had done speaking (but with many sighs, as any one may guess), after my cottage; but of that they knew naught save that it was still standing. I thanked the Lord

\* Our author afterwards explains the learned education of the maiden.

therefore with a quiet sigh ; and having asked old Seden what his wife had been doing in the church, I thought I should have died for grief when I heard that the villains came out of it with both the chalices and patens in their hands. I therefore spoke very sharply to old Lizzie, who now came slinking through the bushes ; but she answered insolently, that the strange soldiers had forced her to open the church, as her goodman had crept behind the hedge, and nobody else was there ; that they had gone straight up to the altar, and seeing that one of the stones was not well fitted (which, truly, was an arch-lie), had begun to dig with their swords till they found the chalices and patens ; or somebody else might have betrayed the spot to them, so I need not always to lay the blame on her, and rate her so hardly.

Meanwhile the old men and the women came with a good store of berries ; *item*, my old maid, with the cow's tail and mane, who brought word that the whole house was turned upside down, the windows all broken, and the books and writings trampled in the dirt in the midst of the street, and the doors torn off their hinges. This, however, was a less sorrow to me than the chalices ; and I only bade the people make springes and snares, in oruer next morning to begin our fowling, with the help of Almighty God. I therefore scraped the rods myself until near midnight ; and when we had made ready a good quantity, I told old Seden to repeat the evening blessing, which we all heard on our knees ; after which I wound up with a prayer, and then admonished the people to creep in under the bushes to keep them from the cold (seeing that it was now about the end of September, and the wind blew very fresh from the sea), the men apart, and the women also apart by themselves. I myself went up with my daughter and my maid into the cavern, where I had not slept long before I heard old Seden moaning bitterly because, as he said, he was seized with the colic. I therefore got up and gave him my place, and sat down again by the fire to cut springes, till I fell asleep for half an hour ; and then morning broke, and by that time he had got better, and I woke the people to morning prayer. This time old Paasch had to say it, but could not get through with it properly, so that I had to help him. Whether he had forgot it, or whether he was frightened, I cannot say. *Summa*. After we had all prayed most devoutly, we presently

set to work, wedging the springes into the trees, and hanging berries all around them; while my daughter took care of the children, and looked for blackberries for their breakfast. Now we wedged the snares right across the wood along the road to Uekeritze; and mark what a wondrous act of mercy befel from gracious God! As I stepped into the road with the hatchet in my hand (it was Seden his hatchet, which he had fetched out of the village early in the morning), I caught sight of a loaf as long as my arm which a raven was pecking, and which doubtless one of the Imperial troopers had dropped out of his knapsack the day before, for there were fresh hoof-marks in the sand by it. So I secretly buttoned the breast of my coat over it, so that none should perceive anything, although the aforesaid Paasch was close behind me; *item*, all the rest followed at no great distance. Now, having set the springes so very early, towards noon we found such a great number of birds taken in them, that Katy Berow, who went beside me while I took them out, scarce could hold them all in her apron; and at the other end old Pagels pulled nearly as many out of his doublet and coat-pockets. My daughter then sat down with the rest of the womankind to pluck the birds; and as there was no salt (indeed it was long since most of us had tasted any), she desired two men to go down to the sea, and to fetch a little salt-water in an iron pot borrowed from Staffer Zuter; and so they did. In this water we first dipped the birds, and then roasted them at a large fire, while our mouths watered only at the sweet savour of them, seeing it was so long since we had tasted any food.

And now when all was ready, and the people seated on the earth, I said, "Behold how the Lord still feeds his people Israel in the wilderness with fresh quails: if now he did yet more, and sent us a piece of manna bread from heaven, what think ye? Would ye then ever weary of believing in him, and not rather willingly endure all want, tribulation, hunger and thirst, which he may hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will?" Whereupon they all answered and said, "Yea, surely!" *Ego*: "Will you then promise me this in truth?" And they said again, "Yea, that will we!" Then with tears I drew forth the loaf from my breast, held it on high, and cried, "Behold, then, thou poor believing little flock, how sweet a manna loaf your faithful Re-

deemer hath sent ye 'hrough me!" Whereupon they all wept, sobbed, and groaned; and the little children again came running up and held out their hands, crying, "See, bread, bread!" But as I myself could not pray for heaviness of soul, I bade Paasch his little girl say the *Gratias* the while my Mary cut up the loaf and gave to each his share. And now we all joyfully began to eat our meat from God in the wilderness.

Meanwhile I had to tell in what manner I had found the blessed manna bread, wherein I neglected not again to exhort them to lay to heart this great sign and wonder, how that God in his mercy had done to them as of old to the prophet Elijah, to whom a raven brought bread in his great need in the wilderness; as likewise this bread had been given to me by means of a raven, which showed it to me, when otherwise I might have passed it by in my heaviness without ever seeing it.

When we were satisfied with food, I said the thanksgiving from Luke xii. 24, where the Lord saith, "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins stank before the Lord. For old Lizzie, as I afterwards heard, would not eat her birds because she thought them unsavoury, but threw them among the juniper bushes; whereupon the wrath of the Lord was kindled against us as of old against the people of Israel, and at night we found but seven birds in the snares, and next morning but two. Neither did any raven come again to give us bread. Wherefore I rebuked old Lizzie, and admonished the people to take upon themselves willingly the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, to pray without ceasing, to return to their desolate dwellings, and to see whether the all-merciful God would peradventure give them more on the sea. That I also would call upon him with prayer night and day, remaining for a time in the cavern with my daughter and the maid to watch the springes, and see whether his wrath might be turned from us. That they should meanwhile put my manse to rights to the best of their power, seeing that the cold was become very irksome to me. This they promised me, and departed with many sighs. What a little flock! I counted but twenty-five souls where there used to be above eighty; all the rest had been slain by hunger, pestilence,

or the sword.\* I then abode awhile alone and sorrowing in the cave, praying to God, and sent my daughter with the maid into the village to see how things stood at the manse; *item*, to gather together the books and papers, and also to bring me word whether Hinze the carpenter, whom I had straightway sent back to the village, had knocked together some coffins for the poor corpses, so that I might bury them next day. I then went to look at the springes, but found only one single little bird, whereby I saw that the wrath of God had not yet passed away. Howbeit, I found a fine blackberry bush, from which I gathered nearly a pint of berries, and put them, together with the bird, in Staffer Zuter his pot, which the honest fellow had left with us for a while, and set them on the fire for supper against my child and the maid should return. It was not long before they came through the coppice, and told me of the fearful devastation which Satan had made in the village and manse by the permission of all-righteous God. My child had gathered together a few books, which she brought with her, above all, a *Virgilius* and a Greek Bible. And after she had told me that the carpenter would not have done till next day, and we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, I made her read to me again, for the greater strengthening of my faith, the *locus* about the blessed raven from the Greek of Luke, at the 12th chapter; also, the beautiful *locus parallelus*, Matt. vi. After which the maid said the evening blessing, and we all went into the cave to rest for the night. When I awoke next morning, just as the blessed sun rose out the sea and peeped over the mountain, I heard my poor hungry child already standing outside the cave, reciting the beautiful verses about the joys of paradise which St. Augustine wrote and I had taught her.† She sobbed for grief as she spoke the words:

“*Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patrie  
Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant  
Non sacietas fastidit, neque fames cruciat  
Inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant*”

---

\* This took place in the year 1628, and the horrors of the Thirty Years' War were spread most fearfully over this island: pity that the description of the old vicar, which he doubtless gave in the preceding pages, has been lost.

† This is an error. The following verses are written by the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, Peter Damianus (d. 23rd Feb. 1072), after Augustine's prose.

Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,  
 Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,  
 Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt  
 Pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,  
 Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum  
 Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum  
 Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen inocciduum.”\*

At these words my own heart was melted; and when she ceased from speaking, I asked, “What art thou doing, my child?” Whereupon she answered, “Father, I am eating.” Thereat my tears now indeed began to flow, and I praised her for feeding her soul, as she had no meat for her body. I had not, however, spoken long, before she cried to me to come and look at the great wonder that had risen out of the sea, and already appeared over the cave. For behold a cloud, in shape just like a cross, came over us, and let great heavy drops, as big or bigger than large peas, fall on our heads, after which it sank behind the coppice. I presently arose, and ran up the mountain with my daughter to look after it. It floated on towards the Achterwater,† where it spread itself out into a long blue streak, whereon the sun shone so brightly that it seemed like a golden bridge, on which, as my child said, the blessed angels danced. I fell on my knees with her, and thanked the Lord that our cross had passed away from us; but alas! our cross was yet to come, as will be told hereafter.

\* The following version is from the pen of a friend.—*Trans.*

“In that far land the citizens all share one equal bread,  
 And keep desire and hunger still, although to fulness fed:  
 Unwearied by satiety, unracked by hunger’s strife,  
 The air they breathe is nourishment, and spiritual life!  
 Around them, bright with endless Spring, perpetual roses bloom;  
 Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;  
 Red crocuses, and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;  
 Green meadows yield them harvests green, and streams with honey run;  
 Unbroken droop the laden boughs, with heavy fruitage bent,  
 Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent;  
 And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, dispense their changeful light,  
 But the Lamb’s eternal glory makes the happy city bright!”

† A wash formed by the River Peene in the neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER VIII.

How our need waxed sorer and sorer, and how I sent old Ilse with another letter to Pudgla, and how heavy a misfortune this brought upon me.

NEXT day, when I had buried the poor corpses amid the lamentations of the whole village (by the same token that they were all buried under where the lime-tree overhangs the wall\*), I heard with many sighs that neither the sea nor the Achterwater would yield anything. It was now ten days since the poor people had caught a single fish. I therefore went out into the field, musing how the wrath of the just God might be turned from us, seeing that the cruel winter was now at hand, and neither corn, apples, fish nor flesh, to be found in the village, nor even throughout all the parish. There was indeed plenty of game in the forests of Coserow and Uekeritze; but the old forest ranger, Zabel Nehring, had died last year of the plague, and there was no new one in his place. Nor was there a musket nor a grain of powder to be found in all the parish; the enemy had robbed and broken everything: we were therefore forced, day after day, to see how the stags and the roes, the hares and the wild boars, *et cet.*, ran past us, when we would so gladly have had them in our bellies, but had no means at getting at them: for they were too cunning to let themselves be caught in pit-falls. Nevertheless, Claus Peer succeeded in trapping a roe, and gave me a piece of it, for which may God reward him. *Item*, of domestic cattle there was not a head left; neither was there a dog nor a cat, which the people had not either eaten in their extreme hunger, or knocked on the head, or drowned long since. Albeit\* old farmer Paasch still owned two cows; *item*, an old man in Uekeritze was said to have one little pig:—this was all. Thus, then, nearly all the people lived on blackberries and other wild fruits; the which also soon grew to be scarce, as may easily be guessed. Besides all this, a boy of fourteen was missing (old Labahn his son) and was

\* This exists no longer.

never more heard of, so that I shrewdly think that the wolves devoured him.

And now let any Christian judge by his own heart in what sorrow and heaviness I took my staff in my hand, seeing that my child fell away like a shadow from pinching hunger; although I myself, being old, did not, by the help of God's mercy, find any great failing in my strength. While I thus went continually weeping before the Lord, on the way to Uekeritze, I fell in with an old beggar with his wallet, sitting on a stone, and eating a piece of God's rare gift, to wit, a bit of bread. Then truly did my poor mouth so fill with water, that I was forced to bow my head and let it run upon the earth before I could ask, "Who art thou? and whence comest thou? seeing that thou hast bread." Whereupon he answered that he was a poor man of Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken all; and as he had heard that the Lieper Winkel\* had long been in peace, he had travelled thither to beg. I straightway answered him, "Oh, poor beggarman, spare to me, a sorrowful servant of Christ, who is poorer even than thyself, one little slice of bread for his wretched child; for thou must know that I am the pastor of this village, and that my daughter is dying of hunger. I beseech thee by the living God not to let me depart without taking pity on me, as pity also hath been shown to thee!" But the beggarman would give me none, saying that he himself had a wife and four children, who were likewise staggering towards death's door under the bitter pangs of hunger; that the famine was sorer far in Bannemin than here, where we still had berries; whether I had not heard that but a few days ago a woman (he told me her name, but horror made me forget it) had there killed her own child, and devoured it from hunger?† That he could not therefore help me, and I might go to the Lieper Winkel myself.

I was horror-stricken\* at his tale, as is easy to guess, for we in our own trouble had not yet heard of it, there being little or no traffic between one village and another; and thinking on Jerusalem,‡ and sheer despairing because the Lord had visited

\* A remote part of the Island of Usedom.

† Micrælius also mentions this horrible event in his history of Pomerania.

‡ Where, according to Josephus, the same thing occurred.

us, as of old that ungodly city, although we had not betrayed or crucified him, I almost forgot all my necessities, and took my staff in my hand to depart. But I had not gone more than a few yards when the beggar called me to stop, and when I turned myself round he came towards me with a good hunch of bread which he had taken out of his wallet, and said, "There! but pray for me also, so that I may reach my home; for if on the road they smell that I have bread, my own brother would strike me dead, I believe." This I promised with joy, and instantly turned back to take to my child the gift hidden in my pocket. And behold, when I came to the road which leads to Loddin, I could scarce trust my eyes (before I had overlooked it in my distress) when I saw my glebe, which could produce seven bushels, ploughed, sown, and in stalk; the blessed crop of rye had already shot lustily out of the earth a finger's length in height. I could not choose but think that the Evil One had deceived me with a false show, yet, however hard I rubbed my eyes, rye it was, and rye it remained. And seeing that old Paasch his piece of land which joined mine was in like manner sown, and that the blades had shot up to the same height, I soon guessed that the good fellow had done this deed, seeing that all the other land lay waste. Wherefore, I readily forgave him for not knowing the morning prayer; and thanking the Lord for so much love from my flock, and earnestly beseeching him to grant me strength and faith to bear with them steadfastly and patiently all the troubles and adversities which it might please him henceforward to lay upon us, according to his divine pleasure, I ran rather than walked back into the village to old Paasch his farm, where I found him just about to kill his cow, which he was slaughtering from grim hunger. "God bless thee," said I, "worthy friend, for sowing my field, how shall I reward thee?" But the old man answered, "Let that be, and do you pray for us;" and when I gladly promised this, and asked him how he had kept his corn safe from the savage enemy, he told me that he had hidden it secretly in the caves of the Streckelberg, but that now all his store was used up. Meanwhile he cut a fine large piece of meat from the top of the loin, and said, "There is something for you, and when that is gone you can come again for more." As I was then about to go with many thanks, his little Mary, a child nearly

seven years old, the same who had said the *Gratias* on the Streckelberg, seized me by the hand, and wanted to go to school to my daughter; for since my *Custos*, as above mentioned, departed this life in the plague, she had to teach the few little ones there were in the village; this, however, had long been abandoned. I could not, therefore, deny her, although I feared that my child would share her bread with her, seeing that she dearly loved the little maid, who was her godchild; and so indeed it happened; for when the child saw me take out the bread, she shrieked for joy, and began to scramble up on the bench. Thus she also got a piece of the slice, our maid got another, and my child put the third piece into her own mouth, as I wished for none, but said that I felt no signs of hunger and would wait until the meat was boiled, the which I now threw upon the bench. It was a goodly sight to see the joy which my poor child felt, when I then also told her about the rye. She fell upon my neck, wept, sobbed, then took the little one up in her arms, danced about the room with her, and recited, as she was wont, all manner of *Latin versus*, which she knew by heart. Then she would prepare a right good supper for us, as a little salt was still left in the bottom of a barrel of meat which the Imperialists had broken up. I let her take her own way, and having scraped some soot from the chimney and mixed it with water, I tore a blank leaf out of '*Virgilius*,' and wrote to the *Pastor Liepensis*, his reverence Abraham Tiburtius, praying that for God his sake he would take our necessities to heart, and would exhort his parishioners to save us from dying of grim hunger, and charitably to spare to us some meat and drink, according as the all-merciful God had still left some to them, seeing that a beggar had told me that they had long been in peace from the terrible enemy. I knew not, however, wherewithal to seal the letter, until I found in the church a little wax still sticking to a wooden altar-candlestick, which the Imperialists had not thought it worth their while to steal, for they had only taken the brass ones. I sent three fellows in a boat with Hinrich Seden, the churchwarden, with this letter to Liepe.

First, however, I asked my old Ilse, who was born in Liepe, whether she would not rather return home, seeing how matters stood, and that I, for the present at least, could not give her a

stiver of her wages (mark that she had already saved up a small sum, seeing that she had lived in my service above twenty years, but the soldiers had taken it all). Howbeit, I could nowise persuade her to this, but she wept bitterly, and besought me only to let her stay with the good damsel whom she had rocked in her cradle. She would cheerfully hunger with us if it needs must be, so that she were not turned away. Whereupon, I yielded to her, and the others went alone.

Meanwhile the broth was ready, but scarce had we said the *Gratias*, and were about to begin our meal, when all the children of the village, seven in number, came to the door, and wanted bread, as they had heard we had some from my daughter her little godchild. Her heart again melted, and notwithstanding I besought her to harden herself against them, she comforted me with the message to Liepe, and poured out for each child a portion of broth on a wooden platter (for these also had been despised by the enemy), and put into their little hands a bit of meat, so that all our store was eaten up at once. We were, therefore, left fasting next morning, till towards midday, when the whole village gathered together in a meadow on the banks of the river to see the boat return. But, God be merciful to us, we had cherished vain hopes ! six loaves and a sheep, *item*, a quarter of apples, was all they had brought. His reverence Abraham Tiburtius wrote to me that after the cry of their wealth had spread throughout the island, so many beggars had flocked thither that it was impossible to be just to all, seeing that they themselves did not know how it might fare with them in these heavy troublous times. Meanwhile he would see whether he could raise any more. I therefore with many sighs had the small pittance carried to the manse, and though two loaves were, as *Pastor Liepensis* said in his letter, for me alone, I gave them up to be shared among all alike, whereat all were content save Seden his squint-eyed wife, who would have had somewhat *extra* on the score of her husband's journey, which, however, as may be easily guessed, she did not get ; wherefore she again muttered certain words between her teeth as she went away, which, however, no one understood. Truly she was an ill woman, and not to be moved by the word of God.

Any one may judge for himself that such a store could not last

long; and as all my parishioners felt an ardent longing after spiritual food, and as I and the churchwardens could only get together about sixteen farthings in the whole parish, which was not enough to buy bread and wine, the thought struck me once more to inform my lord the Sheriff of our need. With how heavy a heart I did this may be easily guessed, but necessity knows no law. I therefore tore the last blank leaf out of '*Virgilius*,' and begged that, for the sake of the Holy Trinity, his lordship would mercifully consider mine own distress and that of the whole parish, and bestow a little money to enable me to administer the holy sacrament for the comfort of afflicted souls; also, if possible, to buy a cup, were it only of tin, since the enemy had plundered us of ours, and I should otherwise be forced to consecrate the sacred elements in an earthen vessel. *Item*, I besought him to have pity on our bodily wants, and at last to send me the first-fruits which had stood over for so many years. That I did not want it for myself alone, but would willingly share it with my parishioners, until such time as God in his mercy should give us more.

Here a huge blot fell upon my paper; for the windows being boarded up, the room was dark, and but little light came through two small panes of glass, which I had broken out of the church, and stuck in between the boards: this, perhaps, was the reason why I did not see better. However, as I could not any where get another piece of paper, I let it pass, and ordered the maid, whom I sent with the letter to Pudgla, to excuse the same to his lordship the Sheriff, the which she promised to do; seeing that I could not add a word more on the paper, as it was written all over. I then sealed it as I had done before.

But the poor creature came back trembling for fear, and bitterly weeping, and said that his lordship had kicked her out of the castle-gate, and had threatened to set her in the stocks if she ever came before him again. "Did the parson think that he was as free with his money as I seemed to be with my ink? I surely had water enough to celebrate the Lord's Supper where-withal. For if the Son of God had once changed the water into wine, he could surely do the like again. If I had no cup, I might water my flock out of a bucket, as he did himself;" with many more blasphemies, such as he afterwards wrote to me, and by which, as may easily be guessed, I was filled with

horror. Touching the first-fruits, as she told me, he said nothing at all. In such great spiritual and bodily need the blessed Sunday came round, when nearly all the congregation would have come to the Lord's table, but could not. I therefore spoke on the words of St. Augustine, *crede et manducasti*, and represented that the blame was not mine, and truly told what had happened to my poor maid at Pudgla, passing over much in silence, and only praying God to awaken the hearts of magistrates for our good. Peradventure I may have spoken more harshly than I meant. I know not; only that I spoke that which was in my heart. At the end I made all the congregation stay on their knees for nearly an hour, and call upon the Lord for his holy sacrament; *item*, for the relief of their bodily wants, as had been done every Sunday, and at all the daily prayers I had been used to read ever since the heavy time of the plague. Last of all, I led the glorious hymn, "When in greatest need we be;" which was no sooner finished than my new churchwarden, Claus Bulk of Uekeritze, who had formerly been a groom with his lordship, and whom he had now put into a farm, ran off to Pudgla, and told him all that had taken place in the church. Whereat his lordship was greatly angered, insomuch that he summoned the whole parish, which still numbered about 150 souls, without counting the children, and dictated *ad protocollum* whatsoever they could remember of the sermon, seeing that he meant to inform his Princely Grace the Duke of Pomerania of the blasphemous lies which I had vomited against him, and which must sorely offend every Christian heart. *Item*, what an avaricious wretch I must be to be always wanting something of him, and to be daily, so to say, pestering him in these hard times with my filthy letters, when he had not enough to eat himself. This he said should break the parson his neck, since his princely grace did all that he asked of him; and that no one in the parish need give me anything more, but only let me go my ways. He would soon take care that they should have quite a different sort of parson from what I was.

(Now I would like to see the man who could make up his mind to come into the midst of such wretchedness at all.)

This news was brought to me in the selfsame night, and gave me a great fright, as I now saw that I should not have a gracious

master in his lordship, but should all the time of my miserable life, even if I could any how support it, find in him an ungracious lord. But I soon felt some comfort, when Chim Krüger from Uekeritze, who brought me the news, took a little bit of his sucking-pig out of his pocket and gave it to me. Meanwhile old Paasch came in and said the same, and likewise brought me a piece of his old cow; *item*, my other warden, Hinrich Seden, with a slice of bread, and a fish which he had taken in his net; all saying they wished for no better priest than me, and that I was only to pray to the merciful Lord to bestow more upon them, whereupon I should want for nothing. Meanwhile I must be quiet, and not betray them. All this I promised; and my daughter Mary took the blessed gifts of God off the table and carried them into the inner chamber. But, alas! next morning, when she would have put the meat into the cauldron, it was all gone. I know not who prepared this new sorrow for me, but much believe it was Hinrich Seden his wicked wife, seeing he can never hold his tongue, and most likely told her every thing. Moreover, Paasch his little daughter saw that she had meat in her pot next day; *item*, that she had quarrelled with her husband, and had flung the fish-board at him, whereon some fresh fish-scales were sticking: she had, however, presently recollected herself when she saw the child. (Shame on thee, thou old witch, it is true enough, I dare say!) Hereupon naught was left us but to feed our poor souls with the word of God. But even our souls were so cast down that they could receive nought, any more than our bellies; my poor child, especially, from day to day grew paler, greyer, and yellower, and always threw up all her food, seeing she ate it without salt or bread. I had long wondered that the bread from Liepe was not yet done, but that every day at dinner I still had a morsel. I had often asked, "Whence comes all this blessed bread? I believe, after all, you save the whole for me, and take none for yourself or the maid." But they both then lifted to their mouths a piece of fir-tree bark, which they had cut to look like bread, and laid by their plates; and as the room was dark, I did not find out their deceit, but thought that they too were eating bread. But at last the maid told me of it, so that I should allow it no longer, as my daughter would not listen to her. It is not hard to guess how my heart

was wrung when I saw my poor child lying on her bed of moss struggling with grim hunger. But things were to go yet harder with me, for the Lord in his anger would break me in pieces like a potter's vessel. For behold, on the evening of the same day, old Paasch came running to me, complaining that all his and my corn in the field had been pulled up and miserably destroyed, and that it must have been done by Satan himself, as there was not a trace either of oxen or horses. At these words my poor child screamed aloud and fainted. I would have run to help her, but could not reach her bed, and fell on the ground myself for bitter grief. The loud cries of the maid and old Paasch soon brought us both to our senses. But I could not rise from the ground alone, for the Lord had bruised all my bones. I besought them, therefore, when they would have helped me, to leave me where I was; and when they would not, I cried out that I must again fall on the ground to pray, and begged them all save my daughter to depart out of the room. This they did, but the prayer would not come. I fell into heavy doubting and despair, and murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more sorely than Lazarus or Job. Wretch that I was, I cried, "Thou didst leave to Lazarus at least the crumbs and the pitiful dogs, but to me thou hast left nothing, and I myself am less in thy sight even than a dog; and Job thou didst not afflict until thou hadst mercifully taken away his children, but to me thou hast left my poor little daughter, that her torments may increase mine own a thousandfold. Behold, then, I can only pray that thou wilt take her from the earth, so that my grey head may gladly follow her to the grave! Woe is me, ruthless father, what have I done? I have eaten bread, and suffered my child to hunger! Oh, Lord Jesu, who hast said, 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread will he give him a stone?' Behold I am that man!—behold I am that ruthless father! I have eaten bread, and have given wood to my child! Punish me; I will bear it and lie still. Oh, righteous Jesu, I have eaten bread, and have given wood to my child!' As I did not speak, but rather shrieked these words, wringing my hands the while, my child fell upon my neck, sobbing, and chid me for murmuring against the Lord, seeing that even she, a weak and frail woman, had never doubted his mercy; so that with shame and repentance I pre-

sently came to myself, and humbled myself before the Lord for such heavy sin.

Meanwhile the maid had run into the village with loud cries to see if she could get anything for her poor young mistress, but the people had already eaten their noontide meal, and most of them were gone to sea to seek their blessed supper; thus she could find nothing, seeing that old wife Seden, who alone had any victuals, would give her none, although she prayed her by Jesu's wounds.

She was telling us this when we heard a noise in the chamber, and presently Lizzie her worthy old husband, who had got in at the window by stealth, brought us a pot of good broth, which he had taken off the fire whilst his wife was gone for a moment into the garden. He well knew that his wife would make him pay for it, but that he did not mind, so the young mistress would but drink it, and she would find it salted and all. He would make haste out of the window again, and see that he got home before his wife, that she might not find out where he had been. But my daughter would not touch the broth, which sorely vexed him, so that he set it down on the ground cursing, and ran out of the room. It was not long before his squint-eyed wife came in at the front door, and when she saw the pot still steaming on the ground, she cried out, "Thou thief, thou cursed thieving carcass!" and would have flown at the face of my maid. But I threatened her, and told her all that had happened, and that if she would not believe me, she might go into the chamber and look out of the window, whence she might still, belike, see her goodman running home. This she did, and presently we heard her calling after him, "Wait, and the devil shall tear off thine arms, only wait till thou art home again!" After this she came back, and, muttering something, took the pot off the ground. I begged her for the love of God, to spare a little to my child; but she mocked at me and said, "You can preach to her, as you did to me," and walked towards the door with the pot. My child indeed besought me to let her go, but I could not help calling after her, "For the love of God, one good sup, or my poor child must give up the ghost: wilt thou that at the day of judgment God should have mercy on thee, so show mercy this day to me and mine!" But she scoffed at us again, and cried out, "Let her cook herself some bacon," and went out at

the door. I then sent the maid after her with the hour-glass which stood before me on the table, to offer it to her for a good sup out of the pot; but the maid brought it back, saying that she would not have it. Alas, how I wept and sobbed, as my poor dying child with a loud sigh buried her head again in the moss! Yet the merciful God was more gracious to me than my unbelief had deserved; for when the hard-hearted woman bestowed a little broth on her neighbour old Paasch, he presently brought it to my child, having heard from the maid how it stood with her; and I believe that this broth, under God, alone saved her life, for she raised her head as soon as she had supped it, and was able to go about the house again in an hour. May God reward the good fellow for it! Thus I had some joy in the midst of my trouble. But while I sat by the fire-side in the evening musing on my fate, my grief again broke forth, and I made up my mind to leave my house, and even my cure, and to wander through the wide world with my daughter as a beggar. God knows I had cause enough for it; for now that all my hopes were dashed, seeing that my field was quite ruined, and that the Sheriff had become my bitter enemy, moreover that it was five years since I had had a wedding, *item*, but two christenings during the past year, I saw my own and my daughter's death staring me in the face, and no prospect of better times at hand. Our want was increased by the great fears of the congregation; for although by God's wondrous mercy they had already begun to take good draughts of fish both in the sea and the Achterwater, and many of the people in the other villages had already gotten bread, salt, oatmeal, &c., from the Polters and Quatzners of Anklaam and Lassan\* in exchange for their fish; nevertheless, they brought me nothing, fearing lest it might be told at Pudgla, and make his lordship ungracious to them. I therefore beckoned my daughter to me, and told her what was in my thoughts, saying that God, in his mercy, could any day bestow on me another cure if I was found worthy in his sight of such a favour, seeing that these terrible days of pestilence and war had called away many of the servants of his word, and that I had not fled like a hireling from his flock, but, on the contrary, till *datum* shared sorrow and death with it. Whether she were able to

\* These people still go about the Achterwater every day in small boats called Polten and Quatzen, and buy from the boors any fish they may have caught.

walk five or ten miles a day ; for that then we would beg our way to Hamburg, to my departed wife her step-brother, Martin Behring, who is a great merchant in that city.

This at first sounded strange to her, seeing that she had very seldom been out of our parish, and that her departed mother and her little brother lay in our churchyard. She asked, " who was to make up their graves and plant flowers on them? *Item*, as the Lord had given her a smooth face, what I should do if in these wild and cruel times she were attacked on the highways by marauding soldiers or other villains, seeing that I was a weak old man and unable to defend her ; *item*, wherewithal should we shield ourselves from the frost, as the winter was setting in, and the enemy had robbed us of our clothes, so that we had scarce enough left to cover our nakedness?" All this I had not considered, and was forced to own that she was right ; so after much discussion we determined to leave it this night to the Lord, and to do whatever he should put into our hearts next morning. At any rate, we saw that we could in nowise keep the old maid any longer ; I therefore called her out of the kitchen, and told her she had better go early next morning to Liepe, as there still was food there, whereas here she must starve, seeing that perhaps we ourselves might leave the parish and the country to-morrow. I thanked her for the love and faith she had shown us, and begged her at last, amid the loud sobs of my poor daughter, to depart forthwith privately, and not to make our hearts still heavier by leave-taking ; that old Paasch was going a-fishing to-night on the Achterwater, as he had told me, and no doubt would readily set her on shore at Grüssow, where she had friends, and could eat her fill even to-day. She could not say a word for weeping, but when she saw that I was really in earnest she went out of the room. Not long after we heard the house-door shut to, whereupon my daughter moaned, " She is gone already," and ran straight to the window to look after her. " Yes," cried she, as she saw her through the little panes, " she is really gone ;" and she wrung her hands and would not be comforted. At last, however, she was quieted when I spoke of the maid Hagar, whom Abraham had likewise cast off, but on whom the Lord had nevertheless shown mercy in the wilderness ; and hereupon we commended ourselves to the Lord, and stretched ourselves on our couches of moss.

## CHAPTER IX.

How the old maid-servant humbled me by her faith, and the Lord yet blessed me his unworthy servant.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies" (Ps. ciii.).

Alas ! wretched man that I am, how shall I understand all the benefits and mercies which the Lord bestowed upon me, the very next day ? I now wept for joy as of late I had done for sorrow ; and my child danced about the room like a young roe, and would not go to bed, but only cry and dance, and between whiles repeat the 103rd Psalm, then dance and cry again until morning broke. But as she was still very weak, I rebuked her presumption, seeing that this was tempting the Lord ; and now mark what had happened.

After we had both woke in the morning with deep sighs, and called upon the Lord to manifest to us, in our hearts, what we should do, we still could not make up our minds. I therefore called to my child, if she felt strong enough, to leave her bed and light a fire in the stove herself, as our maid was gone ; that we would then consider the matter further. She accordingly got up, but came back in an instant with cries of joy, because the maid had privately stolen back into the house, and had already made a fire. Hereupon I sent for her to my bedside, and wondered at her disobedience, and asked what she now wanted here, but to torment me and my daughter still more, and why she did not go yesterday with old Paasch ? But she lamented and wept so sore that she scarce could speak, and I understood only thus much : that she had eaten with us, and would likewise starve with us, for that she could never part from her young mistress, whom she had known from her cradle. Such faithful love moved me

so, that I said almost with tears, "But hast thou not heard that my daughter and I have determined to wander as beggars about the country; where, then, wilt thou remain?" To this she answered that neither would she stay behind, seeing it was more fitting for her to beg than for us; but that she could not yet see why I wished to go out into the wide world; whether I had already forgotten that I had said, in my induction sermon, that I would abide with my flock in affliction and in death? That I should stay yet a little longer where I was, and send her to Liepe, as she hoped to get something worth having for us, there, from her friends and others. These words, especially those about my induction sermon, fell heavy on my conscience, and I was ashamed of my want of faith. since, not my daughter only, but yet more, even my maid, had stronger faith than I, who, nevertheless, professed to be a servant of God's word. I believed that the Lord, to keep me, poor fearful hireling, and, at the same time, to humble me, had awakened the spirit of this poor maid-servant to prove me, as the maid in the palace of the high-priest had also proved the fearful St. Peter. Wherefore I turned my face towards the wall, like Hezekiah, and humbled myself before the Lord; which scarce had I done before my child ran into the room again, with a cry of joy. For behold some Christian heart had stolen quietly into the house in the night, and had laid in the chamber two loaves, a good piece of meat, a bag of oatmeal, *item* a bag of salt, holding near a pint. Any one may guess what shouts of joy we all raised. Neither was I ashamed to confess my sins before my maid; and in our common morning prayer, which we said on our knees, I made fresh vows to the Lord, of obedience and faith. Thus we had that morning a grand breakfast, and sent something to old Paasch besides; *item*, my daughter again sent for all the little children to come, and kindly fed them with our store, before they said their tasks; and when in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, although I said naught, she smiled, and said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."\*

The Holy Ghost spoke by her, as I cannot but believe, nor thou either, beloved reader: for, mark what happened. In the afternoon, she (I mean my child) went up the Streckelberg to

\* Matt. vi. 34.

seek for blackberries, as old Paasch had told her through the maid that a few bushes were still left. The maid was chopping wood<sup>a</sup> in the yard, to which end she had borrowed old Paasch his axe, for the Imperialist thieves had thrown away mine, so that it could nowhere be found; and I myself was pacing up and down in the room, meditating my sermon; when my child, with her apron full, came quickly in at the door, quite red and with beaming eyes, and scarce able for joy to say more than "Father, father, what have I got?" "Well," quoth I, "what hast thou got, my child?" Whereupon she opened her apron, and I scarce trusted my eyes when I saw, instead of the blackberries which she had gone to seek, two shining pieces of amber, each nearly as big as a man's head, not to mention the small pieces, some of which were as large as my hand, and that, God knows, is no small one. "Child of my heart," cried I, "how cam'st thou by this blessing from God?" As soon as she could fetch her breath, she told me as follows:

That while she was seeking for blackberries in a dell near the shore, she saw somewhat glistening in the sun, and on coming near, she found this wondrous Godsend, seeing that the wind had blown the sand away from off a black vein of amber.\* That she straightway had broken off these pieces with a stick, and that there was plenty more to be got, seeing that it rattled about under the stick when she thrust it into the sand, neither could she force it farther than, at most, a foot deep into the ground; *item*, she told me that she had covered the place all over again with sand, and swept it smooth with her apron so as to leave no traces.

Moreover, that no stranger was at all likely to go thither, seeing that no blackberries grew very near, and she had gone to the spot, moved by curiosity and a wish to look upon the sea, rather than from any need; but that she could easily find the place again herself, inasmuch as she had marked it with three little stones. What was our first act after the all-merciful God had rescued us out of such misery, nay, even, as it seemed, endowed

\* This happens frequently even now, and has occurred to the editor himself. The small dark vein held indeed a few pieces of amber, mixed with charcoal, a sure proof of its vegetable origin, of which we may observe in passing there is now scarce any doubt, since whole trees of amber have been found in Prussia, and are preserved in the museum at Königsberg.

us with great riches, any one may guess. When we at length got up off our knees, my child would straightway have run to tell the maid our joyful news. But I forbade her, seeing that we could not be sure that the maid might not tell it again to her friends, albeit in all other things she was a faithful woman, and feared God; but that if she did that, the Sheriff would be sure to hear of it, and to seize upon our treasure for his Princely Highness the Duke, that is to say, for himself; and that naught would be left to us but the sight thereof, and our want would begin all over again; that we therefore would say, when folks asked about the luck that had befallen us, that my deceased brother, who was a councillor at Rotterdam, had left us a good lump of money; and indeed it was true that I had inherited near 200 florins from him a year ago, which, however, the soldiery (as mentioned above) cruelly robbed me of; *item*, that I would go to Wolgast myself next day, and sell the little bits as best I might, saying that thou hadst picked them up by the seaside; thou mayst tell the maid the same, if thou wilt, but show the larger pieces to no one, and I will send them to thy uncle at Hamburg, to be turned into money for us; perchance I may be able to sell one of them at Wolgast, if I find occasion, so as to buy clothes enough for the winter, for thee and for me, wherefore thou, too, mayst go with me. We will take the few farthings which the congregation have brought together, to pay the ferry, and thou canst order the maid to wait for us till eventide at the water-side to carry home the victuals. She agreed to all this, but said we had better first break off some more amber, so that we might get a good round sum for it at Hamburg; and I thought so too, wherefore we stopped at home next day, seeing that we did not want for food, and that my child, as well as myself, both wished to refresh ourselves a little before we set out on our journey; *item*, we likewise bethought us that old Master Rothoog, of Loddin, who is a cabinet-maker, might knock together a little box for us, to put the amber in, wherefore I sent the maid to him in the afternoon. Meanwhile we ourselves went up the Streckelberg, where I cut a young fir-tree with my pocket-knife, which I had saved from the enemy, and shaped it like a spade, so that I might be better able to dig deep therewith. First, however, we looked about us well on the mountain, and seeing nobody, my daughter walked on to the

place, which she straightway found again. Great God! what a mass of amber was there! The vein was hard upon twenty feet long, as near as I could feel, and the depth of it I could not sound. Nevertheless, save four good-sized pieces, none, however, so big as those of yesterday, we this day only broke out little splinters, such as the apothecaries bruise for incense. After we had most carefully covered and smoothed over the place, a great mishap was very near befalling us; for we met Witthan her little girl, who was seeking blackberries, and she asked what my daughter carried in her apron, who straightway grew red, and stammered so that our secret would have been betrayed if I had not presently said, "What is that to thee? she has got fir-apples, for firing," which the child believed. Wherefore we resolved in future only to go up the mountain at night by moonlight, and we went home and got there before the maid, and hid our treasure in the bedstead, so that she should not see it.

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## CHAPTER X.

How we journeyed to Wolgast, and made good barter there.

Two days after, so says my daughter, but old Ilse thinks it was three (and I myself know not which is true), we at last went to the town, seeing that Master Rothoog had not got the box ready before. My daughter covered it over with a piece of my departed wife her wedding gown, which the Imperialists had indeed torn to pieces, but as they had left it lying outside, the wind had blown it into the orchard, where we found it. It was very shabby before, otherwise I doubt not they would have carried it off with them. On account of the box we took old Ilse with us, who had to carry it, and as amber is very light ware she readily believed that the box held nothing but eatables. At day-break, then, we took our staves in our hands, and set out with God. Near Zitze,\* a hare ran across the road before us, which they say bodes no good. Well-a-day!—When we came near Bannemin I asked a fellow if it was true that here a mother had slaughtered her own child, from hunger, as I had heard. He said it was, and that the old woman's name was Zisse; but that God had been wrath at such a horrid deed, and she had got no good by it, seeing that she vomited so much upon eating it, that she forthwith gave up the ghost. On the whole he thought things were already going rather better with the parish, as Almighty God had richly blessed them with fish, both out of the sea and the Achterwater. Nevertheless a great number of people had died of hunger here also. He told us that their vicar, his reverence Johannes Lampius,† had had his house burnt down by the Imperialists, and was lying in a hovel near the church. I sent him my greeting, desiring that he would soon come to visit me (which the fellow promised he would take care to deliver to

\* A village half way between Coserow and Wolgast, now called Zinnowitz.

† The present parish archives contain several short and incomplete notices of his sufferings during these dreadful wars.

him), for the reverend Johannes is a pious and learned man, and has also composed sundry Latin *Chronosticha* on these wretched times, in *metrum heroicum*, which, I must say, please me greatly.\* When we had crossed the ferry we went in at Sehms his house, on the Castle green, who keeps an ale-house; he told us that the pestilence had not yet altogether ceased in the town; whereat I was much afraid, more especially as he described to us so many other horrors and miseries of these fearful times, both here and in other places, *e. g.* of the great famine in the island of Rügen, where a number of people had grown as black as Moors from hunger; a wondrous thing if it be true, and one might almost gather therefrom how the first blackamoors came about.† But be that as it may. *Summa.* When Master Sehms had told us all the news he had heard, and we had thus learnt to our great comfort that the Lord had not visited us only in these times of heavy need, I called him aside into a chamber and asked him whether I could not here find means to get money for a piece of amber, which my daughter had found by the sea. At first he said "No;" but then recollecting, he began, "Stay, let me see, at Nicolas Græke's, the inn at the castle, there are two great Dutch merchants, Dieterich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekbusch, who are come to buy pitch and boards, *item* timber for ships and beams; perchance they may like to cheapen your amber too; but you had better go up to the castle yourself, for I do not know for certain whether they still are there." This I did, although I had not yet eaten anything in the man's house, seeing that I wanted to know first what sort of bargain I might make, and to save the farthings belonging to the church until then. So I went into the castle-yard. Gracious God! what a desert had even his Princely Highness' house become, within a

\* The old vicar has introduced them among the still-existing parochial accounts, and we will here give a specimen of them:—

For 1620.

VsqVe qVo Do MIne IrasCerIs, sIs nobIs pater!

For 1628.

InqVe tVa DeXtra fer operaM tV ChrIste benIgne!

† Micrælius, also, in his 'Ancient Pomerania' (vol. lxxi. 2), mentions this circumstance, but only says:—"Those who came over to Stralsund were quite black from the hunger they had suffered." This accounts for the strange exaggeration of mine host, and the still stranger conclusion of our author.

short time ! The Danes had ruined the stables and hunting-lodge, Anno 1628 ; *item*, destroyed several rooms in the castle ; and in the *locamentum* of his Princely Highness Duke Philippus, where, Anno 22, he so graciously entertained me and my child, as will be told further on, now dwelt the inn-keeper Nicolas Graeke ; and all the fair tapestries, whereon was represented the pilgrimage to Jerusalem of his Princely Highness Bogislaus X., were torn down, and the walls left gray and bare.\* At this sight my heart was sorely grieved ; but I presently enquired for the merchants, who sat at the table drinking their parting cup, with their travelling equipments already lying by them, seeing that they were just going to set out on their way to Stettin ; straightway one of them jumped up from his liquor, a little fellow with a right noble paunch, and a black plaster on his nose, and asked me what I would of them ? I took him aside into a window, and told him I had some fine amber, if he had a mind to buy it of me, which he straightway agreed to do. And when he had whispered somewhat into the ear of his fellow, he began to look very pleasant, and reached me the pitcher before we went to my inn. I drank to him right heartily, seeing that, as I have already said, I was still fasting, so that I felt my very heart warmed by it in 'an instant. (Gracious God, what can go beyond a good draught of wine taken within measure !) After this we went to my inn, and told the maid to carry the box on one side into a small chamber. I had scarce opened it and taken away the gown, when the man (whose name was Dieterich von Pehnen, as he had told me by the way), held up both hands for joy, and said he had never seen such wealth of amber, and how had I come by it ? I answered that my child had found it on the sea-shore ; whereat he wondered greatly that we had so much amber here, and offered me 300 florins for the whole box. I was quite beside myself for joy at such an offer, but took care not to let him see it, and bargained with him till I got 500 florins, and I was to go with him to the Castle, and

\* Compare Heller's 'Chronicle of the Town of Wolgast,' p. 42, *et cet.* The riots were caused by the successor of Philippus Julius (d. 6 Feb. 1625), who was also the last Duke of Pomerania, Bogislaus XIV., choosing to reside in Stettin. At the present time the castle is a mere ruin, and only several large vaulted cellars remain, wherein some of the tradesmen of the present day keep their shops.

take the money forthwith. Hereupon I ordered mine host to make ready at once a mug of beer, and a good dinner for my child, and went back to the Castle with the man, and the maid who carried the box, begging him, in order to avoid common talk, to say nothing of my good fortune to mine host, nor, indeed, to any one else in the town, and to count out the money to me privately, seeing that I could not be sure that the thieves might not lay in wait for me on the road home, if they heard of it, and this the man did; for he whispered something into the ear of his fellow, who straightway opened his leathern surcoat, *item* his doublet and hose, and unbuckled from his paunch a well-filled purse which he gave to him. *Summa.* Before long I had my riches in my pocket, and, moreover, the man begged me to write to him at Amsterdam whenever I found any more amber, the which I promised to do. But the worthy fellow, as I have since heard, died of the plague at Stettin, together with his companion—truly I wish it had happened otherwise.\* Shortly after, I was very near getting into great trouble; for, as I had an extreme longing to fall on my knees, so that I could not wait until such time as I should have got back to my inn, I went up three or four steps of the Castle-stairs, and entered into a small chamber, where I humbled myself before the Lord. But the host, Nicolas Graeke, followed me, thinking I was a thief, and would have stopped me, so that I knew not how to excuse myself but by saying that I had been made drunken by the wine which the strange merchants had given to me (for he had seen what a good pull I had made at it), seeing I had not broken my fast that morning, and that I was looking for a chamber wherein I might sleep a while, which lie he believed (if in truth it were a lie, for I was really drunken, though not with wine, but with love and gratitude to my Maker), and accordingly he let me go.—

But I must now tell my story of his Princely Highness, as I promised above. Anno 22, as I chanced to walk with my daughter, who was then a child of about twelve years old, in the castle-

\* *Microliius* mentions these Dutch merchants, p. 171, but asserts that the cause of their death was doubtful, and that the town physician, Dr. *Laurentius Eichetadius*, in Stettin, had written a special medical paper on the subject. However, he calls one of them *Kiekepost*, instead of *Kiekebusch*.

garden at Wolfst, and was showing her the beautiful flowers that grew there. It chanced that as we came round from behind some bushes we espied my gracious lord the Duke Philippus Julius with his Princely Highness the Duke Bogislaw, who lay here on a visit, standing on a mount and conversing, wherefore we went about to return. But as my gracious lords presently walked on toward the drawbridge, we went to look at the mount where they had stood; of a sudden my little girl shouted loudly for joy, seeing that she found on the earth a costly signet-ring, which one of their Princely Highnesses doubtless had dropped. I therefore said, "Come, and we will follow our gracious lords with all speed, and thou shalt say to them in Latin: *Serenissimi principes, quia vestrum hunc anulum perdidisti* (for, as I have mentioned above, I had instructed her in the Latin tongue ever since her seventh year)? and if one of them says *Ego*, give to him the ring. *Item*.—Should he ask thee in Latin to whom thou belongest, be not abashed, and say: *Ego sum filia pastoris Cöserwienensis*; for thou wilt thus find favour in the eyes of their Princely Highnesses, for they are both gracious gentlemen, more especially the taller one, who is our gracious ruler Philippus Julius himself." This she promised to do; but as she trembled sorely as she went, I encouraged her yet more and promised her a new gown if she did it, seeing that even as a little child she would have given a great deal for fine clothes. As soon, then, as we were come into the court-yard, I stood by the statue of his Princely Highness Ernest Ludewig,\* and whispered her to run boldly after them, as their Princely Highnesses were only a few steps before us and had already turned toward the great entrance. This she did, but of a sudden she stood still, and would have turned back, because she was frightened by the noise of their Princely Highnesses, as she afterwards told me, seeing that they rattled and jingled very loudly.

But my gracious lady the Duchess Agnes saw her from the open window whereto she lay, and called to his Princely Highness, "My lord, there is a little maiden behind you, who, it seems, would speak with you," whereupon his Princely Highness straightway turned him round, smiling pleasantly, so that her little maid presently took courage, and, holding up the ring, said to

\* The father of Philippus Julius, died at Weignaf the 17th June, 1609.

Latin as I had told her. Hereat both the princes wondered beyond measure, and after my gracious Duke Philippus had felt his finger, he answered, "*Dulcissima puella, ego perdidisti;*" whereupon she gave it to him. Then he patted her cheek, and again asked, "*Sed quænam es, et unde venis?*" whereupon she boldly gave her answer, and at the same time pointed with her finger to where I stood by the statue; whereupon his Princely Highness motioned me to draw near. My gracious lady saw all that passed from the window, but all at once she left it. She, however, came back to it again before I had time even humbly to draw near to my gracious lord, and beckoned to my child, and held a cake out of the window for her. On my telling her, she ran up to the window, but her Princely Highness could not reach so low nor she so high above her as to take it, wherefore my gracious lady commanded her to come up into the castle, and as she looked anxiously round after me, motioned me also, as did my gracious lord himself, who presently took the timid little maid by the hand and went up with his Princely Highness the Duke Bogislaff. My gracious lady came to meet us at the door, and caressed and embraced my little daughter, so that she soon grew quite bold and ate the cake. When my gracious lord had asked me my name, *item*, why I had in so singular a manner taught my daughter the Latin tongue, I answered that I had heard much from a cousin at Cologne of Maria Schurman,\* and as I had observed a

\* Anna Maria Schurman, born at Cologne on the 5th Nov., 1607, died at Wiewardin the 5th May, 1678, was, according to the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries, a prodigy of learning, and, perhaps, the most learned woman that ever lived. The Frenchman Naudé says of her, "You find in her alone all that the hand can fashion or the mind conceive. No one paints better, no one works better in brass, wax, and wood. In needlework she excels all women past or present. It is impossible to say in what branch of knowledge she is most distinguished. Not content with the European languages, she understands Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and writes Latin so well that no one who has devoted his whole life to it can do it better." The celebrated Netherlander Spanheim calls her a teacher of the Graces and the Muses; the still more celebrated Salmasius confesses that he knows not in which branch of learning to say she excels: and the Pole Rotyer calls her "The sole example of all wondrous works in one single learned person, and a perfect *monstrum* of her sex, yet without fault or blame." For, in truth, with all her extraordinary knowledge she was marvellously humble, although she herself confesses that the immoderate praises of the learned even yet at times blinded her to her own defects. In her later years she went over to the sect of the Labadists, which appears to have some points in common with that of the Muckers. She died unmarried, as an early love-affair in her 15th

very excellent *ingenium* in my child, and also had time enough in my lonely cure, I did not hesitate to take her in hand, and teach her from her youth up, seeing I had no boy alive. Hence their Princely Highnesses marvelled greatly, and put some more questions to her in Latin, which she answered without any prompting from me. Whereupon my gracious lord Duke Philippus said in the vulgar tongue: "When thou art grown up and art one day to be married, tell it to me, and thou shalt then have another ring from me, and whatsoever else pertains to a bride, for thou hast this day done me good service, seeing that this ring is a precious jewel to me, as I had it from my wife." Hereupon I whispered her to kiss his Princely Highness hand for such a promise, and so she did.

(But alas, most gracious God, it is one thing to promise and quite another to hold! Where is his Princely Highness at this time? Wherefore let me ever keep in mind that "thou only art faithful, and that which thou hast promised thou wilt surely hold." Ps. xxxiii. 4. Amen \*)

*Item.* When his Princely Highness had also inquired concerning myself and my cure, and heard that I was of ancient and noble family, and my *salarium* very small, he called from the window to his chancellor, D. Rungius, who stood without, looking at the sundial, and told him that I was to have an addition from the convent at Pudgla, *item* from the crown-lands at Ernsthoff, as I mentioned above, but, more's the pity, I never have received the same, although the *instrumentum donationis* was sent me soon after by his Princely Highness chancellor.

Then cakes were brought for me also, *item*, a glass of foreign wine in a glass painted with armorial bearings, whereupon I humbly took my leave, together with my daughter.

However, to come back to my bargain, anybody may guess what joy my child felt when I showed her the fair ducats and florins I had gotten for the amber. To the maid, however, we said that we had inherited such riches from my brother in Holland, and after we had again given thanks to the Lord on our

year with the Dutchman Caets had been broken off. It is related of her as a strange fancy that she liked to eat spiders. The celebrated Spanheim was the first to publish an edition of her works under the title of '*Annæ Mariæ a Scharman opuscula.*' Leyden, 1648.

\* Luther's version.

knees, and eaten our dinner, we bought in a great store of bread, salt, meat, and stock-fish : *item*, of clothes, seeing that I provided what was needful for us three throughout the winter from the cloth-merchant. Moreover, for my daughter, I bought a hair-net and a scarlet silk boddice, with a black apron and white petticoat, *item*, a fine pair of ear-rings, as she begged hard for them ; and as soon as I had ordered the needful from the cord-wainer we set out on our way homewards, as it began to grow very dark ; but we could not carry nearly all we had bought. Wherefore we were forced to get a peasant from Bannemin to help us, who likewise was come into the town, and as I found out from him that the fellow who gave me the piece of bread was a poor cotter called Pantermehl, who dwelt in the village by the roadside, I shoved a couple of loaves in at his house-door without his knowing it, and we went on our way by the bright moonlight, so that by the help of God we got home about ten o'clock at night. I likewise gave a loaf to the other fellow, though truly he deserved it not, seeing that he would go with us no further than to Zitze. But I let him go, for I, too, had not deserved that the Lord should so greatly bless me.

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## CHAPTER XI.

How I fed all the congregation: *item*, how I journeyed to the horse-fair at Gützkow, and what befel me there.

NEXT morning my daughter cut up the blessed bread, and sent to every one in the village a good large piece. But as we saw that our store would soon run low, we sent the maid with a truck, which we bought of Adam Lempken, to Wolgast to buy more bread, which she did. *Item*, I gave notice throughout the parish that on Sunday next I should administer the blessed sacrament, and in the mean time I bought up all the large fish that the people of the village had caught. And when the blessed Sunday was come I first heard the confessions of the whole parish, and after that I preached a sermon on Matt. xv. 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . for they have nothing to eat." I first applied the same to spiritual food only, and there arose a great sighing from both the men and the women, when, at the end, I pointed to the altar whereon stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . for they have nothing to eat." (N.B. The pewter cup I had borrowed at Wolgast, and bought there a little earthenware plate for a paten till such time as Master Bloom should have made ready the silver cup and paten I had bespoke.) Thereupon as soon as I had consecrated and administered the blessed sacrament, *item*, led the closing hymn, and every one had silently prayed his "Our Father" before going out of church, I came out of the confessional again, and motioned the people to stay yet awhile, as the blessed Saviour would feed not only their souls, but their bodies also, seeing that he still had the same compassion on his people as of old on the people at the Sea of Galilee, as they should presently see. Then I went into the tower and fetched out two baskets, which the maid had bought at Wolgast, and which I had hidden there in good time; set them down in front of the altar, and took off the napkins with which they were covered, whereupon a very

loud shout arose, inasmuch as they saw one filled with broiled fish and the other with bread, which we had put into them privately. Hereupon, like our Saviour, I gave thanks and brake it, and gave it to the churchwarden Hinrich Seden, that he might distribute it among the men, and to my daughter for the women. Whereupon I made application of the text, "I have compassion on the multitude, for they have nothing to eat," to the food of the body also; and walking up and down in the church amid great outcries from all, I exhorted them alway to trust in God's mercy, to pray without ceasing, to work diligently, and to consent to no sin. What was left I made them gather up for their children and the old people who were left at home.

After church, when I had scarce put off my surplice, Hinrich Seden his squint-eyed wife came and impudently asked for more for her husband's journey to Liepe; neither had she had anything for herself, seeing she had not come to church. This angered me sore, and I said to her, "Why wast thou not at church? Nevertheless, if thou hadst come humbly to me thou shouldst have gotten somewhat even now, but, as thou comest impudently, I will give thee nought: think on what thou didst to me and to my child." But she stood at the door and glowered impudently about the room till my daughter took her by the arm and led her out, saying, "Hear'st thou, thou shalt come back humbly before thou gett'st anything, but when thou comest thus, thou also shalt have thy share, for we will no longer reckon with thee an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; let the Lord do that if such be his will, but we will gladly forgive thee!" Hereupon she at last went out at the door, muttering to herself as she was wont; but she spat several times in the street, as we saw from the window.

Soon after I made up my mind to take into my service a lad, near upon twenty years of age, called Claus Neels, seeing that his father, old Neels of Loddin, begged hard that I would do so, besides which the lad pleased me well in manners and otherwise. Then, as we had a good harvest this year, I resolved to buy me a couple of horses forthwith, and to sow my field again; for although it was now late in the year, I thought that the most merciful God might bless the crop with increase if it seemed good to him.

Neither did I feel much care with respect to food for them, inasmuch as there was a great plenty of hay in the neighbourhood, seeing that all the cattle had been killed or driven away (as related above). I therefore made up my mind to go in God's name with my new ploughman to Gützkow, whither a great many Mecklenburg horses were brought to the fair, seeing that times were not yet so bad there as with us.\* Meanwhile I went a few more times up the Sträckelberg with my daughter at night, and by moonlight, but found very little; so that we began to think our luck had come to an end, when, on the third night, we broke off some pieces of amber bigger even than those the two Dutchmen had bought. These I resolved to send to my wife's brother, Martin Behring, at Hamburg, seeing that the schipper Wulff of Wolgast intends, as I am told, to sail thither this very autumn, with pitch and wood for ship-building. I accordingly packed it all up in a strong chest, which I carried with me to Wolgast when I started with my man on my journey to Gützkow. Of this journey I will only relate thus much, that there were plenty of horses, and very few buyers in the market. Wherefore I bought a pair of fine black horses for twenty florins a-piece; *item*, a cart for five florins; *item*, twenty-five bushels of rye which also came from Mecklenburg, at one florin the bushel, whereas it is hardly to be had now at Wolgast for love or money, and costs three florins or more the bushel. I might therefore have made a good bargain in rye at Gützkow if it had become my office, and had I not, moreover, been afraid lest the robbers, who swarm in these evil times, should take away my corn, and ill-use, and perchance murder me into the bargain, as has happened to sundry people already. For, at this time especially, such robberies were carried on after a strange and frightful fashion on Strellin heath at Gützkow; but by God's help it all came to light just as I journeyed thither with my man-servant to the fair, and I will here tell how it happened. Some months before a man had been broken on the wheel at Gützkow, because, being tempted of Satan, he murdered a travelling workman. The man, however, straightway began to walk after so fearful a fashion, that in the evening and night-season he sprang down from the wheel in his gallows' dress whenever a cart passed

\* The fief of Mecklenburg was given by the Emperor to Wallenstein, who spared the country as much as he could.

by the gallows, which stands hard by the road to Wolgast, and jumped up behind the people, who in horror and dismay flogged on their horses, and thereby made a great rattling on the log-embankment which leads beside the gallows into a little wood called the Kraulin. And it was a strange thing that on the same night the travellers were almost always robbed or murdered on Strellin heath. Hereupon the magistrates had the man taken down from the wheel, and buried under the gallows, in hopes of laying his ghost. But it went on just as before, sitting at night snow-white on the wheel, so that none durst any longer travel the road to Wolgast. Until at last it happened that, at the time of the above-named fair, young Rüdiger von Nienkerken of Mellenthin, in Usedom, who had been studying at Wittenberg and elsewhere, and was now on his way home, came this road by night with his carriage. Just before, at the inn, I myself had tried to persuade him to stop the night at Gützkow on account of the ghost, and to go on his journey with me next morning, but he would not. Now as soon as this young lord drove along the road, he also espied the apparition sitting on the wheel, and scarcely had he passed the gallows when the ghost jumped down and ran after him. The driver was horribly afraid, and lashed on the horses as everybody else had done before, and they, taking fright, galloped away over the log-road with a marvellous clatter. Meanwhile, however, the young nobleman saw by the light of the moon how that the apparition flattened a ball of horse-dung whereon it trod, and straightway felt sure within himself that it was no ghost. Whereupon he called to the driver to stop; and as the man would not hearken to him, he sprung out of the carriage, drew his rapier, and hastened to attack the ghost. When the ghost saw this he would have turned and fled; but the young nobleman gave him such a blow on the head with his fist that he fell upon the ground with a loud wailing. *Summa*: the young lord, having called back his driver, dragged the ghost into the town again, where he turned out to be a shoemaker called Schwelm.

I also, on seeing such a great crowd, ran thither with many others, to look at the fellow. He trembled like an aspen leaf; and when he was roughly told to make a clean breast, whereby he might peradventure save his own life, if it appeared that he had murdered no one, he confessed that he had got his wife to

make him a gallows' dress, which he had put on, and had sat on the wheel before the dead man, when, from the darkness and the distance, no one could see that the two were sitting there together; and this he did more especially when he knew that a cart was going from the town to Wolgast. When the cart came by, and he jumped down and ran after it, all the people were so affrighted that they no longer kept their eyes upon the gallows, but only on him, flogged the horses, and galloped with much noise and clatter over the log-embankment. This was heard by his fellows in Strellin and Dammbecke (two villages which are about three-fourths on the way), who held themselves ready to unyoke the horses and to plunder the travellers when they came up with them. That after the dead man was buried he could play the ghost more easily still, &c. That this was the whole truth, and that he himself had never in his life robbed, still less murdered, any one; wherefore he begged to be forgiven: that all the robberies and murders which had happened had been done by his fellows alone. Ah, thou cunning knave! But I heard afterwards that he and his fellows were broken on the wheel together, as was but fair.

And now to come back to my journey. The young nobleman abode that night with me at the inn, and early next morning we both set forth; and as we had grown into good fellowship together, I got into his coach with him as he offered me, so as to talk by the way, and my Claus drove behind us. I soon found that he was a well-bred, honest, and learned gentleman, seeing that he despised the wild student life, and was glad that he had now done with their scandalous drinking-bouts: moreover, he talked his Latin readily. I had therefore much pleasure with him in the coach. However, at Wolgast the rope of the ferry-boat broke, so that we were carried down the stream to Zeuzin,\* and at length we only got ashore with great trouble. Meanwhile it grew late, and we did not get into Coserow till nine, when I asked the young lord to abide the night with me, which he agreed to do. We found my child sitting in the chimney corner, making a petticoat for her little god-daughter out of her own old clothes. She was greatly frightened, and changed colour when she saw the young lord come in with me, and heard that he was to lie there

\* Now Sautzin.

that night, seeing that as yet we had no more beds than we had bought for our own need from old Zabel Nering the forest-ranger his widow, at Ukeritze. Wherefore she took me aside: What was to be done? My bed was in an ill plight, her little godchild having lain on it that morning; and she could no wise put the young nobleman into hers, although she would willingly creep in by the maid herself. And when I asked her why not? she blushed scarlet, and began to cry, and would not show herself again the whole evening, so that the maid had to see to every thing, even to the putting white sheets on my child's bed for the young lord, as she would not do it herself. I only tell this to show how maidens are. For next morning she came into the room with her red silk boddice, and the net on her hair, and the apron; *summa*, dressed in all the things I had bought her at Wolgast, so that the young lord was amazed, and talked much with her over the morning meal. Whereupon he took his leave, and desired me to visit him at his castle.

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## CHAPTER XII.

What further joy and sorrow befel us : *item*, how Wittich Appelmann rode to Damerow to the wolf-hunt, and what he proposed to my daughter.

THE Lord blessed my parish wonderfully this winter, inasmuch as not only a great quantity of fish were caught and sold in all the villages, but in Coserow they even killed four seals ; *item* the great storm of the 12th of December threw a goodly quantity of amber on the shore, so that many found amber, although no very large pieces, and they began to buy cows and sheep from Liepe and other places, as I myself also bought two cows ; *item* my grain which I had sown, half on my own field and half on old Paasch's, sprung up bravely and gladly, as the Lord had till *datum* bestowed on us an open winter ; but so soon as it had shot up a finger's length, we found it one morning again torn up and ruined, and this time also by the devil's doings, since now, as before, not the smallest trace of oxen or of horses was to be seen in the field. May the righteous God, however, reward it, as indeed he already has done. Amen.

Meanwhile, however, something uncommon happened. For one morning, as I have heard, when lord Wittich saw out of the window that the daughter of his fisherman, a child of sixteen, whom he had diligently pursued, went into the coppice to gather dry sticks, he went thither too ; wherefore, I will not say, but every one may guess for himself. When he had gone some way along the convent mound, and was come to the first bridge, where the mountain-ash stands, he saw two wolves, coming towards him ; and as he had no weapon with him, save a staff, he climbed up into a tree ; whereupon the wolves trotted round it, blinked at him with their eyes, licked their lips, and at last jumped with their fore-paws up against the tree, snapping at him ; he then saw that one was a he-wolf, a great fat brute with only one eye. Hereupon in his fright he began to scream, and the long suffering of God was again shown to him, without, however, making him wiser ; for the maiden, who had crept behind a juniper-bush in

the field, when she saw the Sheriff coming, ran back again to the castle and called together a number of people, who came and drove away the wolves, and rescued his lordship. He then ordered a great wolf-hunt to be held next day in the convent wood, and he who brought the one-eyed monster, dead or alive, was to have a barrel of beer for his pains. Still they could not catch him, albeit they that day took four wolves in their nets, and killed them. He therefore straightway ordered a wolf-hunt to be held in my parish. But when the fellow came to toll the bell for a wolf-hunt, he did not stop awhile, as is the wont for wolf-hunts, but loudly rang the bell on, *sine morâ*, so that all the folk thought a fire had broken out, and ran screaming out of their houses. My child also came running out (I myself had driven to visit a sick person at Zempin, seeing that walking began to be wearisome to me, and that I could now afford to be more at mine ease); but she had not stood long, and was asking the reason of the ringing, when the Sheriff himself, on his gray charger, with three cart-loads of toils and nets following him, galloped up and ordered the people straightway to go into the forest and to drive the wolves with rattles. Hereupon he, with his hunters and a few men whom he had picked out of the crowd, were to ride on and spread the nets behind Damerow, seeing that the island is wondrous narrow there,\* and the wolf dreads the water. When he saw my daughter he turned his horse round, chucked her under the chin, and graciously asked her who she was, and whence she came? When he had heard it, he said she was as fair as an angel, and that he had not known till now that the parson here had so beauteous a girl. He then rode off, looking round at her two or three times. At the first beating they found the one-eyed wolf, who lay in the rushes near the water. Hereat his lordship rejoiced greatly, and made the grooms drag him out of the net with long iron hooks, and hold him there for near an hour, while my lord slowly and cruelly tortured him to death, laughing heartily the while, which is a *prognosticon* of what he afterwards did with my poor child, for wolf or lamb is all one to this villain. Just God! But I will not be beforehand with my tale.

\* The space, which is constantly diminishing, now scarcely measures a bow-shot across.

Next day came old Seden his squint-eyed wife, limping like a lame dog, and put it to my daughter whether she would not go into the service of the Sheriff; praised him as a good and pious man; and vowed that all the world said of him were foul lies, as she herself could bear witness, seeing that she had lived in his service for above ten years. *Item*, she praised the good cheer they had there, and the handsome beer-money that the great lords who often lay there gave the servants which waited upon them; that she herself had more than once received a rosenoble from his Princely Highness Duke Ernest Ludewig; moreover, many pretty fellows came there, which might make her fortune, inasmuch as she was a fair woman, and might take her choice of a husband; whereas here in Coserow, where nobody ever came, she might wait till she was old and ugly, before she got a curch on her head, &c. Hereat my daughter was beyond measure angered, and answered, "Ah! thou old witch, and who has told thee that I wish to go into service, to get a curch on my head? Go thy ways, and never enter the house again, for I have naught to do with thee." Whereupon she walked away again, muttering between her teeth.

Scarce had a few days passed, and I was standing in the chamber with the glazier, who was putting in new windows, when I heard my daughter scream in the kitchen. Whereupon I straightway ran in thither, and was shocked and affrighted when I saw the Sheriff himself standing in the corner with his arm round my child her neck; he, however, presently let her go, and said: "Aha, reverend Abraham, what a coy little fool you have for a daughter! I wanted to greet her with a kiss, as I always use to do, and she struggled and cried out as if I had been some young fellow who had stolen in upon her, whereas I might be her father twice over." As I answered naught, he went on to say that he had done it to encourage her, seeing that he desired to take her into his service, as indeed I knew, with more excuses of the same kind which I have forgot. Hereupon I pressed him to come into the room, seeing that after all he was the ruler set over me by God, and humbly asked what his lordship desired of me. Whereupon he answered me graciously, that it was true he had just cause for anger against me, seeing that I had preached at him before the whole congregation, but that he was ready to forgive

He and to have the complaint he had sent in *contra me* to his Princely Highness at Stettin, and which might easily cost me my place, returned to him if I would but do his will. And when I asked what his lordship's will might be, and excused myself as best I might with regard to the sermon, he answered that he stood in great need of a faithful housekeeper whom he could set over the other women folk; and as he had learnt that my daughter was a faithful and trustworthy person, he would that I should send her into his service. "See there," said he to her, and pinched her cheek the while. "I want to lead you to honour, though you are such a young creature, and yet you cry out as if I were going to bring you to dishonour. Fie upon you!" (My child still remembers all this *verboten*; I myself should have forgot it a hundred times over in all the wretchedness I since underwent.) But she was offended at his words, and, jumping up from her seat, she answered shortly, "I thank your lordship for the honour, but will only keep house for my papa, which is a better honour for me;" whereupon he turned to me and asked what I said to that. I must own that I was not a little affrighted, inasmuch as I thought of the future and of the credit in which the Sheriff stood with his Princely Highness. I therefore answered with all humility, that I could not force my child, and that I loved to have her about me, seeing that my dear huswife had departed this life during the heavy pestilence, and I had no child but only her. That I hoped therefore his lordship would not be displeased with me, that I could not send her into his lordship's service. This angered him sore, and after disputing some time longer in vain he took leave, not without threats that he would make me pay for it. *Item*, my man, who was standing in the stable, heard him say as he went round the corner, "I will have her yet, in spite of him!"

I was already quite disheartened by all this, when, on the Sunday following, there came his huntsman Johannes Kurt, a tall, handsome fellow, and smartly dressed. He brought a roebuck tied before him on his horse, and said that his lordship had sent it to me for a present, in hopes that I would think better of his offer, seeing that he had been ever since seeking on all sides for a housekeeper in vain. Moreover, that if I changed my mind about it his lordship would speak for me to his Princely Highness, so that the dotation of Duke Philippus Julius should be

paid to me out of the princely *ærarium*, &c. But the young fellow got the same answer as his master had done, and I desired him to take the roebuck away with him again. But this he refused to do; and as I had by chance told him at first that game was my favourite meat, he promised to supply me with it abundantly, seeing that there was plenty of game in the forest, and that he often went a-hunting on the Streckelberg; moreover, that I (he meant my daughter) pleased him uncommonly, the more because I would not do his master's will, who, as he told me in confidence, would never leave any girl in peace, and certainly would not let my damsel alone. Although I had rejected his game, he brought it notwithstanding, and in the course of three weeks he was sure to come four or five times, and grew more and more sweet upon my daughter. He talked a vast deal about his good place, and how he was in search of a good huswife, whence we soon guessed what quarter the wind blew from. *Ergo*, my daughter told him that if he was seeking for a huswife she wondered that he lost his time in riding to Coserow to no purpose, for that she knew of no huswife for him there, which vexed him so sore that he never came again.

And now any one would think that the grapes were sour even for the Sheriff; nevertheless he came riding to us soon after, and without more ado asked my daughter in marriage for his huntsman. Moreover, he promised to build him a house of his own in the forest; *item*, to give him pots and kettles, crockery, bedding, &c., seeing that he had stood godfather to the young fellow, who, moreover, had ever borne himself well during seven years he had been in his service. Hereupon my daughter answered that his lordship had already heard that she would keep house for nobody but her papa, and that she was still much too young to become a huswife.

This, however, did not seem to anger him, but, after he had talked a long time to no purpose, he took leave quite kindly, like a cat which pretends to let a mouse go, and creeps behind the corners, but she is not in earnest, and presently springs out upon it again. For doubtless he saw that he had set to work stupidly; wherefore he went away in order to begin his attack again after a better fashion, and Satan went with him, as whilom with Judas Iscariot.

## CHAPTER XIII.

What more happened during the Winter *item*, how in the Spring witchcraft began in the village.

Nothing else of note happened during the winter, save that the merciful God bestowed a great plenty of fish both from the Achterwater and the sea, and the parish again had good food ; so that it might be said of us, as it is written, " For a small moment have I forsaken thee ; but with great mercies will I gather thee." \* Wherefore we were not weary of praising the Lord ; and the whole congregation did much for the church, buying new pulpit and altar cloths, seeing that the enemy had stolen the old ones. *Item*, they desired to make good to me the money I had paid for the new cups, which, however, I would not take.

There were still, however, about ten peasants in the parish who had not been able to buy their seed-corn for the spring, inasmuch as they had spent all their earnings on cattle and corn for bread. I therefore made an agreement with them that I would lend them the money for it, and that if they could not repay me this year, they might the next, which offer they thankfully took ; and we sent seven waggons to Friedland, in Mecklenburg, to fetch seed-corn for us all. For my beloved brother-in-law, Martin Behring, in Hamburg, had already sent me by the shipper Wulf, who had sailed home by Christmas, 700 florins for the amber : may the Lord prosper it with him !

Old Thiemecke died this winter in Loddin, who used to be the midwife in the parish, and had also brought my child into the world. Of late, however, she had had but little to do, seeing that in this year I only baptized two children, namely, Jung his son in Uckeritze, and Lena Hebers her little daughter, the same whom the Imperialists afterwards spared. *Item*, it was now full five years since I had married the last couple. Hence any one

may guess that I might have starved to death, had not the righteous God so mercifully considered and blessed me in other ways. Wherefore to him alone be all honour and glory. Amen.

Meanwhile, however, it so happened that, not long after the Sheriff had last been here, witchcraft began in the village. I sat reading with my child the second book of *Virgilius* of the fearful destruction of the city of Troy, which was more terrible even than that of our own village, when a cry arose that our old neighbour Zabel his red cow, which he had bought only a few days before, had stretched out all fours, and seemed about to die; and this was the more strange as she had fed heartily but half an hour before. My child was therefore begged to go and pluck three hairs from its tail and bury them under the threshold of the stall; for it was well known that if this was done by a pure maid the cow would get better. My child then did as they would have her, seeing that she is the only maid in the whole village (for the others are still children); and the cow got better from that very hour, whereat all the folks were amazed. But it was not long before the same thing befell Witthahn her pig, whilst it was feeling heartily. She too came running to beg my child for God's sake to take compassion on her, and to do something for her pig, as all men had bewitched it. Hereupon she had pity on her also; and it did as much good as it had done before. But the woman, who was *gravida*, was straightway taken in labour from the fright; and my child was scarce out of the pigstye when the woman went into her cottage, wailing and holding by the wall, and called together all the women of the neighbourhood, seeing that the proper midwife was dead, as mentioned above; and before long something shot to the ground from under her; and when the women stooped down to pick it up, the devil's imp, which had wings like a bat, flew up off the ground, whizzed and buzzed about the room, and then shot out of the window with a great noise, so that the glass clattered down into the street. When they looked after it, nothing was to be found. Any one may judge for himself what a great noise this made in all the neighbourhood. And the whole village believed that it was no one but old Seden his squint-eyed wife that had brought forth such a devil's brat.

But the people soon knew not what to believe. For that wo-

man her cow got the same thing as all the other cows ; wherefore she too came lamenting, and begged my daughter to take pity on her as on the rest, and to cure her poor cow for the love of God. That if she had taken it ill of her that she had said anything about going into service with the Sheriff, she could only say she had done it for the best, &c. *Summa*, she talked over my unhappy child to go and cure her cow.

Meanwhile I was on my knees every Sunday before the Lord with the whole congregation, praying that he would not allow the Evil One to take from us that which his mercy had once more bestowed upon us after such extreme want : *item*, that he would bring to light the *auctor* of such devilish works, so that he might receive the punishment he deserved.

But all was of no avail. For a very few days had passed when the mischief befel Stoffer Zuter his spotted cow, and he, too, like all the rest, came running to fetch my daughter ; she accordingly went with him, but could do no good, and the beast died under her hands.

*Item*, Katy Berow had bought a little pig with the money my daughter had paid her in the winter for spinning, and the poor woman kept it like a child, and let it run about her room. This little pig got the mischief, like all the rest, in the twinkling of an eye ; and when my daughter was called it grew no better, but also died under her hands ; whereupon the poor woman made a great outcry and tore her hair for grief, so that my child was moved to pity her, and promised her another pig next time my sow should litter. Meantime another week passed over, during which I went on, together with the whole congregation, to call upon the Lord for his merciful help, but all in vain, when the same thing happened to old wife Seden her little pig. Whereupon she again came running for my daughter with loud outcries, and although my child told her that she must have seen herself that nothing she could do for the cattle cured them any longer, she ceased not to beg and pray her and to lament till she went forth to do what she could for her with the help of God. But it was all to no purpose, inasmuch as the little pig died before she left the sty. What think you this devil's whore then did ? After she had run screaming through the village she said that any one might see that my daughter was no longer a maid, else why

could she now do no good to the cattle, whereas she had formerly cured them? She supposed my child had lost her maiden honour on the Streckelberg, whither she went so often this spring, and that God only knew who had taken it! But she said no more then, and we did not hear the whole until afterwards. And it is indeed true that my child had often walked on the Streckelberg this spring both with me and also alone, in order to seek for flowers and to look upon the blessed sea, while she recited aloud, as she was wont, such verses out of *Virgilius* as pleased her best (for whatever she read a few times that she remembered).

Neither did I forbid her to take these walks, for there were no wolves now left on the Streckelberg, and even if there had been they always fly before a human creature in the summer season. Howbeit, I forbade her to dig for amber. For as it now lay deep, and we knew not what to do with the earth we threw up, I resolved to tempt the Lord no further, but to wait till my store of money\* grew very scant before we would dig any more.

But my child did not do as I had bidden her, although she had promised she would, and of this her disobedience came all our misery (Oh, blessed Lord, how grave a matter is thy holy fourth commandment!). For as his reverence Johannes Lampius, of Crummin, who visited me this spring, had told me that the Cantor of Wolgast wanted to sell the *opp. St. Augustini*, and I had said before her that I desired above all things to buy that book, but had not money enough left; she got up in the night without my knowledge to dig for amber, meaning to sell it as best she might at Wolgast, in order secretly to present me with the *opp. St. Augustini* on my birthday, which falls on the 28th *mensis Augusti*. She had always covered over the earth she cast up with twigs of fir, whereof there were plenty in the forest, so that no one should perceive anything of it.

Meanwhile, however, it befel that the young *nobilis* Rüdiger of Nienkerken came riding one day to gather news of the terrible witchcraft that went on in the village. When I had told him all about it he shook his head doubtingly, and said he believed that all witchcraft was nothing but lies and deceit; whereat I was struck with great horror, inasmuch as I had hitherto held

\* In Luther's version.

the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an Atheist. He guessed what my thoughts were, and with a smile he answered me by asking whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus,\* who would hear nothing of witchcraft, and who argued that all witches were melancholy persons who only imagined to themselves that they had a *pactum* with the devil; and that to him they seemed more worthy of pity than of punishment? Hereupon I answered that I had not indeed read any such book (for say, who can read all that fools write?), but that the appearances here and in all other places proved that it was a monstrous error to deny the reality of witchcraft, inasmuch as people might then likewise deny that there were such things as murder, adultery, and theft.

But he called my *argumentum a dilemma*, and after he had discoursed a great deal of the devil, all of which I have forgotten, seeing it savoured strangely of heresy, he said he would relate to me a piece of witchcraft which he himself had seen at Wittenberg.

It seems that one morning, as an Imperial captain mounted his good charger at the Elstergate in order to review his company, the horse presently began to rage furiously, reared, tossed his head, snorted, kicked, and roared not as horses use to neigh, but with a sound as though the voice came from a human throat, so that all the folks were amazed, and thought the horse bewitched. It presently threw the captain and crushed his head with its hoof, so that he lay writhing on the ground, and straightway set off at full speed. Hereupon a trooper fired his carabine at the bewitched horse, which fell in the midst of the road, and presently died. That he, Rüdiger, had then drawn near, together with many others, seeing that the colonel had forthwith given orders to the surgeon of the regiment to cut open the horse and see in what state it was inwardly. However, that everything was quite right, and both the surgeon and army physician testified that the

\* A Netherland physician, who, long before Spee or Thomasius, attacked the wicked follies of the belief in witchcraft prevalent in his time in the paper entitled '*Confutatio opinionum de magorum Dæmonomia*,' Frankfort, 1590, and was therefore denounced by Bodinus and others as one of the worst magicians. It is curious that this liberal man had in another book, '*De præstigiis Dæmonum*,' taught the method of raising devils, and described the whole of Hell, with the names and surnames of its 572 princes.

horse was thoroughly sound ; whereupon all the people cried out more than ever about witchcraft. Meanwhile he himself (I mean the young *nobilis*) saw a thin smoke coming out from the horse's nostrils, and on stooping down to look what it might be, he drew out a match as long as my finger, which still smouldered, and which some wicked fellow had privately thrust into its nose with a pin. Hereupon all thoughts of witchcraft were at an end, and search was made for the culprit, who was presently found to be no other than the captain's own groom. For one day that his master had dusted his jacket for him he swore an oath that he would have his revenge, which indeed the provost-marshal himself had heard as he chanced to be standing in the stable. *Item*, another soldier bore witness that he had seen the fellow cut a piece off the fuse not long before he led out his master's horse. And thus, thought the young lord, would it be with all witchcraft if it were sifted to the bottom ; like as I myself had seen at Gützkow, where the devil's apparition turned out to be a cordwainer, and that one day I should own that it was the same sort of thing here in our village. By reason of this speech I liked not the young nobleman from that hour forward, believing him to be an Atheist. Though, indeed, afterwards, I have had cause to see that he was in the right, more's the pity, for had it not been for him what would have become of my daughter ?

But I will say nothing beforehand.—*Summa* : I walked about the room in great displeasure at his words, while the young lord began to argue with my daughter upon witchcraft, now in Latin, and now in the vulgar tongue, as the words came into his mouth, and wanted to hear her mind about it. But she answered that she was a foolish thing, and could have no opinion on the matter ; but that, nevertheless, she believed that what happened in the village could not be by natural means. Hereupon the maid called me out of the room (I forget what she wanted of me) ; but when I came back again my daughter was as red as scarlet, and the nobleman stood close before her. I therefore asked her, as soon as he had ridden off, whether any thing had happened, which she at first denied, but afterwards owned that he had said to her while I was gone, that he knew but one person who could bewitch ; and when she asked him who that person was, he caught hold of her hand

and said, "It is yourself, sweet maid; for you have thrown a spell upon my heart, as I feel right well!" But that he said nothing further, but only gazed on her face with eager eyes, and this it was that made her so red.

But this is the way with maidens; they ever have their secrets if one's back is turned but for a minute; and the proverb—

"To drive a goose and watch a maid  
Needs the devil himself to aid"

is but too true, as will be shown hereafter, more's the pity!

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## CHAPTER XIV.

How old Seden disappeared all on a sudden ; *item*, how the great Gustavus Adolphus came to Pomerania, and took the fort at Peenemünde.

WE were now left for some time in peace from witchcraft ; unless, indeed, I reckon the caterpillars, which miserably destroyed my orchard, and which truly were a strange thing. For the trees blossomed so fair and sweetly, that one day as we were walking under them, and praising the almighty power of the most merciful God, my child said, " If the Lord goes on to bless us so abundantly, it will be Christmas Eve with us every night of next winter ! " But things soon fell out far otherwise. For all in a moment the trees were covered with such swarms of caterpillars (great and small, and of every shape and colour), that one might have measured them by the bushel ; and before long my poor trees looked like brooms ; and the blessed fruit, which was so well set, all fell off, and was scarce good enough for the pigs. I do not choose to lay this to any one, though I had my own private thoughts upon the matter, and have them yet. However, my barley, whereof I had sown about three bushels out on the common, shot up bravely. On my field I had sown nothing, seeing that I dreaded the malice of Satan. Neither was corn at all plentiful throughout the parish, in part because they had sown no winter crops, and in part because the summer crops did not prosper. However, in all the villages, a great supply of fish was caught by the mercy of God, especially herring ; but they were very low in price. Moreover, they killed many seals ; and at Whitsuntide I myself killed one as I walked by the sea with my daughter. The creature lay on a rock close to the water, snoring like a Christian. Thereupon I pulled off my shoes and drew near him softly, so that he heard me not, and then struck him over his nose with my staff (for a seal cannot bear much on his nose), so that he tumbled over into the water ; but he was quite stunned, and I could easily kill him outright. It was a fat beast, though

not very large; and we melted forty pots of train-oil out of his fat, which we put by for a winter store.

Meanwhile, however, something seized old Seden all at once, so that he wished to receive the holy sacrament. When I went to him, he could give no reason for it; or perhaps he would give none for fear of his old Lizzie, who was always watching him with her squinting eyes, and would not leave the room. However, Zuter his little girl, a child near twelve years old, said that a few days before, while she was plucking grass for the cattle under the garden hedge by the road, she heard the husband and wife quarrelling violently again, and that the goodman threw in her teeth that he now knew of a certainty that she had a familiar spirit, and that he would straightway go and tell it to the priest. Albeit this is only a child's tale, it may be true for all that, seeing that children and fools, they say, speak the truth.

But be that as it may. *Summa*: my old warden grew worse and worse; and though I visited him every morning and evening, as I use to do to my sick, in order to pray with him, and often observed that he had somewhat on his mind, nevertheless he could not disburthen himself of it, seeing that old Lizzie never left her post.

This went on for a while, when at last one day about noon, he sent to beg me to scrape a little silver off the new sacramental cup, because he had been told that he should get better if he took it mixed with the dung of fowls. For some time I would not consent, seeing that I straightway suspected that there was some devilish mischief behind it; but he begged and prayed, till I did as he would have me.

And lo and behold, he mended from that very hour, so that when I went to pray with him at evening, I found him already sitting on the bench with a bowl between his knees, out of which he was supping broth. However, he would not pray (which was strange, seeing that he used to pray so gladly, and often could not wait patiently for my coming, insomuch that he sent after me two or three times if I was not at hand, or elsewhere employed), but he told me he had prayed already, and that he would give me the cock whose dung he had taken, for my trouble, as it was a fine large cock, and he had nothing better to offer for my Sunday's dinner. And as the poultry was by this time gone to

roost he went up to the perch which was behind the stove, and reached down the cock, and put it under the arm of the maid, who was just come to call me away.

Not for all the world, however, would I have eaten the cock, but I turned it out to breed. I went to him once more and asked whether I should give thanks to the Lord next Sunday, for his recovery; whereupon he answered that I might do as I pleased in the matter. Hereat I shook my head, and left the house, resolving to send for him as soon as ever I should hear that his old Lizzie was from home (for she often went to fetch flax to spin from the Sheriff). But mark what befel within a few days! We heard an outcry that old Seden was missing, and that no one could tell what had become of him. His wife thought he had gone up into the Streckelberg, whereupon the accursed witch ran howling to our house and asked my daughter whether she had not seen anything of her goodman, seeing that she went up the mountain every day. My daughter said she had not; but, woe is me, she was soon to hear enough of him. For one morning, before sunrise, as she came down into the wood on her way back from her forbidden digging after amber, she heard a woodpecker (which, no doubt, was old Lizzie herself), crying so dolefully, close beside her, that she went in among the bushes to see what was the matter. There was the woodpecker, sitting on the ground before a bunch of hair, which was red, and just like what old Seden's had been, and as soon as it espied her it flew up with its beak full of the hair, and slipped into a hollow tree. While my daughter still stood looking at this devil's work, up came old Paasch, who also had heard the cries of the woodpecker, as he was cutting roofing shingles on the mountain, with his boy, and was likewise struck with horror when he saw the hair on the ground. At first they thought a wolf must have eaten him, and searched all about, but could not find a single bone. On looking up they fancied they saw something red at the very top of the tree, so they made the boy climb up, and he forthwith cried out that here, too, there was a great bunch of red hair, stuck to some leaves as if with pitch, but that it was not pitch, but something speckled red and white, like fish-guts; *item*, that the leaves all around, even where there was no hair, were stained and spotted, and had a very ill smell. Hereupon

the lad, at his master's bidding, threw down the clotted branch, and they two below straightway judged that this was the hair and brains of old Seden, and that the devil had carried him off bodily, because he would not pray nor give thanks to the Lord for his recovery. I myself believed the same, and told it on the Sunday as a warning to the congregation. But further on it will be seen that the Lord had yet greater cause for giving him into the hands of Satan, inasmuch as he had been talked over by his wicked wife to renounce his Maker, in the hopes of getting better. Now, however, this devil's whore did as if her heart was broken, tearing out her red hair by whole handfuls when she heard about the woodpecker from my child and old Paasch, and bewailing that she was now a poor widow, and who was to take care of her for the future, &c.

Meanwhile we celebrated on this barren shore, as best we could and might, together with the whole Protestant church, the 25th day *mensis Junii*, whereon, one hundred years ago, the Estates of the holy Roman empire laid their confession before the most high and mighty emperor Carolus V., at Augsburg; and I preached a sermon on Matt. x. 32, of the right confession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whereupon the whole congregation came to the Sacrament. Now towards the evening of the self-same day, as I walked with my daughter by the sea-shore, we saw several hundred sail of ships, both great and small, round about Ruden, and plainly heard firing, whereupon we judged forthwith that this must be the most high and mighty king Gustavus Adolphus, who was now coming, as he had promised, to the aid of poor persecuted Christendom. While we were still debating a boat sailed towards us from Oie,\* wherein was Kate Berow her son, who is a farmer there, and was coming to see his old mother. The same told us that it really was the king, who had this morning run before Ruden with his fleet from Rügen; that a few men of Oie were fishing there at the time, and saw how he went ashore with his officers, and straightway bared his head and fell upon his knees.†

Thus, then, most gracious God, did I thy unworthy servant enjoy a still greater happiness and delight that blessed evening

\* Ruden and Oie, two small islands between Usedom and Rügen.

† See also the '*Theatrum Europeum*,' p. 226 ft.

than I had done on the blessed morn ; and any one may think that I delayed not for a moment to fall on my knees with my child, and to follow the example of the king ; and God knows I never in my life prayed so fervently as that evening, whereon the Lord showed such a wondrous sign upon us as to cause the deliverer of his poor Christian people to come among them on the very day when they had everywhere called upon him, on their knees, for his gracious help against the murderous wiles of the Pope and the Devil. That night I could not sleep for joy, but went quite early in the morning to Damerow, where something had befallen Vithe his boy. I supposed that he, too, was bewitched ; but this time it was not witchcraft, seeing that the boy had eaten something unwholesome in the forest. He could not tell what kind of berries they were, but the *malum*, which turned all his skin bright scarlet, soon passed over. As I therefore was returning home shortly after, I met a messenger from Peenemünde, whom his Majesty the high and mighty king Gustavus Adolphus had sent to tell the Sheriff that on the 29th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning, he was to send three guides to meet his Majesty at Coserow, and to guide him through the woods to Swine, where the Imperialists were encamped. *Item*, he related how his Majesty had taken the fort at Peenemünde yesterday (doubtless the cause of the firing we heard last evening), and that the Imperialists had run away as fast as they could, and played the bush-ranger properly, for after setting their camp on fire they all fled into the woods and coppices, and part escaped to Wolgast and part to Swine.

Straightway I resolved in my joy to invent a *carmen gratulatorium* to his Majesty, whom, by the grace of Almighty God, I was to see, the which my little daughter might present to him.

I accordingly proposed it to her as soon as I got home, and she straightway fell on my neck for joy, and then began to dance about the room. But when she had considered a little, she thought her clothes were not good enough to wear before his Majesty, and that I should buy her a blue silk gown, with a yellow apron, seeing that these were the Swedish colours, and would please his Majesty right well. For a long time I would not, seeing that I hate this kind of pride ; but she teased me with her kisses and coaxing words, till I, like an old fool, said yes, and ordered my ploughman to drive her over to Wolgast

to-day to buy the stuff. Wherefore I think that the just God, who hateth the proud and showeth mercy on the humble, did rightly chastise me for such pride. For I myself felt a sinful pleasure when she came back with two women who were to help her to sew, and laid the stuff before me. Next day she set to work at sunrise to sew, and I composed my *carmen* the while. I had not got very far in it when the young Lord Rüdiger of Nienkerken came riding up, in order, as he said, to enquire whether his Majesty were indeed going to march through Coserow. And when I told him all I knew of the matter, *item* informed him of our plan, he praised it exceedingly, and instructed my daughter (who looked more kindly upon him to-day than I altogether liked) how the Swedes use to pronounce the Latin, as *ratscho pro ratio, uet pro ut, schis pro scis*, &c., so that she might be able to answer his Majesty with all due readiness. He said, moreover, that he had held much converse with Swedes at Wittenberg, as well as at Griepswald, wherefore if she pleased they might act a short *colloquium*, wherein he would play the king. Hereupon he sat down on the bench before her, and they both began chattering together, which vexed me sore, especially when I saw that she made but small haste with her needle the while. But say, dear reader, what was I to do?—Wherefore I went my ways, and let them chatter till near noon, when the young lord at last took leave. But he promised to come again on Tuesday when the king was here, and believed that the whole island would flock together at Coserow. As soon as he was gone, seeing that my *vena poetica* (as may be easily guessed) was still stopped up, I had the horses put to and drove all over the parish, exhorting the people in every village to be at the Giant's Stone by Coserow at nine o'clock on Tuesday, and that they were all to fall on their knees as soon as they should see the king coming and that I knelt down; *item*, to join at once in singing the Ambrosian hymn of praise, which I should lead off as soon as the bells began to ring. This they all promised to do; and after I had again exhorted them to it on Sunday in church, and prayed to the Lord for his Majesty out of the fulness of my heart, we scarce could await the blessed Tuesday for joyful impatience.

## CHAPTER XV.

Of the arrival of the high and mighty King Gustavus Adolphus, and what befel thereat.

MEANWHILE I finished my *carmen* in *metrum elegiacum*, which my daughter transcribed (seeing that her handwriting is fairer than mine) and diligently learned, so that she might say it to his Majesty. *Item*, her clothes were gotten ready, and became her purely; and on Monday she went up to the Streckelberg, although the heat was such that the crows gasped on the hedges: for she wanted to gather flowers for a garland she designed to wear, and which was also to be blue and yellow. Towards evening she came home with her apron filled with all manner of flowers; but her hair was quite wet, and hung all matted about her shoulders. (My God, my God, was every thing to come together to destroy me, wretched man that I am!) I asked, therefore, where she had been that her hair was so wet and matted; whereupon she answered that she had gathered flowers round the K lpin,\* and from thence she had gone down to the sea-shore, where she had bathed in the sea, seeing that it was very hot and no one could see her. Thus, said she, jesting, she should appear before his Majesty to-morrow doubly a clean maid. This displeased me at the time, and I looked grave, although I said nought.

Next morning at six o'clock all the people were already at the Giant's Stone, men, women, and children. *Summa*, every body that was able to walk was there. At eight o'clock my daughter was already dressed in all her bravery, namely, a blue silken gown, with a yellow apron and kerchief, and a yellow hair-net, with a garland of blue and yellow flowers round her head. It was not long before my young lord arrived, finely dressed, as became a nobleman. He wanted to enquire, as he said, by which road I should go up to the Stone with my daughter, seeing that his father, Hans von Nienkerken, *item* Wittich Appelman, and the

\* A small lake near the sea.

Lepels of Gnitze, were also going, and that there was much people on all the high roads, as though a fair was being held. But I straightway perceived that all he wanted was to see my daughter, inasmuch as he presently occupied himself about her, and began chattering with her in the Latin again. He made her repeat to him the *carmen* to his Majesty; whereupon he, in the person of the king, answered her: "*Dulcissima et venustissima puella, quæ mihi in coloribus cæli, ut angelus Domini appares, utinam semper tecum esses, nunquam mihi male caderet;*" whereupon she grew red, as likewise did I, but from vexation, as may be easily guessed. I therefore begged that his lordship would but go forward toward the Stone, seeing that my daughter had yet to help me on with my surplice; whereupon, however, he answered, that he would wait for us the while in the chamber, and that we might then go together. *Summa*, I blessed myself from this young lord; but what could I do? As he would not go, I was forced to wink at it all; and before long we went up to the Stone, where I straightway chose three sturdy fellows from the crowd, and sent them up the steeple that they might begin to ring the bells as soon as they should see me get up upon the Stone and wave my napkin. This they promised to do, and straightway departed; whereupon I sat down on the Stone with my daughter, thinking that the young lord would surely stand apart, as became his dignity; albeit he did not, but sat down with us on the Stone. And we three sat there all alone, and all the folk looked at us, but none drew near to see my child's fine clothes, not even the young lasses, as is their wont to do; but this I did not observe till afterwards, when I heard how matters stood with us even then. Towards nine o'clock, Hans von Nienkerken and Wittich Appelmann galloped up, and old Nienkerken called to his son in an angry voice; and seeing that the young lord heard him not, he rode up to the Stone, and cried out so loud that all the folk might hear, "Can'st thou not hearken, boy, when thy father calls thee!" Whereupon Rüdiger followed him in much displeasure, and we saw from a distance how the old lord seemed to threaten his son, and spat out before him; but knew not what this might signify: we were to learn it soon enough, though, more's the pity! Soon after the two Lepels of Gnitze \* came

\* A peninsula in Usedom.

from the Damerow; and the nobleman saluted one other on the green sward close beside us, but without looking on us. And I heard the Lepels say that naught could yet be seen of his Majesty, but that the coast-guard fleet around Ruden was in motion, and that several hundred ships were sailing this way. As soon as this news was known, all the folk ran to the sea-shore (which is but a step from the Stone); and the noblemen rode thither too, all save Wittich, who had dismounted, and who, when he saw that I sent old Paasch his boy up into a tall oak-tree to look out for the king, straightway busied himself about my daughter again, who now sat all alone upon the Stone: "Why had she not taken his huntsman? and whether she would not change her mind on the matter and have him now, or else come into service with him (the Sheriff) himself? for that if she would not, he believed she might be sorry for it one day." Whereupon she answered him (as she told me), that there was but one thing she was sorry for, namely, that his lordship would take so much useless pains upon her; whereupon she rose with all haste and came to where I stood under the tree, looking after the lad who was climbing up it. But our old Ilse said that he swore a great curse when my daughter turned her back upon him, and went straightway into the alder-grove close by the high road, where stood the old witch Lizzie Kolken.

Meanwhile I went with my daughter to the sea-shore and found it quite true that the whole fleet was sailing over from Ruden and Oie towards Wollin, and several ships passed so close before us that we could see the soldiers standing upon them and the flashing of their arms. *Item*, we heard the horses neigh and the soldiery laugh. On one ship, too, they were drumming, and on another cattle lowed and sheep bleated. Whilst we yet gazed we saw smoke come out from one of the ships, followed by a great noise, and presently we were aware of the ball bounding over the water, which foamed and splashed on either side, and coming straight towards us. Hereupon the crowd ran away on every side with loud cries, and we plainly heard the soldiery in the ships laugh thereat. But the ball flew up and struck into the midst of an oak hard by Paasch his boy, so that nearly two cart-loads of boughs fell to the earth with a great crash, and covered all the road by which his Majesty was to come. Here-

upon the boy would stop no longer in the tree, however much I exhorted him thereto, but cried out to us as he came down that a great troop of soldiers was marching out of the forest by Damerow, and that likely enough the king was among them. Hereupon the Sheriff ordered the road to be cleared forthwith, and this was some time a-doing, seeing that the thick boughs were stuck fast in the trees all around; the nobles, as soon as all was made ready, would have ridden to meet his Majesty, but stayed still on the little greensward, because we already heard the noise of horses, carriages, and voices close to us in the forest.

It was not long before the cannons broke through the brushwood with the three guides seated upon them. And seeing that one of them was known to me (it was Stoffer Krauthahn, of Peenemünde), I drew near and begged him that he would tell me when the king should come. But he answered that he was going forward with the cannon to Coserow, and that I was only to watch for a tall dark man, with a hat and feather and a gold chain round his neck, for that that was the king, and that he rode next after the great standard whereon was a yellow lion.

Wherefore I narrowly watched the procession as it wound out of the forest. And next after the artillery came the Finnish and Lapland bowmen, who went clothed all in furs, although it was now the height of summer, whereat I greatly wondered. After these there came much people, but I know not what they were. Presently I espied over the hazel-tree which stood in my way so that I could not see everything as soon as it came forth out of the coppice, the great flag with the lion on it, and, behind that, the head of a very dark man with a golden chain round his neck, whereupon straightway I judged this must be the king. I therefore waved my napkin toward the steeple, whereupon the bells forthwith rang out, and while the dark man rode nearer to us, I pulled off my scull-cap, fell upon my knees, and led the Ambrosian hymn of praise, and all the people plucked their hats from their heads and knelt down on the ground all around singing after me; men, women, and children, save only the nobles, who stood still on the greensward, and did not take off their hats and behave with attention until they saw that his Majesty drew in his horse. (It was a coal-black charger, and stopped with its two fore-feet right upon my field, which I took as a sign

of good fortune.) When we had finished, the Sheriff quickly got off his horse and would have approached the king with his three guides who followed after him; then, I had taken my child by the hand and would also have drawn near to the king. Howbeit, his Majesty motioned away the Sheriff and beckoned us to approach, whereupon I wished his Majesty joy in the Latin tongue, and extolled his magnanimous heart, seeing that he had deigned to visit German ground for the protection and aid of poor persecuted Christendom; and praised it as a sign from God that such had happened on this the highest festival of our poor church, and I prayed his Majesty graciously to receive what my daughter desired to present to him; whereupon his Majesty looked on her and smiled pleasantly. Such gracious bearing made her bold again, albeit she trembled visibly just before, and she reached him a blue and yellow wreath whereon lay the *carmen*, saying, *Accipe hanc vilem coronam et hæc*, whereupon she began to recite the *carmen*. Meanwhile his Majesty grew more and more gracious, looking now on her and now on the *carmen*, and nodded with especial kindness towards the end, which was as follows:—

“Tempus erit, quo tu reversus ab hostibus ultor  
Intrabis patriæ libera regna mea,  
Tunc meliora student nostræ tibi carmina musæ,  
Tunc tua, maxime rex, Martia facta canam.  
Tu modo versiculis ne spernas vilibus æsum  
Anguror et res est incerta brevis.  
Sis felix, fortisque diu, et cunctis æque parus,  
Omnia, et ut possis cuncta regere. Vale!”

As soon as she held her peace, his Majesty said: *Propius accedas, patria virgo, ut te osculer*; whereupon she drew near to his horse blushing deeply. I thought he would only have kissed her forehead, as potentates commonly use to do, but not at all! he kissed her lips with a loud smack, and the long feathers on his hat drooped over her neck, so that I was quite afraid for her again.

Thou shalt return chastiser of the foe,  
To the freed kingdoms of my native land!  
Then shall our song with loftier cadence flow,  
Boasting the deeds of thy heroic hand!  
Stern not, meanwhile, the feeble lines which thus  
Thy future glory and success foretell,  
Live, prince beloved! be brave, be prosperous;  
Gangren, how'er opposed,—and fare thee well!

But he soon raised up his head, and taking off his gold chain, whereon dangled his own effigy, he hung it round my child's neck with these words: *Hocce tuæ pulchritudini! et si favente Deo redux fuero victor, promissum carmen et præterea duo oscula exspecto.*

Hereupon the Sheriff, with his three men, again came forward and bowed down to the ground before his Majesty. But as he knew no Latin, *item* no Italian nor French, I had to act as interpreter. For his Majesty enquired how far it was to Swine, and whether there was still much foreign soldiery there? And the Sheriff thought there were still about 200 Croats in the camp. Whereupon his Majesty spurred on his horse, and, nodding graciously, cried "*Valete!*" and now came the rest of the troops, about 3000 strong, out of the coppice, which likewise had a valiant bearing, and attempted no fooleries, as troops are wont to do, when they passed by us and the women, but marched on in honest quietness, and we followed the train until the forest beyond Coserow, where we commended it to the care of the Almighty, and every one went on his way home.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

How little Mary Paasch was sorely plagued of the devil, and the whole parish fell off from me.

BEFORE I proceed any further, I will first mark that the illustrious king Gustavus Adolphus, as we presently heard, had cut down the 300 Croats at Swine, and was thence gone by sea to Stettin. May God be for ever gracious to him! Amen.

But my sorrows increased from day to day, seeing that the devil now played pranks such as he never had played before. I had begun to think that the ears of God had hearkened to our ardent prayers, but it pleased him to try us yet more hardly than ever. For, a few days after the arrival of the most illustrious king Gustavus Adolphus, it was bruited about that my child her little god-daughter was possessed of the Evil One, and tumbled about most piteously on her bed, insomuch that no one was able to hold her. My child straightway went to see her little god-daughter, but presently came weeping home. Old Paasch would not suffer her even to come near her, but railed at her very angrily, and said that she should never come within his doors again, as his child had got the mischief from the white roll which she had given her that morning. It was true that my child had given her a roll, seeing that the maid had been, the day before, to Wolgast, and had brought back a napkin full of them.

Such news vexed me sore, and after putting on my cassock I went to old Paasch his house, to exorcise the foul fiend, and to remove such disgrace from my child. I found the old man standing on the floor by the cockloft steps, weeping; and after I had spoken "The peace of God," I asked him first of all, whether he really believed that his little Mary had been bewitched by means of the roll which my child had given her? He said "Yes!" And when I answered, that in that case, I also must have been bewitched, *item* Pagel his little girl, seeing that we both had eaten of the rolls, he was silent, and asked me with a

sigh, whether I would not go into the room, and see for myself how matters stood. I then entered with "The peace of God," and found six people standing round little Mary her bed; her eyes were shut, and she was as stiff as a board; wherefore Kit Wels (who was a young and sturdy fellow) seized the little child by one leg, and held her out like a hedgestake, so that I might see how the devil plagued her. I now said a prayer, and Satan, perceiving that a servant of Christ was come, began to tear the child so fearfully that it was pitiful to behold; for she flung about her hands and feet so that four strong men were scarce able to hold her; *item* she was afflicted with extraordinary risings and fallings of her belly, as if a living creature were therein, so that at last the old witch Lizzie Kolken sat herself upon her belly, whereupon the child seemed to be somewhat better, and I told her to repeat the Apostles' Creed, so as to see whether it really were the devil who possessed her.\* She straightway grew worse than before, and began to gnash her teeth, to roll her eyes, and to strike so hard with her hands and feet that she flung her father, who held one of her legs, right into the middle of the room, and then struck her foot so hard against the bedstead that the blood flowed, and Lizzie Kolken was thrown about on her belly as though she had been in a swing. And as I ceased not, but exorcised Satan that he should leave her, she began to howl and to bark like a dog, *item* to laugh, and spoke at last, with a gruff bass voice like an old man's, "I will not depart." But he should soon have been forced to depart out of her, had not both father and mother besought me by God's holy Sacrament to leave their poor child in peace, seeing that nothing did her any good, but rather made her worse. I was therefore forced to desist, and only admonished the parents to seek for help like the Canaanitish woman, in true repentance and incessant prayer, and with her to sigh in constant faith, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou son of David, my daughter is grievously vexed of a devil," Matthew xv.; that the heart of our Lord would then melt, so that he would have mercy on their child, and command Satan to depart from

\* It was imagined in those fearful times that when the sick person could repeat the three articles of belief, and especially some passages from the Bible bearing particular reference to the work of redemption, he was not possessed, since "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."—1 Cor. xii. 3.

her. *Item*, I promised to pray for the little child on the following Sunday, with the whole congregation, and told them to bring her, if it were any ways possible, to the church, seeing that the ardent prayer of the whole congregation has power to rise beyond the clouds. This they promised to do, and I then went home sorely troubled, where I soon learned that she was somewhat better; thus it still is sure that Satan hates nothing so much, after the Lord Jesus, as the servants of the Gospel. But wait, and I shall even yet "braise thy head with my heel" (Genesis, chap. iii.); naught shall avail thee.

Howbeit, before the blessed Sunday came, I perceived that many of my people went out of my way, both in the village and elsewhere in the parish, where I went to visit sundry sick folks. When I went to Ukeritze to see young Fittelwitz, there even befel me as follows. Claus Pieper the peasant stood in his yard chopping wood, and on seeing me, he flung the axe out of his hand so hastily that it stuck in the ground, and he ran towards the pigstye, making the sign of the cross. I motioned him to stop, and asked why he thus ran from me, his confessor? Whether, peradventure, he also believed that my daughter had bewitched her little godchild? "*Ille*. Yes, he believed it, because the whole parish did. *Ego*. Why, then, had she been so kind to her formerly, and kept her like a sister, through the worst of the famine? *Ille*. This was not the only mischief she had done. *Ego*. What, then, had she done besides? *Ille*. That was all one to me. *Ego*. He should tell me, or I would complain to the magistrate. *Ille*. That I might do, if I pleased." Whereupon he went his way, insolently. Any one may guess that I was not slow to enquire everywhere, what people thought my daughter had done; but no one would tell me anything, and I might have grieved to death at such evil reports. Moreover, not one child came during this whole week to school to my daughter; and when I sent out the maid to ask the reason, she brought back word that the children were ill, or that the parents wanted them for their work. I thought and thought, but all to no purpose, until the blessed Sunday came round, when I meant to have held a great Sacrament, seeing that many people had made known their intention to come to the Lord's table. It seemed strange to me that I saw no one standing, as was their wont, about

the church door ; I thought, however, that they might have gone into the houses. But when I went into the church with my daughter, there were not more than six people assembled, among whom was old Lizzie Kolken ; and the accursed witch no sooner saw my daughter follow me, than she made the sign of the cross, and ran out of the door under the steeple ; whereupon the five others, among them mine own churchwarden Claus Bulken (I had not appointed any one in the room of old Seden), followed her. I was so horror-struck that my blood curdled, and I began to tremble, so that I fell with my shoulder against the confessional. My child, to whom I had as yet told nothing, in order to spare her, then asked me, " Father, what is the matter with all the people ; are they, too, bewitched ? " Whereupon I came to myself again, and went into the churchyard to look after them. But all were gone save my churchwarden Claus Bulken, who stood under the lime-tree, whistling to himself. I stepped up to him, and asked what had come to the people ? whereupon he answered, he could not tell ; and when I asked him again, why, then, he himself had left the church, he said, What was he to do there alone, seeing that no collection could be made ? I then implored him to tell me the truth, and what horrid suspicion had arisen against me in the parish ? But he answered, I should very soon find it out for myself ; and he jumped over the wall and went into old Lizzie her house, which stands close by the churchyard.

My child had made ready some veal broth for dinner, for which I mostly use to leave every thing else ; but I could not swallow one spoonful, but sat resting my head on my hand, and doubted whether I should tell her or no. Meanwhile the old maid came in, ready for a journey, and with a bundle in her hand, and begged me with tears to give her leave to go. My poor child turned pale as a corpse, and asked in amaze what had come to her ? but she merely answered, " Nothing ! " and wiped her eyes with her apron. When I recovered my speech, which had well-nigh left me at seeing that this faithful old creature was also about to forsake me, I began to question her why she wished to go ; she who had dwelt with me so long, and who would not forsake us even in the great famine, but had faithfully borne up against it, and indeed had humbled me by her faith, and had ex-

horted me to stand out gallantly to the last, for which 'I should be grateful to her as long as I lived. Hereupon she merely wept and sobbed yet more, and at length brought out that she still had an old mother of eighty, living in Liepe, and that she wished to go and nurse her till her end. Hereupon my daughter jumped up, and answered with tears, "Alas, old Ilse, why wilt thou leave us, for thy mother is with thy brother? Do but tell me why thou wilt forsake me, and what harm have I done thee, that I may make it good to thee again." But she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed, and could not get out a single word; whereupon my child drew away the apron from her face, and would have stroked her cheeks, to make her speak. But when Ilse saw this she struck my poor child's hand, and cried "Ugh!" spat out before her, and straightway went out at the door. Such a thing she had never done even when my child was a little girl, and we were both so shocked that we could neither of us say a word.

Before long my poor child gave a loud cry, and cast herself upon the bench, weeping and wailing, "What has happened, what has happened?" I therefore thought I ought to tell her what I had heard, namely, that she was looked upon as a witch. Whereat she began to smile instead of weeping any more, and ran out of the door to overtake the maid, who had already left the house, as we had seen. She returned after an hour crying out that all the people in the village had run away from her, when she would have asked them whither the maid was gone. *Item*, the little children, for whom she had kept school, had screamed, and had hidden themselves from her: also no one would answer her a single word, but all spat out before her, as the maid had done. On her way home she had seen a boat on the water, and had run as fast as she could to the shore, and called with might and main after old Ilse, who was in the boat. But she had taken no notice of her, not even once to look round after her, but had motioned her to be gone. And now she went on to weep and to sob the whole day and the whole night, so that I was more miserable than even in the time of the great famine. But the worst was yet to come, as will be shown in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER XVII.

How my poor child was taken up for a witch, and carried to Pudgla.

THE next day, Monday, the 12th July, at about eight in the morning, while we sat in our grief, wondering who could have prepared such great sorrow for us, and speedily agreed that it could be none other than the accursed witch Lizzie Kolken, a coach with four horses drove quickly up to the door, wherein sat six fellows, who straightway all jumped out. Two went and stood at the front, two at the back door, and two more, one of whom was the constable Jacob Knake, came into the room, and handed me a warrant from the Sheriff for the arrest of my daughter, as in common repute of being a wicked witch, and for her examination before the criminal court. Any one may guess how my heart sunk within me when I read this. I dropped to the earth like a felled tree, and when I came to myself my child had thrown herself upon me with loud cries, and her hot tears ran down over my face. When she saw that I came to myself, she began to praise God therefore with a loud voice, and essayed to comfort me, saying that she was innocent, and should appear with a clean conscience before her judges. *Item*, she repeated to me the beautiful text from Matthew, chap. v.: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

And she begged me to rise and to throw my cassock over my doublet, and go with her, for that without me she would not suffer herself to be carried before the Sheriff. Meanwhile, however, all the village, men, women, and children, had thronged together before my door; but they remained quiet, and only peeped in at the windows as though they would have looked right through the house. When we had both made us ready, and the constable, who at first would not take me with them, had thought better of it, by reason of a good fee which my daughter gave

him, we walked to the coach; but I was so helpless that I could not get up into it.

Old Paasch, when he saw this, came and helped me up into the coach, saying, "God comfort ye! Alas, that you should ever see your child to come this!" and he kissed my hand to take leave.

A few others came up to the coach, and would have done likewise; but I besought them not to make my heart still heavier, and to take Christian charge of my house and my affairs until I should return. Also to pray diligently for me and my daughter, so that the Evil One, who had long gone about our village like a roaring lion, and who now threatened to devour me, might not prevail against us, but might be forced to depart from me and from my child as from our guileless Saviour in the wilderness. But to this none answered a word; and I heard right well, as we drove away, that many spat out after us, and one said (my child thought it was Berow her voice), "We would far sooner lay fire under thy coats than pray for thee." We were still sighing over such words as these, when we came near to the churchyard, and there sat the accursed witch Lizzie Kolken at the door of her house with her hymn-book in her lap, screeching out at the top of her voice, "God the Father, dwell with us," as we drove past her: the which vexed my poor child so sore that she swooned, and fell like one dead upon me. I begged the driver to stop, and called to old Lizzie to bring us a pitcher of water; but she did as though she had not heard me, and went on to sing so that it rang again. Whereupon the constable jumped down, and at my request ran back to my house to fetch a pitcher of water; and he presently came back with it, and the people after him, who began to say aloud that my child's bad conscience had stricken her, and that she had now betrayed herself. Wherefore I thanked God when she came to life again, and we could leave the village. But at Uekeritz it was just the same, for all the people had flocked together, and were standing on the green before Labahn his house when we went by.

Nevertheless, they were quiet enough as we drove past, albeit some few cried, "How can it be, how can it be!" I heard nothing else. But in the forest near the watermill the miller and all his men ran out and shouted, laughing, "Look at the witch,

at the witch!" Whereupon one of the men struck at my child with the sack which he held in his hand, so that she turned quite white, and the flour flew all about the coach like a cloud. When I rebuked him, the wicked rogue laughed and said, that if no other smoke than that ever came under her nose, so much the better for her. *Item*, it was worse in Pudgla than even at the mill. The people stood so thick on the hill, before the castle, that we could scarce force our way through, and the Sheriff caused the death-bell in the castle-tower to toll as an *avisum*. Whereupon more and more people came running out of the ale-houses and cottages. Some cried out, "Is that the witch?" Others, again, "Look at the parson's witch! the parson's witch!" and much more, which for very shame I may not write. They scraped up the mud out of the gutter which ran from the castle-kitchen and threw it upon us; *item*, a great stone, the which struck one of the horses so that it shyed, and belike would have upset the coach had not a man sprung forward and held it in. All this happened before the castle-gates, where the Sheriff stood smiling and looking on, with a heron's feather stuck in his grey hat. But so soon as the horse was quiet again he came to the coach and mocked at my child, saying, "See, young maid, thou wouldest not come to me, and here thou art nevertheless!" Whereupon she answered, "Yea, I come; and may you one day come before your judge as I come before you;" whereunto I said, Amen, and asked him how his lordship could answer before God and man for what he had done to a wretched man like myself and to my child? But he answered, saying, Why had I come with her? And when I told him of the rude people here, *item*, of the churlish miller's man, he said that it was not his fault, and threatened the people all around with his fist, for they were making a great noise. Thereupon he commanded my child to get down and to follow him, and went before her into the castle; motioned the constable, who would have gone with them, to stay at the foot of the steps, and began to mount the winding staircase to the upper rooms alone with my child.

But she whispered me privately, "Do not leave me, father;" and I presently followed softly after them. Hearing by their voices in which chamber they were, I laid my ear against the door to listen. And the villain offered to her that if she would love him

naught should harm her, saying he had power to save her from the people; but that if she would not, she should go before the court next day, and she might guess herself how it would fare with her, seeing that he had many witnesses to prove that she had played the wanton with Satan, and had suffered him to kiss her. Hereupon she was silent, and only sobbed, which the arch-rogue took as a good sign, and went on: "If you have had Satan himself for a sweetheart, you surely may love me." And he went to her and would have taken her in his arms, as I perceived; for she gave a loud scream, and flew to the door; but he held her fast, and begged and threatened as the devil prompted him. I was about to go in when I heard her strike him in the face, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan," so that he let her go. Whereupon she ran out at the door so suddenly that she threw me on the ground, and fell upon me with a loud cry. Hereat the Sheriff, who had followed her, started, but presently cried out, "Wait, thou prying parson, I will teach thee to listen!" and ran out and beckoned to the constable who stood on the steps below. He bade him first shut me up in one dungeon, seeing that I was an eavesdropper, and then return and thrust my child into another. But he thought better of it when we had come half way down the winding-stair, and said he would excuse me this time, and that the constable might let me go, and only lock up my child very fast, and bring the key to him, seeing she was a stubborn person, as he had seen at the very first hearing which he had given her.

Hereupon my poor child was torn from me, and I fell in a swoon upon the steps. I know not how I got down them; but when I came to myself, I was in the constable his room, and his wife was throwing water in my face. There I passed the night sitting in a chair, and sorrowed more than I prayed, seeing that my faith was greatly shaken, and the Lord came not to strengthen it.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the first trial, and what came thereof.

NEXT morning, as I walked up and down in the court, seeing that I had many times asked the constable in vain to lead me to my child (he would not even tell me where she lay), and for very disquietude I had at last begun to wander about there; about six o'clock there came a coach from Uzdom,\* wherein sat his worship, Master Samuel Pieper, *consul dirigens*, *item*, the *camerarius* Gebhard Wenzel, and a *scriba*, whose name, indeed, I heard, but have forgotten it again; and my daughter forgot it too, albeit in other things she has an excellent memory, and, indeed, told me most of what follows, for my old head well nigh burst, so that I myself could remember but little. I straightway went up to the coach, and begged that the worshipful court would suffer me to be present at the trial, seeing that my daughter was yet in her nonage, but which the Sheriff, who meanwhile had stepped up to the coach from the terrace, whence he had seen all, had denied me. But his worship Master Samuel Pieper, who was a little round man, with a fat paunch, and a beard mingled with grey hanging down to his middle, reached me his hand, and consoled with me like a Christian in my trouble: I might come into court in God's name; and he wished with all his heart that all whereof my daughter was fyled might prove to be foul lies. Nevertheless I had still to wait full two hours before their worships came down the winding stair again. At last towards nine o'clock I heard the constable moving about the chairs and benches in the judgment-chamber; and as I conceived that the time was now come, I went in and sat myself down on a bench. No one, however, was yet there, save the constable and his young daughter, who was wiping the table, and held a rosebud between her lips. I was fain to beg her to give it me, so that I might have it to smell to; and I believe that I should have been carried dead out of the room that day if I had not had it. God is thus

\* Or Uzdom, a small town which gives its name to the whole island.

able to preserve our lives even by means of a poor flower, if so he wills it!

At length their Worships came in and sat round the table, whereupon *Dom. Consul* motioned the constable to fetch in my child. Meanwhile he asked the Sheriff whether he had put *Rea* in chains, and when he said No, he gave him such a reprimand that it went through my very marrow. But the Sheriff excused himself, saying that he had not done so from regard to her quality, but had locked her up in so fast a dungeon, that she could not possibly escape therefrom. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* answered that much is possible to the devil, and that they would have to answer for it should *Rea* escape. This angered the Sheriff, and he replied that if the devil could convey her through walls seven feet thick, and through three doors, he could very easily break her chains too. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* said that hereafter he would look at the prison himself; and I think that the Sheriff had been so kind only because he yet hoped (as, indeed, will hereafter be shown) to talk over my daughter to let him have his will of her.

And now the door opened, and my poor child came in with the constable, but walking backwards,\* and without her shoes, the which she was forced to leave without. The fellow had seized her by her long hair, and thus dragged her up to the table, when first she was to turn round and look upon her judges. He had a vast deal to say in the matter, and was in every way a bold and impudent rogue, as will soon be shown. After *Dom. Consul* had heaved a deep sigh, and gazed at her from head to foot, he first asked her her name, and how old she was; *item*, if she knew why she was summoned before them? On the last point she answered that the Sheriff had already told her father the reason; that she wished not to wrong any one, but thought that the Sheriff himself had brought upon her the repute of a witch, in order to gain her to his wicked will. Hereupon she told all his ways with her, from the very first, and how he would by all means have had her for his housekeeper; and that when she would not (although he had many times come himself to her father his house), one day, as he went out of the door, he had muttered in his beard, "I will have her, despite of all!" which

\* This ridiculous proceeding always took place at the first examination of a witch, as it was imagined that she would otherwise bewitch the judges with her looks. On this occasion indeed such an event was not unlikely.

their servant Claus Neels had heard, as he stood in the stable ; and he had also sought to gain his ends by means of an ungodly woman, one Lizzie Kolken, who had formerly been in his service ; that this woman, belike, had contrived the spells which they laid to her charge : she herself knew nothing of witchcraft ; *item*, she related what the Sheriff had done to her the evening before, when she had just come, and when he for the first time spoke out plainly, thinking that she was then altogether in his power : nay, more, that he had come to her that very night again, in her dungeon, and had made her the same offers, saying that he would set her free if she would let him have his will of her ; and that when she denied him, he had struggled with her, whereupon she had screamed aloud, and had scratched him across the nose, as might yet be seen, whereupon he had left her ; wherefore she would not acknowledge the Sheriff as her judge, and trusted in God to save her from the hand of her enemies, as of old he had saved the chaste Susannah.—

When she now held her peace amid loud sobs, *Dom. Consul* started up after he had looked, as we all did, at the Sheriff's nose, and had in truth espied the scar upon it, and cried out in amaze, "Speak, for God his sake, speak, what is this that I hear of your lordship ?" Whereupon the Sheriff, without changing colour, answered, that although, indeed, he was not called upon to say anything to their worships, seeing that he was the head of the court, and that *Rea*, as appeared from numberless *indicia*, was a wicked witch, and therefore could not bear witness against him or any one else ; he, nevertheless, would speak, so as to give no cause of scandal to the court ; that all the charges brought against him by this person were foul lies ; it was, indeed, true, that he would have hired her for a housekeeper, whereof he stood greatly in need, seeing that his old Dorothy was already growing infirm ; it was also true that he had yesterday questioned her in private, hoping to get her to confess by fair means, whereby her sentence would be softened, inasmuch as he had pity on her great youth ; but that he had not said one naughty word to her, nor had he been to her in the night ; and that it was his little lap-dog, called Below, which had scratched him, while he played with it that very morning ; that his old Dorothy could bear witness to this, and that the cunning witch had only made use of this wile to divide the court against itself, thereby and with the devil's help, to gain her own advantage, inasmuch

as she was a most cunning creature, as the court would soon find out.

Hereupon I plucked up a heart, and declared that all my daughter had said was true, and that the evening before I myself had heard, through the door, how his lordship had made offers to her, and would have done wantonness with her; *item*, that he had already sought to kiss her once at Coserow; *item*, the troubles which his lordship had formerly brought upon me in the matter of the first-fruits.

Howbeit the Sheriff presently talked me down, saying, that if I had slandered him, an innocent man, in church, from the pulpit, as the whole congregation could bear witness, I should doubtless find it easy to do as much here, before the court; not to mention that a father could, in no case, be a witness for his own child.

But *Dom. Consul* seemed quite confounded, and was silent, and leaned his head on the table, as in deep thought. Meanwhile the impudent constable began to finger his beard from under his arm; and *Dom. Consul* thinking it was a fly, struck at him with his hand, without even looking up; but when he felt the constable his hand, he jumped up and asked him what he wanted? whereupon the fellow answered, "O, only a louse was creeping there, and I would have caught it."

At such impudence his worship was so exceeding wroth that he struck the constable on the mouth, and ordered him, on pain of heavy punishment, to leave the room.

Hereupon he turned to the Sheriff, and cried, angrily, "Why, in the name of all the ten devils, is it thus your lordship keeps the constable in order? and truly, in this whole matter, there is something which passes my understanding." But the Sheriff answered, "Not so; should you not understand it all when you think upon the eels?"

Hereat *Dom. Consul* of a sudden turned ghastly pale, and began to tremble, as it appeared to me, and called the Sheriff aside into another chamber. I have never been able to learn what that about the eels could mean.—

Meanwhile *Dominus Camerarius* Gebhard Wenzel sat biting his pen and looking furiously—now at me, and now at my child, but said not a word; neither did he answer *Scriba*, who often whispered somewhat into his ear, save by a growl. At length

both their worshipers came back into the chamber together, and Dom. Consul, after he and the Sheriff had seated themselves, began to reproach my poor child violently, saying that she had sought to make a disturbance in the worshipful court; that his lordship had shown him the very dog which had scratched his nose, and that, moreover, the fact had been sworn to by the old

(Truly she was not likely to betray him, for the old harlot had lived with him for years, and she had a good big boy by him, as will be seen hereafter.)

*Item*, he said that so many *indicia* of her guilt had come to light, that it was impossible to believe anything she might say; she was therefore to give glory to God, and openly to confess everything, so as to soften her punishment; whereby she might perchance, in pity for her youth, escape with life, &c.

Hereupon he put his spectacles on his nose, and began to cross-question her, during near four hours, from a paper which he held in his hand. These were the main articles, as far as we both can remember :

*Questio*. Whether she could bewitch?—*Responsio*. No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

*Q*. Whether she could charm?—*R*. Of that she knew as little.

*Q*. Whether she had ever been on the Blocksberg?—*R*. That was too far off for her; she knew few hills save the Streckelberg, where she had been very often.

*Q*. What had she done there?—*R*. She had looked out over the sea, or gathered flowers; *item*, at time carried home an apron-full of dry brushwood.

*Q*. Whether she had ever called upon the devil there?—*R*. That had never come into her mind.

*Q*. Whether, then, the devil had appeared to her there, un-called?—*R*. God defend her from such a thing.

*Q*. So she could not bewitch?—*R*. No.

*Q*. What, then, befel Kit Zuter his spotted cow, that it suddenly died in her presence?—*R*. She did not know; and that was a strange question.

*Q*. Then it would be as strange a question, why Katie Berow her little pig had died?—*R*. Assuredly; she wondered what they would lay to her charge.

**Q.** Then she had not bewitched them?—**R.** No; God forbid it.

**Q.** Why, then, if she were innocent, had she promised old Katie another little pig, when her sow should litter?—**R.** She did that out of kind-heartedness. (And hereupon she began to weep bitterly, and said she plainly saw that she had to thank old Lizzie Kolken for all this, inasmuch as she had often threatened her when she would not fulfil all her greedy desires, for she wanted everything that came in her way; moreover, that Lizzie had gone all about the village when the cattle were bewitched, persuading the people that if only a pure maid pulled a few hairs out of the beasts' tails they would get better. That she pitied them, and knowing herself to be a maid, went to help them; and indeed, at first it cured them, but latterly not.)

**Q.** What cattle had she cured?—**R.** Zabel his red cow; *item*, Witthan her pig, and old Lizzie's own cow.

**Q.** Why could she afterwards cure them no more?—**R.** She did not know, but thought—albeit she had no wish to fyle any one—that old Lizzie Kolken, who for many a long year had been in common repute as a witch, had done it all, and bewitched the cows in her name and then charmed them back again, as she pleased, only to bring her to misfortune.

**Q.** Why, then, had old Lizzie bewitched her own cow, *item*, suffered her own pig to die, if it was she that had made all the disturbance in the village, and could really charm?—**R.** She did not know; but belike there was some one (and here she looked at the Sheriff) who paid her double for it all.

**Q.** It was in vain that she sought to shift the guilt from off herself; had she not bewitched old Paasch his crop, nay, even her own father's, and caused it to be trodden down by the devil, *item*, conjured all the caterpillars into her father's orchard?—**R.** The question was almost as monstrous as the deed would have been. There sat her father, and his worship might ask him whether she ever had shown herself an undutiful child to him. (Hereupon I would have risen to speak, but *Dom. Consul* suffered me not to open my mouth, but went on with his examination; whereupon I remained silent and downcast.)

**Q.** Whether she did likewise deny that it was through her malice that the woman Witthan had given birth to a devil's imp, which straightway started up and flew out at the window, so that

when the midwife sought for it it had disappeared?—*R.* Truly she did; and indeed she had all the days of her life done good to the people instead of harm, for during the terrible famine she had often taken the bread out of her own mouth to share it among the others, especially the little children. To this the whole parish must needs bear witness, if they were asked; whereas witches and warlocks always did evil and no good to men, as our Lord Jesus taught (Matt. xii.), when the Pharisees blasphemed him, saying that he cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils; hence his worship might see whether she could in truth be a witch.

*Q.* He would soon teach her to talk of blasphemies; he saw that her tongue was well hung; but she must answer the questions he asked her, and say nothing more. The question was not *what* good she had done to the poor, but *wherewithal* she had done it; she must now show how she and her father had of a sudden grown so rich that she could go pranking about in silken raiment, whereas she used to be so very poor?

Hereupon she looked towards me, and said, "Father, shall I tell?" Whereupon I answered, "Yes, my child, now thou must openly tell all, even though we thereby become beggars." She accordingly told how, when our need was sorest, she had found the amber, and how much we had gotten for it from the Dutch merchants.

*Q.* What were the names of these merchants?—*R.* Dieterich von Pehnen and Jakob Kiekebusch; but, as we have heard from a schipper, they since died of the plague at Stettin.

*Q.* Why had we said nothing of such a godsend?—*R.* Out of fear of our enemy the Sheriff, who, as it seemed, had condemned us to die of hunger, inasmuch as he forbade the parishioners, under pain of heavy displeasure, to supply us with anything, saying, that he would soon send them a better parson.

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again looked the Sheriff sharply in the face, who answered that it was true he had said this, seeing that the parson had preached at him in the most scandalous manner from the pulpit; but that he knew very well, at the time, that they were far enough from dying of hunger.

*Q.* How came so much amber on the Streckelberg? She had best confess at once that the devil had brought it to her.—*R.*

She knew nothing about that. But there was a great vein of amber there, as she could show to them all that very day; and she had broken out the amber, and covered the hole well over with fir-twigs, so that none should find it.

Q. When had she gone up the Streckelberg; by day or by night?—*R.* Hereupon she blushed, and for a moment held her peace; but presently made answer, "Sometimes by day, and sometimes by night."

Q. Why did she hesitate? She had better make a full confession of all, so that her punishment might be less heavy. Had she not there given over old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, and left only a part of his hair and brains sticking to the top of an oak?—*R.* She did not know whether that was his hair and brains at all, nor how it came there. She went to the tree one morning because she heard a woodpecker cry so dolefully. *Item*, old Paasch, who also had heard the cries, came up with his axe in his hand.

Q. Whether the woodpecker was not the devil himself, who had carried off old Seden?—*R.* She did not know: but he must have been dead some time, seeing that the blood and brains which the lad fetched down out of the tree were quite dried up.

Q. How and when, then, had he come by his death?—*R.* That Almighty God only knew. But Zuter his little girl had said that one day, while she gathered nettles for the cows under Seden his hedge, she heard the goodman threaten his squint-eyed wife that he would tell the parson that he now knew of a certainty that she had a familiar spirit; whereupon the goodman had presently disappeared. But that this was a child's tale, and she would fyle no one on the strength of it.

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again looked the Sheriff steadily in the face, and said, "Old Lizzie Kolken must be brought before us this very day:" whereto the Sheriff made no answer; and he went on to ask,—

Q. Whether, then, she still maintained that she knew nothing of the devil?—*R.* She maintained it now, and would maintain it until her life's end.

Q. And nevertheless, as had been seen by witnesses, she had been re-baptized by him in the sea in broad daylight.—Here again she blushed, and for a moment was silent.

**Q.** Why did she blush again? She should for God his sake think on her salvation, and confess the truth.—**R.** She had bathed herself in the sea, seeing that the day was very hot; that was the whole truth.

**Q.** What chaste maiden would ever bathe in the sea? Thou liest; or wilt thou even yet deny that thou didst bewitch old Paasch his little girl with a white roll?—**R.** Alas! alas! She loved the child as though it were her own little sister; not only had she taught her as well as all the other children without reward, but during the heavy famine she had often taken the bit from her own mouth to put it into the little child's. How then could she have wished to do her such grievous harm?

**Q.** Wilt thou even yet deny?—Reverend Abraham, how stubborn is your child! See here, is this no witches' salve,\* which the constable fetched out of thy coffer last night? Is this no witches' salve, eh?—**R.** It was a salve for the skin, which would make it soft and white, as the apothecary at Wolgast had told her, of whom she bought it.

**Q.** Hereupon he shook his head, and went on: How! wilt thou then lastly deny that on this last Saturday the 10th July, at 12 o'clock at night, thou didst on the Streckelberg call upon thy paramour the devil in dreadful words, whereupon he appeared to thee in the shape of a great hairy giant, and clipped thee and toyed with thee?

At these words she grew more pale than a corpse, and tottered so that she was forced to hold by a chair; and I, wretched man, who would readily have sworn away my life for her, when I saw and heard this, my senses forsook me, so that I fell down from the bench, and *Dom. Consul* had to call in the constable to help me up.

When I had come to myself a little, and the impudent varlet saw our common consternation, he cried out, grinning at the court the while, "Is it all out? is it all out? has she confessed?" Whereupon *Dom. Consul* again showed him the door with a sharp rebuke, as might have been expected; and it is said that this knave played the pimp for the Sheriff, and indeed I think he would not otherwise have been so bold.

\* It was believed that the devil gave the witches a salve, by the use of which they made themselves invisible, changed themselves into animals, flew through the air, &c.

*Summa* : I should well nigh have perished in my distress, but for the little rose, which by the help of God's mercy kept me up bravely ; and now the whole court rose and exhorted my poor fainting child, by the living God, and as she would save her soul, to deny no longer, but in pity to herself and her father to confess the truth.

Hereupon she heaved a deep sigh, and grew as red as she had been pale before, insomuch that even her hand upon the chair was like scarlet, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground.

*R.* She would now then confess the simple truth, as she saw right well that wicked people had stolen after and watched her at nights. That she had been to seek for amber on the mountain, and that to drive away fear she had, as she was wont to do at her work, recited the Latin *carmen* which her father had made on the illustrious King Gustavus Adolphus : when young Rüdiger of Nienkerken, who had oft-times been at her father's house and talked of love to her, came out of the coppice, and when she cried out for fear, spoke to her in Latin, and clasped her in his arms. That he wore a great wolf's-skin coat, so that folks should not know him if they met him, and tell the lord his father that he had been on the mountain by night. ;

At this her confession I fell into sheer despair, and cried in great wrath, " O thou ungodly and undutiful child, after all then thou hast a paramour ! Did not I forbid thee to go up the mountain by night ? What didst thou want on the mountain by night ? " and I began to moan and weep and wring my hands, so that *Dom. Consul* even had pity on me, and drew near to comfort me. Meanwhile she herself came towards me, and began to defend herself, saying, with many tears, that she had gone up the mountain by night, against my commands, to get so much amber that she might secretly buy for me, against my birthday, the *Opera Sancti Augustini*, which the Cantor at Wolgast wanted to sell. That it was not her fault that the young lord lay in wait for her one night ; and that she would swear to me, by the living God, that naught that was unseemly had happened between them there, and that she was still a maid.

And herewith the first hearing was at end, for after *Dom. Consul* had whispered somewhat into the ear of the Sheriff, he called in the constable again, and bade him keep good watch over *Bea* ;

*item*, not to leave her at large in her dungeon any longer, but to put her in chains. These words pierced my very heart, and I besought his worship to consider my sacred office, and my ancient noble birth, and not to do me such dishonour as to put my daughter in chains. That I would answer for her to the worshipful court with my own head that she would not escape. Whereupon *Dom. Consul*, after he had gone to look at the dungeon himself, granted me my request, and commanded the constable to leave her as she had been hitherto.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

How Satan, by the permission of the most righteous God, sought altogether to ruin us, and how we lost all hope.

THE same day, at about three in the afternoon, when I was gone to Conrad Seep his ale-house to eat something, seeing that it was now nearly two days since I had tasted aught save my tears, and he had placed before me some bread and sausage, together with a mug of beer, the constable came into the room and greeted me from the Sheriff, without, however, so much as touching his cap, asking whether I would not dine with his lordship; that his lordship had not remembered till now that I belike was still fasting, seeing the trial had lasted so long. Hereupon I made answer to the constable that I already had my dinner before me, as he saw himself, and desired that his lordship would hold me excused. Hereat the fellow wondered greatly, and answered; did I not see that his lordship wished me well, albeit I had preached at him as though he were a Jew? I should think on my daughter, and be somewhat more ready to do his lordship's will, whereby peradventure all would yet end well. For his lordship was not such a rough ass as *Dom. Consul*, and meant well by my child and me, as beseemed a righteous magistrate.

After I had with some trouble rid myself of this impudent fox, I tried to eat a bit, but nothing would go down save the beer. I therefore soon sat and thought again whether I would not lodge with Conrad Seep, so as to be always near my child; *item*, whether I should not hand over my poor misguided flock to M. Vigelius, the pastor of Benz, for such time as the Lord still should prove me. In about an hour I saw through the window how that an empty coach drove to the castle, and the Sheriff and *Dom. Consul* straightway stepped thereinto with my child, *item*, the constable climbed up behind. Hereupon I left everything on the table and ran to the coach, asking humbly whither they were about to take my poor child; and when I heard they were

going to the Streckelberg to look after the amber, I begged them to take me also, and to suffer me to sit by my child, for who could tell how much longer I might yet sit by her! This was granted to me, and on the way the Sheriff offered me to take up my abode in the castle and to dine at his table as often as I pleased, and that he would, moreover, send my child her meat from his own table. For that he had a Christian heart, and well knew that we were to forgive our enemies. But I refused his kindness with humble thanks, as my child did also, seeing we were not yet so poor that we could not maintain ourselves. As we passed by the watermill the ungodly varlet there again thrust his head out of a hole and pulled wry faces at my child; but, dear reader, he got something to remember it by; for the Sheriff beckoned to the constable to fetch the fellow out, and after he had reproached him with the tricks he had twice played my child, the constable had to take the coachman his new whip and to give him fifty lashes, which, God knows, were not laid on with a feather. He bellowed like a bull, which, however, no one heard for the noise of the mill-wheels, and when at last he did as though he could not stir, we left him lying on the ground and went on our way.

As we drove through Ukeritze a number of people flocked together, but were quiet enough, save one fellow who, *salvâ veniâ*, mocked at us with unseemly gestures in the midst of the road when he saw us coming. The constable had to jump down again, but could not catch him, and the others would not give him up, but pretended that they had only looked at our coach and had not marked him. May be this was true! and I am therefore inclined to think that it was Satan himself who did it to mock at us; for mark, for God's sake, what happened to us on the Streckelberg! Alas! through the delusions of the foul fiend, we could not find the spot where we had dug for the amber. For when we came to where we thought it must be, a huge hill of sand had been heaped up as by a whirlwind, and the fir-twigs which my child had covered over it were gone. She was near falling in a swoon when she saw this, and wrung her hands and cried out with her Saviour, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Howbeit, the constable and the coachman were ordered to dig,

But not one bit of amber was to be found, even so big as a grain of corn, whereupon *Dom. Consul* shook his head and violently upbraided my child; and when I answered that Satan himself, as it seemed, had filled up the hollow in order to bring us altogether into his power, the constable was ordered to fetch a long stake out of the coppice which we might thrust still deeper into the sand. But no hard *objectum* was anywhere to be felt, notwithstanding the Sheriff, *Dom. Consul*, and myself in my anguish did try everywhere with the stake.

Hereupon my child besought her judges to go with her to Coserow, where she still had much amber in her coffer which she had found here, and that if it were the gift of the devil it would all be changed, since it was well known that all the presents the devil makes to witches straightway turn to mud and ashes.

But, God be merciful to us, God be merciful to us! when we returned to Coserow, amid the wonderment of all the village, and my daughter went to her coffer, the things therein were all tossed about, and the amber gone. Hereupon she shrieked so loud that it would have softened a stone, and cried out, "The wicked constable hath done this! when he fetched the salve out of my coffer, he stole the amber from me, unhappy maid." But the constable, who stood by, would have torn her hair, and cried out, "Thou witch, thou damned witch, is it not enough that thou hast belied my lord, but thou must now belie me too?" But *Dom. Consul* forbade him, so that he did not dare lay hands upon her. *Item*, all the money was gone which she had hoarded up from the amber she had privately sold, and which she thought already came to about ten florins.

But the gown which she had worn at the arrival of the most illustrious King Gustavus Adolphus, as well as the golden chain with his effigy which he had given her, I had locked up as though it were a relic in the chest in the vestry, among the altar and pulpit cloths, and there we found them still; and when I excused myself therefore, saying that I had thought to have saved them up for her there against her bridal day, she gazed with fixed and glazed eyes into the box, and cried out, "Yes, against the day when I shall be burnt; Oh, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!" Hereat *Dom. Consul* shuddered and said, "See how thou still dost smite thyself with thine own words. For the sake of God

and thy salvation, confess, for if thou knowest thyself to be innocent, how, then, canst thou think that thou wilt be burnt?" But she still looked him fixedly in the face, and cried aloud in Latin, "*Innocentia, quid est innocentia! Ubi libido dominatur, innocentia leve præsidium est.*" \*

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again shuddered, so that his beard wagged, and said, "What, dost thou indeed know Latin? Where didst thou learn the Latin?" And when I answered this question as well as I was able for sobbing, he shook his head, and said, "I never in my life heard of a woman that knew Latin." Upon this he knelt down before her coffer, and turned over everything therein, drew it away from the wall, and when he found nothing he bade us show him her bed, and did the same with that. This, at length, vexed the Sheriff, who asked him whether they should not drive back again, seeing that night was coming on? But he answered, "Nay, I must first have the written paction which Satan has given her;" and he went on with his search until it was almost dark.† But they found nothing at all, although *Dom. Consul*, together with the constable, passed over no hole or corner, even in the kitchen and cellar. Hereupon he got up again into the coach, muttering to himself, and bade my daughter sit so that she should not look upon him.

And now we once more had the same *spectaculum* with the accursed old witch Lizzie Kolken, seeing that she again sat at her door as we drove by, and began to sing at the top of her voice, "We praise thee, O Lord." But she screeched like a stuck pig, so that *Dom. Consul* was amazed thereat, and when he had heard who she was, he asked the Sheriff whether he would not that she should be seized by the constable and be tied behind the coach, to run after it, as we had no room for her elsewhere; for that he had often been told that all old women who had red squinting eyes and sharp voices were witches, not to mention the suspicious things which *Rea* had declared against her. But he answered that he could not do this, seeing that old Lizzie was a woman in good repute, and fearing God, as *Dom. Consul* might

\* These words are from Cicero, if I do not mistake.

† At this time it was believed that as a man bound himself to the devil by writing, so did the devil in like manner to the man.

learn for himself; but that, nevertheless, he had had her summoned for the morrow, together with the other witnesses.

Yea, in truth, an excellently devout and worthy woman!—for scarcely were we out of the village, when so fearful a storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail burst over our heads, that the corn all around us was beaten down as with a flail, and the horses before the coach were quite maddened; however, it did not last long. But my poor child had to bear all the blame again,\* inasmuch as *Dom. Consul* thought that it was not old Lizzie, which, nevertheless, was as clear as the sun at noon-day! but my poor daughter who brewed the storm;—for, beloved reader, what could it have profited her, even if she had known the black art? This, however did not strike *Dom. Consul*, and Satan, by the permission of the all-righteous God, was presently to use us still worse; for just as we got to the Master's Dam,† he came flying over us in the shape of a stork, and dropped a frog so exactly over us that it fell into my daughter her lap: she gave a shrill scream, but I whispered her to sit still, and that I would secretly throw the frog away by one leg.

But the constable had seen it, and cried out, "Hey, sirs! hey, look at the cursed witch! what has the devil just thrown into her lap?" Whereupon the Sheriff and *Dom. Consul* looked round and saw the frog, which crawled in her lap, and the constable, after he had blown upon it three times, took it up and showed it to their lordships. Hereat *Dom. Consul* began to spew, and when he had done, he ordered the coachman to stop, got down from the coach, and said we might drive home, that he felt qualmish, and would go a-foot and see if he got better. But first he privately whispered to the constable, which, howbeit, we heard right well, that when he got home he should lay my poor child in chains, but not so as to hurt her much; to which neither she nor I could answer save by tears and sobs. But the Sheriff had heard it too, and when his worship was out of sight he began to stroke my child her cheeks from behind her back, telling her to be easy, as he also had a word to say in the matter, and that the constable should not lay her in chains. But that she must leave off being so hard to him as she

\* Such sudden storms were attributed to witches.

† It is so called to the present day, and is distant a mile from Coserow.

had been hitherto, and come and sit on the seat beside him, that he might privately give her some good advice as to what was to be done. To this she answered, with many tears, that she wished to sit only by her father, as she knew not how much longer she might sit by him at all; and she begged for nothing more save that his lordship would leave her in peace. But this he would not do, but pinched her back and sides with his knees; and as she bore with this, seeing that there was no help for it, he waxed bolder, taking it for a good sign. Meanwhile *Dom. Consul* called out close behind us (for being frightened he ran just after the coach), "Constable, constable, come here quick; here lies a hedgehog in the midst of the road!" whereupon the constable jumped down from the coach.

This made the Sheriff still bolder; and at last my child rose up and said, "Father, let us also go a-foot; I can no longer guard myself from him here behind!" But he pulled her down again by her clothes, and cried out angrily, "Wait, thou wicked witch, I will help thee to go a-foot if thou art so wilful; thou shalt be chained to the block this very night." Whereupon she answered, "Do you do that which you cannot help doing: the righteous God, it is to be hoped, will one day do unto you what He cannot help doing."

Meanwhile we had reached the castle, and scarcely were we got out of the coach, when *Dom. Consul*, who had run till he was all of a sweat, came up, together with the constable, and straightway gave over my child into his charge, so that I had scarce time to bid her farewell. I was left standing on the floor below, wringing my hands in the dark, and hearkened whither they were leading her, inasmuch as I had not the heart to follow; when *Dom. Consul*, who had stepped into a room with the Sheriff, looked out at the door again, and called after the constable to bring *Rea* once more before them. And when he had done so, and I went into the room with them, *Dom. Consul* held a letter in his hand, and, after spitting thrice, he began thus: "Wilt thou still deny, thou stubborn witch? Hear what the old knight, Hans von Nienkerken, writes to the court!" Whereupon he read out to us, that his son was so disturbed by the tale the accursed witch had told of him, that he had fallen sick from that very hour, and that he, the father, was not much better.

That his son, Rüdiger, had indeed at times, when he went that way, been to see Pastor Schweidler, whom he had first known upon a journey ; but that he swore that he wished he might turn black if he had ever used any folly or jesting with the cursed devil's whore his daughter ; much less ever been with her by night on the Streckelberg, or embraced her there.

At this dreadful news we both (I mean my child and I) fell down in a swoon together, seeing that we had rested our last hopes on the young lord ; and I know not what further happened. For when I came to myself, my host, Conrad Seep, was standing over me, holding a funnel between my teeth, through which he ladled some warm beer down my throat, and I never felt more wretched in all my life ; insomuch that Master Seep had to undress me like a little child, and to help me into bed.

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## CHAPTER XX.

Of the malice of the Governor and of old Lizzie: *item*, of the examination<sup>1</sup> of witnesses.

THE next morning my hairs, which till *datum* had been mingled with grey, were white as snow, albeit the Lord otherwise blessed me wondrously. For near daybreak a nightingale flew into the elder-bush beneath my window, and sang so sweetly that straightway I thought it must be a good angel. For after I had hearkened awhile to it, I was all at once able again to pray, which since last Sunday I could not do; and the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ began to speak within me, "Abba, Father;"\* and straightway I was of good cheer, trusting that God would once more be gracious unto me his wretched child; and when I had given him thanks for such great mercy, I fell into a refreshing slumber, and slept so long that the blessed sun stood high in the heavens when I awoke.

And seeing that my heart was still of good cheer, I sat up in my bed, and sang with a loud voice, "Be not dismayed, thou little flock:" whereupon Master Seep came into the room, thinking I had called him. But he stood reverently waiting till I had done; and after marvelling at my snow-white hair, he told me it was already seven; *item*, that half my congregation, among others my ploughman, Claus Neels, were already assembled in his house to bear witness that day. When I heard this, I bade mine host forthwith send Claus to the castle, to ask when the court would open, and he brought word back that no one knew, seeing that *Dgn. Consul* was already gone that morning to Mellenthin<sup>1</sup> to see old Nienkerken, and was not yet come back. This message gave me good courage, and I asked the fellow whether he also had come to bear witness against my poor child? To which he answered, "Nay, I know naught save good of her, and I would give the fellows their due, only"——

<sup>1</sup> Gal. iv. 6.

These words surprised me, and I vehemently urged him to open his heart to me. But he began to weep, and at last said that he knew nothing. Alas! he knew but too much, and could then have saved my poor child if he had willed. But from fear of the torture he held his peace, as he since owned; and I will here relate what had befallen him that very morning.

He had set out betimes that morning, so as to be alone with his sweetheart, who was to go along with him (she is Steffen of Zempin his daughter, not farmer Steffen, but the lame gouty Steffen), and had got to Pudgla about five, where he found no one in the ale-house save old Lizzie Kolken, who straightway hobbled up to the castle; and when his sweetheart was gone home again, time hung heavy on his hands, and he climbed over the wall into the castle-garden, where he threw himself on his face behind a hedge to sleep. But before long the Sheriff came with old Lizzie, and after they had looked all round and seen no one, they went into an arbour close by him, and conversed as follows:—

*Illa.* Now that they were alone together, what did she want of him?

*Illa.* She came to get the money for the witchcraft she had contrived in the village.

*Illa.* Of what use had all this witchcraft been to him? My child, so far from being frightened, defied him more and more; and he doubted whether he should ever have his will of her.

*Illa.* He should only have patience; when she was laid upon the rack she would soon learn to be fond

*Illa.* That might be, but till then she (Lizzie) should get no money.

*Illa.* What! Must she then do his cattle a mischief?

*Illa.* Yes, if she felt chilly, and wanted a burning faggot to warm her *podex*, she had better. Moreover, he thought that she had bewitched him, seeing that his desire for the parson's daughter was such as he had never felt before.

*Illa* (laughing). He had said the same thing some thirty years ago, when he first came after her.

*Illa.* Ugh! thou old baggage, don't remind me of such things, but see to it that you get three witnesses, as I told you

before, or else methinks they will rack your old joints for you after all.

*Illa.* She had the three witnesses ready, and would leave the rest to him. But that if she were racked she would reveal all she knew.

*Ille.* She should hold her ugly tongue, and go to the devil.

*Illa.* So she would, but first she must have her money.

*Ille.* She should have no money till he had had his will of my daughter.

*Illa.* He might at least pay her for her little pig which she herself had bewitched to death, in order that she might not get into evil repute.

*Ille.* She might choose one when his pigs were driven by, and say she had paid for it. Hereupon, said my Claus, the pigs were driven by, and one ran into the garden, the door being open, and as the swineherd followed it, they parted; but the witch muttered to herself, "Now help, devil, help, that I may"—but he heard no further.

The cowardly fellow, however, hid all this from me, as I have said above, and only said, with tears, that he knew nothing. I believed him, and sat down at the window to see when *Dom. Consul* should return; and when I saw him I rose and went to the castle, where the constable, who was already there with my child, met me before the judgment-chamber. Alas! she looked more joyful than I had seen her for a long time, and smiled at me with her sweet little mouth: but when she saw my snow-white hair, she gave a cry, which made *Dom. Consul* throw open the door of the judgment-chamber, and say, "Ha, ha! thou knowest well what news I have brought thee; come in, thou stubborn devil's brat!" Whereupon we stepped into the chamber to him, and he lift up his voice and spake to me, after he had sat down with the Sheriff, who was by.

He said that yestereven, after he had caused me to be carried like one dead to Master Seep his ale-house, and that my stubborn child had been brought to life again, he had once more adjured her, to the utmost of his power, no longer to lie before the face of the living God, but to confess the truth; whereupon she had borne herself very unruly, and had wrung her hands and wept and sobbed, and at last answered that the young *nobilis* never

could have said such things, but that his father must have written them, who hated her, as she had plainly seen when the Swedish king was at Coserow. That he, *Dom. Consul*, had indeed doubted the truth of this at the time, but as a just judge had gone that morning right early with the *scriba* to Mellenthin, to question the young lord himself.

That I might now see myself what horrible malice was in my daughter. For that the old knight had led him to his son's bedside, who still lay sick from vexation, and that he had confirmed all his father had written, and had cursed the scandalous she-devil (as he called my daughter) for seeking to rob him of his knightly honour. "What ayeest thou now?" he continued; "wilt thou still deny thy great wickedness? See here the *protocollum* which the young lord hath signed *manu propria*!" But the wretched maid had meanwhile fallen on the ground again, and the constable had no sooner seen this than he ran into the kitchen, and came back with a burning brimstone match, which he was about to hold under her nose.

But I hindered him, and sprinkled her face with water, so that she opened her eyes, and raised herself up by a table. She then stood awhile, without saying a word or regarding my sorrow. At last she smiled sadly, and spake thus: That she clearly saw how true was that spoken by the Holy Ghost, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man;" \* and that the faithlessness of the young lord had surely broken her poor heart if the all-merciful God had not graciously prevented him, and sent her a dream that night, which she would tell, not hoping to persuade the judges, but to raise up the white head of her poor father.

"After I had sat and watched all the night," quoth she, "towards morning I heard a nightingale sing in the castle-garden so sweetly that my eyes closed, and I slept. Then methought I was a lamb, grazing quietly in my meadow at Coserow. Suddenly the Sheriff jumped over the hedge, and turned into a wolf, who seized me in his jaws, and ran with me towards the Streckelberg, where he had his lair. I, poor little lamb, trembled and bleated in vain, and saw death before my eyes, when he laid me down before his lair, where lay the she-wolf and her young. But behold a hand, like the hand of a man,

\* Jer. xvii. 5.

straightway came out of the bushes, and touched the wolves, each one with one finger, and crushed them so that nought was left of them save a grey powder. Hereupon the hand took me up, and carried me back to my meadow."

Only think, beloved reader, how I felt when I heard all this, and about the dear nightingale too, which no one can doubt to have been the servant of God. I clasped my child with many tears, and told her what had happened to me, and we both won such courage and confidence as we had never yet felt, to the wonderment of *Dom. Consul*, as it seemed; but the Sheriff turned as pale as a sheet when she stepped towards their workshops and said, "And now do with me as you will, the lamb fears not, for she is in the hands of the good shepherd!" Meanwhile *Dom. Camerarius* came in with the *scriba*, but was terrified as he chanced to touch my daughter's apron with the skirts of his coat; and stood and scraped at his coat as a woman scrapes a fish. At last, after he had spat out thrice, he asked the court whether it would not begin to examine witnesses, seeing that all the people had been waiting some time both in the castle and at the ale-house. Hereunto they agreed, and the constable was ordered to guard my child in his room, until it should please the court to summon her. I therefore went with her, but we had to endure much from the impudent rogue, seeing he was not ashamed to lay his arm round my child her shoulders, and to ask for a kiss *in meâ presentia*. But, before I could get out a word, she tore herself from him, and said, "Ah, thou wicked knave, must I complain of thee to the court; hast thou forgotten what thou hast already done to me?" To which he answered, laughing, "See, see! how coy;" and still sought to persuade her to be more willing, and not to forget her own interest; for that he meant as well by her as his master; she might believe it or not; with many other scandalous words besides which I have forgot; for I took my child upon my knees and laid my head on her neck, and we sat and wept.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

*De confrontatione testium.*

WHEN we were summoned before the court again, the whole court was full of people, and some shuddered when they saw us, but others wept: my child told the same tale as before. But when our old Ilse was called, who sat on a bench behind, so that we had not seen her, the strength wherewith the Lord had gifted her was again at an end, and she repeated the words of our Saviour, "He that eateth bread with me hath lift up his heel against me:" and she held fast by my chair. Old Ilse, too, could not walk straight for very grief, nor could she speak for tears, but she twisted and wound herself about before the court, like a woman in travail. But when *Dom. Consul* threatened that the constable should presently help her to her words, she testified that my child had very often got up in the night, and called aloud upon the foul fiend.

*Q.* Whether she had ever heard Satan answer her?—*R.* She never had heard him at all.

*Q.* Whether she had perceived that *Rea* had a familiar spirit, and in what shape? She should think upon her oath, and speak the truth.—*R.* She had never seen one.

*Q.* Whether she had ever heard her fly up the chimney?—*R.* Nay, she had always gone softly out at the door.

*Q.* Whether she never at mornings had missed her broom or pitchfork?—*R.* Once the broom was gone, but she had found it again behind the stove, and may be left it there herself by mistake.

*Q.* Whether she had never heard *Rea* cast a spell, or wish harm to this or that person?—*R.* No, never; she had always wished her neighbours nothing but good, and even in the time of bitter famine had taken the bread out of her own mouth to give it to others.

*Q.* Whether she did not know the salve which had been found

in *Rea* her coffer?—*R.* Oh, yes! her young mistress had brought it back from Wolgast for her skin, and had once given her some when she had chapped hands, and it had done her a vast deal of good.

*Q.* Whether she had anything further to say?—*R.* No, nothing but good.

Hereupon my man Claus Neels was called up. He also came forward in tears, but answered every question with a “nay,” and at last testified that he had never seen nor heard anything bad of my child, and knew naught of her doings by night, seeing that he slept in the stable with the horses; and that he firmly believed that evil folk—and here he looked at old Lizzie—had brought this misfortune upon her, and that she was quite innocent.

When it came to the turn of this old limb of Satan, who was to be the chief witness, my child again declared that she would not accept old Lizzie’s testimony against her, and called upon the court for justice, for that she had hated her from her youth up, and had been longer by habit and repute a witch than she herself.

But the old hag cried out, “God forgive thee thy sins; the whole village knows that I am a devout woman, and one serving the Lord in all things;” whereupon she called up old Zuter Witthahn and my churchwarden Claus Bulk, who bore witness hereto. But old Paasch stood and shook his head; nevertheless when my child said, “Paasch, wherefore dost thou shake thy head?” he started, and answered, “Oh, nothing!”

Howbeit, *Dom. Consul* likewise perceived this, and asked him, whether he had any charge to bring against old Lizzie; if so, he should give glory to God, and state the same; *item*, it was competent to every one so to do; indeed the court required of him to speak out all he knew.

But from fear of the old dragon, all were still as mice, so that you might have heard the flies buzz about the inkstand. I then stood up, wretched as I was, and stretched out my arms over my amazed and faint-hearted people, and spake: “Can ye thus crucify me together with my poor child? have I deserved this at your hands? Speak, then; alas, will none speak?” I heard, indeed, how several wept aloud, but not one spake; and hereupon my poor child was forced to submit.

And the malice of the old hag was such that she not only accused my child of the most horrible witchcraft, but also reckoned to a day when she had given herself up to Satan to rob her of her maiden honour; and she said that Satan had, without doubt, then defiled her, when she could no longer heal the cattle, and when they all died. Hereupon my child said naught, save that she cast down her eyes and blushed deep for shame at such filthiness; and to the other blasphemous slander which the old hag uttered with many tears, namely, that my daughter had given up her (Lizzie's) husband, body and soul, to Satan, she answered as she had done before. But when the old hag came to her re-baptism in the sea, and gave out that while seeking for strawberries in the coppice she had recognised my child's voice, and stolen towards her, and perceived these devil's doings, my child fell in smiling, and answered, "Oh, thou evil woman! how couldst thou hear my voice speaking down by the sea, being thyself in the forest upon the mountain? surely thou liest, seeing that the murmur of the waves would make that impossible." This angered the old dragon, and seeking to get out of the blunder she fell still deeper into it, for she said, "I saw thee move thy lips, and from that I knew that thou didst call upon thy paramour the devil!" for my child straightway replied, "Oh, thou ungodly woman! thou saidst thou wert in the forest when thou didst hear my voice; how then up in the forest couldst thou see whether I, who was below by the water, moved my lips or not?"——

Such contradictions amazed even *Dom. Consul*, and he began to threaten the old hag with the rack if she told such lies; whereupon she answered and said, "List, then, whither I lie! When she went naked into the water she had no mark on her body, but when she came out again I saw that she had between her breasts a mark the size of a silver penny, whence I perceived that the devil had given it her, although I had not seen him about her, nor, indeed, had I seen any one, either spirit or child of man, for she seemed to be quite alone."

Hereupon the Sheriff jumped up from his seat, and cried, "Search must straightway be made for this mark;" whereupon *Dom. Consul* answered, "Yea, but not by us, but by two women of good repute," for he would not hearken to what say

child said, that it was a mole, and that she had had it from her youth up, wherefore the constable his wife was sent for, and *Dom. Consul* muttered somewhat into her ear, and as prayers and tears were of no avail, my child was forced to go with her. Howbeit, she obtained this favour, that old Lizzie Kolken was not to follow her, as she would have done, but our old maid Ilse. I, too, went in my sorrow, seeing that I knew not what the women might do to her. She wept bitterly as they undressed her, and held her hands over her eyes for very shame.

Well-a-day, her body was just as white as my departed wife's; although in her childhood, as I remember, she was very yellow, and I saw with amazement the mole between her breasts, whereof I had never heard aught before. But she suddenly screamed violently and started back, seeing that the constable his wife, when nobody watched her, had run a needle into the mole, so deep that the red blood ran down over her breasts. I was sorely angered thereat, but the woman said that she had done it by order of the judge,\* which, indeed, was true; for when we came back into court, and the Sheriff asked how it was, she testified that there was a mark of the size of a silver penny, of a yellowish colour, but that it had feeling, seeing that *Rea* had screamed aloud, when she had, unperceived, driven a needle therein. Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius* suddenly rose, and stepping up to my child, drew her eyelids asunder, and cried out, beginning to tremble, "Behold the sign which never fails:† whereupon the whole court started to their feet, and looked at the little spot under her right eyelid which in truth had been left there by a sty, but this none would believe. *Dom. Consul* now said, "See, Satan hath marked thee on body and soul! and thou dost still continue to lie unto the Holy Ghost; but it shall not avail thee, and thy punishment will only be the heavier. Oh, thou shameless woman! thou hast refused to accept the testimony of old Lizzie; wilt thou also refuse that of these people, who have all heard thee on the mountain call upon

\* It was believed that these marks were the infallible sign of a witch when they were insensible, and that they were given by the devil; and every one suspected of witchcraft was invariably searched for them.

† See, among other authorities, 'Delrio, Disquisit. magicæ,' lib. v. tit. xiv. No. 28.

the devil thy paramour, and seen him appear in the likeness of a hairy giant, and kiss and caress thee?"

Hereupon old Paasch, goodwife Wïthhahn, and Zuter, came forward and bare witness, that they had seen this happen about midnight, and that on this declaration they would live and die; that old Lizzie had awakened them one Saturday night about eleven o'clock, had given them a can of beer, and persuaded them to follow the parson's daughter privately, and to see what she did upon the mountain. At first they refused; but in order to get at the truth about the witchcraft in the village, they had at last, after a devout prayer, consented, and had followed her in God's name.

They had soon through the bushes seen the witch in the moonshine; she seemed to dig, and spake in some strange tongue the while, whereupon the grim arch-fiend suddenly appeared, and fell upon her neck. Hereupon they ran away in consternation, but, by the help of the Almighty God, on whom from the very first they had set their faith, they were preserved from the power of the Evil One. For, notwithstanding he had turned round on hearing a rustling in the bushes, he had had no power to harm them.

Finally, it was even charged to my child as a crime, that she had fainted on the road from Coserow to Pudgla, and none would believe that this had been caused by vexation at old Lizzie her singing, and not from a bad conscience, as stated by the judge.

When all the witnesses had been examined, *Dom. Consul* asked her whether she had brewed the storm, what was the meaning of the frog that dropped into her lap, *item*, the hedgehog which lay directly in his path? To all of which she answered, that she had caused the one as little as she knew of the other. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked her, last of all, whether she would have an advocate, or trust entirely in the good judgment of the court. To this she gave answer, that she would by all means have an advocate. Wherefore I sent my ploughman, Claus Neels, the next day to Wolgast to fetch the *Syndicus* Michelsen, who is a worthy man, and in whose house I have been many times when I went to the town, seeing that he courteously invited me.

"I must also note here that at this time my old Ilse came back to live with me; for after the witnesses were gone she stayed behind in the chamber, and came boldly up to me, and besought me to suffer her once more to serve her old master and her dear young mistress; for that now she had saved her poor soul, and confessed all she knew. Wherefore she could no longer bear to see her old masters in such woeful plight, without so much as a mouthful of victuals, seeing that she had heard that old wife Seep, who had till *datum* prepared the food for me and my child, often let the porridge burn; *item*, over-salted the fish and the meat. Moreover, that I was so weakened by age and misery, that I needed help and support, which she would faithfully give me, and was ready to sleep in the stable, if needs must be; that she wanted no wages for it, I was only not to turn her away. Such kindness made my daughter to weep, and she said to me, "Behold, father, the good folks come back to us again; think you, then, that the good angels will forsake us for ever? I thank thee, old Ilse; thou shalt indeed prepare my food for me, and always bring it as far as the prison-door, if thou mayest come no further; and mark, then, I pray thee, what the constable does therewith."

This the maid promised to do, and from this time forth took up her abode in the stable. May God repay her at the day of judgment for what she then did for me and for my poor child!

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## CHAPTER XXII.

How the *Syndicus Dom. Michelson* arrived, and prepared his defence of my poor child

THE next day, at about three o'clock p.m., *Dom. Syndicus* came driving up, and got out of his coach at my inn. He had a huge bag full of books with him, but was not so friendly in his manner as was usual with him, but very grave and silent. And after he had saluted me in my own room, and had asked how it was possible for my child to have come to such misfortune, I related to him the whole affair, whereat, however, he only shook his head. On my asking him whether he would not see my child that same day, he answered, "Nay;" he would rather first study the *acta*. And after he had eaten of some wild duck which my old Ilse had roasted for him, he would tarry no longer, but straightway went up to the castle, whence he did not return till the following afternoon. His manner was not more friendly now than at his first coming, and I followed him with sighs when he asked me to lead him to my daughter. As we went in with the constable, and I, for the first time, saw my child in chains before me—she who in her whole life had never hurt a worm—I again felt as though I should die for very grief. But she smiled and cried, out to *Dom. Syndicus*, "Are you indeed the good angel who will cause my chains to fall from my hands, as was done of yore to St. Peter?" \* To which he replied, with a sigh, "May the Almighty God grant it;" and as, save the chair whereon my child sat against the wall, there was none other in the dungeon (which was a filthy and stinking hole, wherein were more woodlice than ever I saw in my life), *Dom. Syndicus* and I sat down on her bed, which had been left for her at my prayer; and he ordered the constable to go his ways, until he should call him back. Hereupon he asked my child what she had to say in her justification; and she had not gone far in her defence when I

\* The Acts of the Apostles, xii. 7.

perceived, from the shadow at the door, that some one must be standing without. I therefore went quickly to the door, which was half open, and found the impudent constable, who stood there to listen. This so angered *Dom. Syndicus* that he snatched up his staff in order to hasten his going, but the arch-rogue took to his heels as soon as he saw this. My child took this opportunity to tell her worshipful *defensor* what she had suffered from the impudence of this fellow, and to beg that some other constable might be set over her, seeing that this one had come to her last night again with evil designs, so that she at last had shrieked aloud and beaten him on the head with her chains; whereupon he had left her. This *Dom. Syndicus* promised to obtain for her; but with regard to the *defensio*, wherewith she now went on, he thought it would be better to make no further mention of the *impetus* which the Sheriff had made on her chastity. "For," said he, "as the princely central court at Wolgast has to give sentence upon thee, this statement would do thee far more harm than good, seeing that the *præses* thereof is a cousin of the Sheriff, and oft-times goes a hunting with him. Besides, thou being charged with a capital crime hast no *fides*, especially as thou canst bring no witnesses against him. Thou couldst, therefore, gain no belief even if thou didst confirm the charge on the rack, wherefrom, moreover, I am come hither to save thee by my *defensio*." These reasons seemed sufficient to us both, and we resolved to leave vengeance to Almighty God, who seeth in secret, and to complain of our wrongs to him, as we might not complain to men. But all my daughter said about old Lizzie—*item*, of the good report wherein she herself had, till now, stood with everybody—he said he would write down, and add thereunto as much and as well of his own as he was able, so as, by the help of Almighty God, to save her from the torture. That she was to make herself easy and commend herself to God; within two days he hoped to have his *defensio* ready and to read it to her. And now, when he called the constable back again, the fellow did not come, but sent his wife to lock the prison, and I took leave of my child with many tears: *Dom. Syndicus* told the woman the while what her impudent rogue of a husband had done, that she might let him hear more of it: Then he sent the woman away again and came back to my daughter, saying

that he had forgotten to ascertain whether she really knew the Latin tongue, and that she was to say her *defensio* over again in Latin, if she was able. Hereupon she began and went on therewith for a quarter of an hour or more, in such wise that not only *Dom. Syndicus* but I myself also was amazed, seeing that she did not stop for a single word, save the word "hedgehog," which we both had forgotten at the moment when she asked us what it was.—*Summa. Dom. Syndicus* grew far more gracious when she had finished her oration, and took leave of her, promising that he would set to work forthwith.

After this I did not see him again till the morning of the third day at ten o'clock, seeing that he sat at work in a room at the castle, which the Sheriff had given him, and also ate there, as he sent me word by old Ilse when she carried him his breakfast next day.

At the above-named time he sent the new constable for me, who, meanwhile, had been fetched from Uzdom at his desire. For the Sheriff was exceeding wrath when he heard that the impudent fellow had attempted my child in the prison, and cried out in a rage, "S'death and 'ouns, I'll mend thy coaxing!" Whereupon he gave him a sound threshing with a dog-whip he held in his hand, to make sure that she should be at peace from him.

But, alas! the new constable was even worse than the old, as will be shown hereafter. His name was Master Köppner, and he was a tall fellow with a grim face, and a mouth so wide that at every word he said the spittle ran out at the corners, and stuck in his long beard like soapsuds, so that my child had an especial fear and loathing of him. Moreover, on all occasions he seemed to laugh in mockery and scorn, as he did when he opened the prison-door to us, and saw my poor child sitting in her grief and distress. But he straightway left us without waiting to be told, whereupon *Dom. Syndicus* drew his defence out of his pocket, and read it to us; we have remembered the main points thereof, and I will recount them here, but most of the *auctores* we have forgotten.

1. He began by saying that my daughter had ever till now stood in good repute, as not only the whole village, but even my servants, bore witness; *ergo*, she could not be a witch, inasmuch

as the Saviour hath said, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit" (Matt. vii.).

2. With regard to the witchcraft in the village, that belike was the contrivance of old Lizzie, seeing that she bore a great hatred towards *Rea*, and had long been in evil repute, for that the parishioners dared not to speak out, only from fear of the old witch; wherefore Zuter her little girl must be examined, who had heard old Lizzie her goodman tell her she had a familiar spirit, and that he would tell it to the parson; for that notwithstanding the above-named was but a child, still it was written in Ps. viii., "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength . . .;" and the Saviour himself appealed (Matt. xxi.) to the testimony of little children.

3. Furthermore, old Lizzie might have bewitched the crops, *item*, the fruit-trees, inasmuch as none could believe that *Rea*, who had ever shown herself a dutiful child, would have bewitched her own father's corn, or made caterpillars come on his trees; for no one, according to Scripture, can serve two masters.

*Item*, she (old Lizzie) might very well have been the woodpecker that was seen by *Rea* and old Paasch on the Streckelberg, and herself have given over her goodman to the Evil One for fear of the parson, inasmuch as Spitzel *De Expugnacione Orci* asserts; *item*, the *Malleus Maleficarum*,\* proves beyond doubt, that the wicked children of Satan oft-times change themselves into all manner of beasts, as the foul fiend himself likewise seduced our first parents in the shape of a serpent (Gen. iii.).

5. That old Lizzie had most likely made the wild weather when *Dom. Consul* was coming home with *Rea* from the Streckelberg, seeing it was impossible that *Rea* could have done it, as she was sitting in the coach, whereas witches when they raise storms always stand in the water, and throw it over their heads backwards; *item*, beat the stones soundly with a stick, as Hannold relates. Wherefore she too, may be, knew best about the frog and the hedgehog.

6. That *Rea* was erroneously charged with that as a *crimen*

\* The celebrated 'Hammer for Witches' of Innocent VIII., which appeared in 1489, and gave directions for the whole course of proceeding to be observed at trials for witchcraft.

which ought rather to serve as her justification, namely, her sudden riches. For the *Malleus Maleficarum* expressly says that a witch can never grow rich, seeing that Satan, to do dishonour to God, always buys them for a vile price, so that they should not betray themselves by their riches.\* Wherefore that as *Rea* had grown rich, she could not have got her wealth from the foul fiend, but it must be true that she had found amber on the mountain; that the spells of old Lizzie might have been the cause why they could not find the vein of amber again, or that the sea might have washed away the cliff below, as often happens, whereupon the top had slipped down, so that only a *miraculum naturale* had taken place. The proof which he brought forward from Scripture we have quite forgotten, seeing it was but middling.

7. With regard to her re-baptism, the old hag had said herself that she had not seen the devil or any other spirit or man about *Rea*, wherefore she might in truth have been only naturally bathing, in order to greet the King of Sweden next day, seeing that the weather was hot, and that bathing was not of itself sufficient to impair the modesty of a maiden. For that she had as little thought any would see her as Bathsheba the daughter of Eliam, and wife of Uriah the Hittite, who in like manner did bathe herself, as is written (2 Sam. xi. 2), without knowing that David could see her. Neither could her mark be a mark given by Satan, inasmuch as there was feeling therein; *ergo*, it must be a natural mole, and it was a lie that she had it not before bathing. Moreover, that on this point the old harlot was nowise to be believed, seeing that she had fallen from one contradiction into another about it, as stated in the *Acta*.

8. Neither was it just to accuse *Rea* of having bewitched Paasch his little daughter; for as old Lizzie was going in and out of the room, nay, even sat herself down on the little girl her belly when the pastor went to see her, it most likely was that wicked woman (who was known to have a great spite against *Rea*) that contrived the spell through the power of the foul

\* The original words of the 'Hammer for Witches,' tom. i. quest. 18, in answer to the question, *Cur maleficæ non ditentur?* are, *Ut juxta complacentiam dæmonis in contumeliam Creatoris, quantum possibile est, pro vilissimo pretio emanant, et secundo, ne in divitis notentur.*

fiend, and by permission of the all-just God; for that Satan was "a liar and the father of it," as our Lord Christ says (John viii.).

9. With regard to the appearance of the foul fiend on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant, that indeed was the heaviest *gravamen*, inasmuch as not only old Lizzie, but likewise three trustworthy witnesses, had seen him. But who could tell whether it was not old Lizzie herself who had contrived this devilish apparition in order to ruin her enemy altogether; for that notwithstanding the apparition was not the young nobleman, as *Rea* had declared it to be, it still was very likely that she had not lied, but had mistaken Satan for the young lord, as he appeared in his shape; *exemplum*, for this was to be found even in Scripture: for that all *Theologi* of the whole Protestant Church were agreed, that the vision which the witch of Endor showed to King Saul was not Samuel himself, but the arch-fiend; nevertheless, Saul had taken it for Samuel. In like manner the old harlot might have conjured up the devil before *Rea*, who did not perceive that it was not the young lord, but Satan, who had put on that shape in order to seduce her; for as *Rea* was a fair woman, none could wonder that the devil gave himself more trouble for her than for an old withered hag, seeing he has ever sought after fair women to lie with them.\*

Lastly, he argued that *Rea* was in nowise marked as a witch, for that she neither had bleared and squinting eyes nor a hooked nose, whereas old Lizzie had both, which Theophrastus Paracelsus declares to be an unfailing mark of a witch, saying, "Nature marketh none thus unless by abortion, for these are the chiefest signs whereby witches be known whom the spirit *Asiendens* hath subdued unto himself."

When *Dom. Syndicus* had read his *defensio*, my daughter was so rejoiced thereat that she would have kissed his hand, but he snatched it from her and breathed upon it thrice, whereby we could easily see that he himself was nowise in earnest with his *defensio*. Soon after he took leave in an ill-humour, after commending her to the care of the Most High, and begged that I would make my farewell as short as might be, seeing that he proposed to return home that very day, the which. alas! I very unwillingly did.

\* Gen. vi. 2.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

How my poor child was sentenced to be put to the question.

AFTER *acta* had been sent to the honourable the central court, about fourteen days passed over before any answer was received. My lord the Sheriff was especially gracious toward me the while, and allowed me to see my daughter as often as I would (seeing that the rest of the court were gone home), wherefore I was with her nearly all day. And when the constable grew impatient of keeping watch over me, I gave him a fee to lock me in together with my child. And the all-merciful God was gracious unto us, and caused us often and gladly to pray, for we had a steadfast hope, believing that the cross we had seen in the heavens would now soon pass away from us, and that the ravening wolf would receive his reward when the honourable high court had read through the *acta*, and should come to the excellent *defensio* which *Dom. Syndicus* had constructed for my child. Wherefore I began to be of good cheer again, especially when I saw my daughter her cheeks growing of a right lovely red. But on Thursday, 25th *mensis Augusti*, at noon, the worshipful court drove into the castle-yard again as I sat in the prison with my child, as I was wont; and old Ilse brought us our food, but could not tell us the news for weeping. But the tall constable peeped in at the door grinning, and cried, "Oh, ho! they are come, they are come; now the tickling will begin!" whereat my poor child shuddered, but less at the news than at sight of the fellow himself. Scarce was he gone than he came back again to take off her chains and to fetch her away. So I followed her into the judgment-chamber, where *Dom. Consul* read out the sentence of the honourable high court as follows:—that she should once more be questioned in kindness touching the articles contained in the indictment; and if she then continued stubborn she should be subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, for that the *defensio* she had set up did not suffice, and that there were

*indicia legitima, pręgnantia et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam ;*  
to wit,—

1. *Mala fama.*
2. *Maleficium, publicę commissum.*
3. *Apparitio demonis in monte.*

Whereupon the most honourable central court cited about 20 *auctores*, whereof, howbeit, we remember but little. When *Dom. Consul* had read out this to my child, he once more lift up his voice and admonished her with many words to confess of her own free will, for that the truth must now come to light.

Hereupon she steadfastly replied, that after the *defensio* of *Dom. Syndicus* she had indeed hoped for a better sentence ; but that, as it was the will of God to try her yet more hardly, she resigned herself altogether into his gracious hands, and could not confess aught save what she had said before, namely, that she was innocent, and that evil men had brought this misery upon her. Hereupon *Dom. Consul* motioned the constable, who straightway opened the door of the next room, and admitted *Pastor Benzensis* \* in his surplice, who had been sent for by the court to admonish her still better out of the word of God. He heaved a deep sigh, and said, " Mary, Mary, is it thus I must meet thee again ! " Whereupon she began to weep bitterly, and to protest her innocence afresh. But he heeded not her distress ; and as soon as he had heard her pray, " Our Father," " the eyes of all wait upon thee," and " God the Father dwell with us," he lift up his voice and declared to her the hatred of the living God to all witches and warlocks, seeing that not only is the punishment of fire awarded to them in the Old Testament, but that the Holy Ghost expressly saith in the New Testament (Gal. v.), " That they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God ; " but " shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone ; which is the second death." (Apocal. xxi.) Wherefore she must not be stubborn nor murmur against the court when she was tormented, seeing that it was all done out of Christian love, and to save her poor soul. That, for the sake of God and her salvation, she should no longer delay repentance, and thereby cause her body to be tormented and give over

\* The minister at Bentz, a village situated at a short distance from Pudzla.

her wretched soul to Satan, who certainly would not fulfil those promises in hell which he had made her here upon earth; seeing that "He was a murderer from the beginning—a liar, and the father of it" (John viii.). "Oh!" cried he, "Mary, my child, who so oft hast sat upon my knees, and for whom I now cry every morning and every night unto my God, if thou wilt have no pity upon thee and me, have pity at least upon thy worthy father, whom I cannot look upon without tears, seeing that his hairs have turned snow white within a few days, and save thy soul, my child, and confess! Behold, thy heavenly father grieveth over thee no less than thy fleshly father, and the holy angels veil their faces for sorrow that thou, who wert once their darling sister, art now become the sister and bride of the devil. Return therefore, and repent! This day thy Saviour calleth thee, poor stray lamb, back into his flock, 'And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound . . . be loosed from this bond? Such are his merciful words (Luke xiii.); *item*, 'Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful' (Jer. iii.). Return then, thou backsliding soul, unto the Lord thy God! He who heard the prayer of the idolatrous Manasseh when 'he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself' (2 Chron. xxxiii.); who, through Paul, accepted the repentance of the sorcerers at Ephesus (Acts xix.), the same merciful God now crieth unto thee as unto the angel of the church of Ephesus, 'Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen and repent' (Apocal. ii.). Oh, Mary, Mary, remember, my child, from whence thou art fallen, and repent!"

Hereupon he held his peace, and it was some time before she could say a word for tears and sobs; but at last she answered, "If lies are no less hateful to God than witchcraft, I may not lie, but must rather declare, to the glory of God, as I have ever declared, that I am innocent."

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* was exceeding wrath, and frowned, and asked the tall constable if all was ready, *item*, whether the women were at hand to undress *Rea*; whereupon he answered with a grin, as he was wont, "Ho, ho, I have never been wanting in my duty, nor will I be wanting to-day; I will tickle her in such wise that she shall soon confess."

When he had said this, *Dom. Consul* turned to my daughter and said, "Thou art a foolish thing, and knowest not the torment which awaits thee, and therefore is it that thou still art stubborn. Now then follow me to the torture-chamber, where the executioner shall show thee the *instrumenta*, and thou mayest yet think better of it, when thou hast seen what the question is like."

Hereupon he went into another room, and the constable followed him with my child. And when I would have gone after them, *Pastor Benzensis* held me back, with many tears, and conjured me not to do so, but to tarry where I was. But I hearkened not unto him, and tore myself from him, and swore that so long as a single vein should beat in my wretched body, I would never forsake my child. I therefore went into the next room, and from thence down into a vault, where was the torture-chamber, wherein were no windows, so that those without might not hear the cries of the tormented. Two torches were already burning there when I went in, and although *Dom. Consul* would at first have sent me away, after a while he had pity upon me, so that he suffered me to stay.

And now that hell-hound the constable stepped forward, and first showed my poor child the ladder, saying with savage glee, "See here! first of all, thou wilt be laid on that, and thy hands and feet will be tied. Next the thumb-screw here will be put upon thee, which straightway will make the blood to spirt out at the tips of thy fingers; thou mayest see that they are still red with the blood of old Gussy Biehlke, who was burnt last year, and who, like thee, would not confess at first. If thou still wilt not confess, I shall next put these Spanish boots on thee, and should they be too large, I shall just drive in a wedge, so that the calf, which is now at the back of thy leg, will be driven to the front, and the blood will shoot out of thy feet, as when thou squeezest blackberries in a bag.

"Again, if thou wilt not yet confess—holla!" shouted he, and kicked open a door behind him, so that the whole vault shook, and my poor child fell upon her knees for fright. Before long two women brought in a bubbling cauldron, full of boiling pitch and brimstone. This cauldron the hell-hound ordered them to set down on the ground, and drew forth, from under the red cloak

he wore, a goose's wing, wherefrom he plucked five or six quills, which he dipped into the boiling brimstone. After he had held them awhile in the cauldron he threw them upon the earth, where they twisted about and spirted the brimstone on all sides. And then he called to my poor child again, "See! these quills I shall throw upon thy white loins, and the burning brimstone will presently eat into thy flesh down to the very bones, so that thou wilt thereby have a foretaste of the joys which await thee in hell."

When he had spoken thus far, amid sneers and laughter, I was so overcome with rage that I sprang forth out of the corner where I stood leaning my trembling joints against an old barrel, and cried, "Oh, thou hellish dog! sayest thou this of thyself, or have others bidden thee?" Whereupon, however, the fellow gave me such a blow upon the breast that I fell backwards against the wall, and *Dom. Consul* called out in great wrath, "You old fool, if you needs must stay here, at any rate leave the constable in peace, for if not I will have you thrust out of the chamber forthwith. The constable has said no more than is his duty; and it will thus happen to thy child if she confess not, and if it appear that the foul fiend have given her some charm against the torture."\* Hereupon this hell-hound went on to speak to my poor child, without heeding me, save that he laughed in my face: "Look here! when thou hast thus been well shorn, ho, ho, ho! I shall pull thee up by means of these two rings in the floor and the roof, stretch thy arms above thy head, and bind them fast to the ceiling; whereupon I shall take these two torches, and hold them under thy shoulders, till thy skin will presently become like the rind of a smoked ham. Then thy hellish paramour will help thee no longer, and thou wilt confess the truth. And now thou hast seen and heard all that I shall do to thee, in the name of God, and by order of the magistrates."

And now *Dom. Consul* once more came forward and admonished her to confess the truth. But she abode by what she had said from the first; whereupon he delivered her over to the two

\* It was believed that when witches endured the torture with unusual patience, or even slept during the operation, which, strange to say, frequently occurred, the devil had gifted them with insensibility to pain by means of an amulet which they concealed in some secret part of their persons.—Zedler's *Universal Lexicon*, vol. xlv., art. "Torture."

women who had brought in the cauldron, to strip her naked as she was born, and to clothe her in the black torture-shift; after which they were once more to lead her barefooted up the steps before the worshipful court. But one of these women was the Sheriff his housekeeper (the other was the impudent constable his wife), and my daughter said that she would not suffer herself to be touched save by honest women, and assuredly not by the housekeeper, and begged *Dom. Consul* to send for her maid, who was sitting in her prison reading the Bible, if he knew of no other decent woman at hand. Hereupon the housekeeper began to pour forth a wondrous deal of railing and ill words, but *Dom. Consul* rebuked her, and answered my daughter that he would let her have her wish in this matter too, and bade the impudent constable his wife call the maid hither from out of the prison. After he had said this, he took me by the arm, and prayed me so long to go up with him, for that no harm would happen to my daughter as yet, that I did as he would have me.

Before long she herself came up, led between the two women, barefooted, and in the black torture-shift, but so pale that I myself should scarce have known her. The hateful constable, who followed close behind, seized her by the hand, and led her before the worshipful court.

Hereupon the admonitions began all over again, and *Dom. Consul* bade her look upon the brown spots that were upon the black shift, for that they were the blood of old wife Biehlke, and to consider that within a few minutes it would in like manner be stained with her own blood. Hereupon she answered, "I have considered that right well, but I hope that my faithful Saviour, who hath laid this torment upon me, being innocent, will likewise help me to bear it, as he helped the holy martyrs of old; for if these, through God's help, overcame by faith the torments inflicted on them by blind heathens, I also can overcome the torture inflicted on me by blind heathens, who, indeed, call themselves Christians, but who are more cruel than those of yore; for the old heathens but only caused the holy virgins to be torn of savage beasts, but ye which have received the new commandment, 'That ye love one another; as your Saviour hath loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are his disciples' (St. John xiii.); yourselves will act the part of

savage beasts, and tear with your own hands the body of an innocent maiden, your sister, who has never done aught to harm you. Do, then, as ye list, but have a care how ye will answer it to the highest Judge of all. Again, I say, the lamb feareth naught, for it is in the hand of the good Shepherd."

When my matchless child had thus spoken, *Dom. Consul* rose, pulled off the black skull-cap which he ever wore, because the top of his head was already bald, bowed to the court, and said, "We hereby make known to the worshipful court, that the question ordinary and extraordinary of the stubborn and blaspheming witch, Mary Schwoidler, is about to begin, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Hereupon all the court rose save the Sheriff, who had got up before, and was walking uneasily up and down in the room. But of all that now follows, and of what I myself did, I remember not one word, but will relate it all as I have received it from my daughter and other *testes*, and they have told me as follows:—

That when *Dom. Consul* after these words had taken up the hour-glass which stood upon the table, and walked on before, I would go with him, whereupon *Pastor Benzensis* first prayed me with many words and tears to desist from my purpose, and when that was of no avail my child herself stroked my cheeks, saying, "Father, have you ever read that the Blessed Virgin stood by when her guileless Son was scourged? Depart, therefore, from me. You shall stand by the pile whereon I am burned, that I promise you; for in like manner did the Blessed Virgin stand at the foot of the cross. But, now, go; go I pray you, for you will not be able to bear it, neither shall I!"

And when this also failed, *Dom. Consul* bade the constable seize me, and by main force lock me into another room; whereupon, however, I tore myself away, and fell at his feet, conjuring him by the wounds of Christ not to tear me from my child; that I would never forget his kindness and mercy, but pray for him day and night; nay, that at the day of judgment I would be his intercessor with God and the holy angels if that he would but let me go with my child; that I would be quite quiet, and not speak one single word, but that I must go with my child, &c.

This so moved the worthy man that he burst into tears, and so trembled with pity for me that the hour-glass fell from his

hands and rolled right before the feet of the Sheriff, as though God himself would signify to him that his glass was soon to run out ; and, indeed, he understood it right well, for he grew white as any chalk when he picked it up, and gave it back to *Dom. Consul*. The latter at last gave way, saying that this day would make him ten years older ; but he bade the impudent constable, who also went with us, lead me away if I made any *rumor* during the torture. And hereupon the whole court went below, save the Sheriff, who said his head ached, and that he believed his old *malum*, the gout, was coming upon him again, wherefore he went into another chamber ; *item*, *Pastor Benzensis* likewise departed.

Down in the vault the constables first brought in tables and chairs, whereon the court sat, and *Dom. Consul* also pushed a chair toward me, but I sat not thereon, but threw myself upon my knees in a corner. When this was done they began again with their vile admonitions, and as my child, like her guileless Saviour before his unrighteous judges, answered not a word, *Dom. Consul* rose up and bade the tall constable lay her on the torture-bench.

She shook like an aspen leaf when he bound her hands and feet ; and when he was about to bind over her sweet eyes a nasty old filthy clout wherein my maid had seen him carry fish but the day before, and which was still all over shining scales, I perceived it, and pulled off my silken neckerchief, begging him to use that instead, which he did. Hereupon the thumb-screw was put on her, and she was once more asked whether she would confess freely, but she only shook her poor blinded head, and sighed with her dying Saviour, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," and then in Greek, "Θεέ μου, Θεέ μου, ἵνα τί με ἐγκατέλιπες."\* Whereat *Dom. Consul* started back, and made the sign of the cross (for inasmuch as he knew no Greek, he believed, as he afterwards said himself, that she was calling upon the devil to help her), and then called to the constable with a loud voice, "Screw !"

But when I heard this I gave such a cry that the whole vault shook ; and when my poor child, who was dying of terror and despair, had heard my voice, she first struggled with her bound hands and feet like a lamb that lies dying in the slaughter-house,

\* My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?—Matt. xxvii. 46.

and then cried out, "Loose me, and I will confess whatsoever you will." Hereat *Dom. Consul* so greatly rejoiced, that while the constable unbound her, he fell on his knees, and thanked God for having spared him this anguish. But no sooner was my poor desperate child unbound, and had laid aside her crown of thorns (I mean my silken neckerchief), than she jumped off the ladder, and flung herself upon me, who lay for dead in the corner in a deep swoond.

This greatly angered the worshipful court, and when the constable had borne me away, *Rea* was admonished to make her confession according to promise. But seeing she was too weak to stand upon her feet, *Dom. Consul* gave her a chair to sit upon, although *Dom. Camerarius* grumbled thereat, and these were the chief questions which were put to her by order of the most honourable high central court, as *Dom. Consul* said, and which were registered *ad protocollum*.

Q. Whether she could bewitch?—*R.* Yes, she could bewitch.

Q. Who taught her to do so?—*R.* Satan himself.

Q. How many devils had she?—*R.* One devil was enough for her.

Q. What was this devil called?—*Illa* (considering). His name was *Disidæmonia*.\*

Hereat *Dom. Consul* shuddered and said that that must be a very terrible devil indeed, for that he had never heard such a name before, and that she must spell it, so that *Scriba* might make no error; which she did, and he then went on as follows:—

Q. In what shape had he appeared to her?—*R.* In the shape of the Sheriff, and sometimes as a goat with terrible horns.

Q. Whether Satan had re-baptized her, and where?—*R.* In the sea.

Q. What name had he given her?—*R.* —.†

Q. Whether any of the neighbours had been by when she was re-baptized, and which of them?—*R.* Hereupon my matchless child cast up her eyes towards heaven, as though doubting whether she should fyle old Lizzie or not, but at last she said, No!

Q. She must have had sponsors; who were they? and what

\* Δεισιδαιμονία—Superstition. What an extraordinary woman!

† It was impossible to decipher this name in the MS.

gift had they given her as christening money?—*R.* There were none there save spirits; wherefore old Lizzie could see no one when she came and looked on at her re-baptism.

*Q.* Whether she had ever lived with the devil?—*R.* She never had lived anywhere save in her father's house.

*Q.* She did not choose to understand. He meant whether she had ever played the wanton with Satan, and known him carnally? Hereupon she blushed, and was so ashamed that she covered her face with her hands, and presently began to weep and to sob: and as, after many questions, she gave no answer, she was again admonished to speak the truth, or that the executioner should lift her up on the ladder again. At last she said "No!" which, howbeit the worshipful court would not believe, and bade the executioner seize her again, whereupon she answered "Yes!"

*Q.* Whether she had found the devil hot or cold?—*R.* She did not remember which.

*Q.* Whether she had ever conceived by Satan, and given birth to a changeling, and of what shape?—*R.* No, never.

*Q.* Whether the foul fiend had given her any sign or mark about her body, and in what part thereof?—*R.* That the mark had already been seen by the worshipful court.

She was next charged with all the witchcraft done in the village, and owned to it all, save that she still said that she knew naught of old Seden his death, *item*, of little Paasch her sickness, nor, lastly, would she confess that she had, by the help of the foul fiend, raked up my crop or conjured the caterpillars into my orchard. And albeit they again threatened her with the question, and even ordered the executioner to lay her on the bench and put on the thumb-screw to frighten her; she remained firm, and said, "Why should you torture me, seeing that I have confessed far heavier crimes than these, which it will not save my life to deny?"

Hereupon the worshipful court at last were satisfied, and suffered her to be lifted off the torture-bench, especially as she confessed the *articulus principalis*; to wit, that Satan had really appeared to her on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant. Of the storm and the frog, *item*, of the hedgehog, nothing was said, inasmuch as the worshipful court had by this time seen the folly of supposing that she could have brewed a storm while she

quietly sat in the coach. Lastly, she prayed that it might be granted to her to suffer death clothed in the garments which she had worn when she went to greet the King of Sweden ; *item*, that they would suffer her wretched father to be driven with her to the stake, and to stand by while she was burned, seeing that she had promised him this in the presence of the worshipful court.

Hereupon she was once more given into the charge of the tall constable, who was ordered to put her into a stronger and severer prison. But he had not led her out of the chamber before the Sheriff his bastard, whom he had had by the housekeeper, came into the vault with a drum, and kept drumming and crying out, "Come to the roast goose ! come to the roast goose !" whereat *Dom. Consul* was exceeding wroth, and ran after him, but he could not catch him, seeing that the young varlet knew all the ins and outs of the vault. Without doubt it was the Lord who sent me the swoond, so that I should be spared this fresh grief ; wherefore to him alone be honour and glory. Amen.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

How in my presence the devil fetched old Lizzie Kolken.

WHEN I recovered from my above-mentioned swoond, I found my host, his wife, and my old maid standing over me, and pouring warm beer down my throat. The faithful old creature shrieked for joy when I opened my eyes again, and then told me that my daughter had not suffered herself to be racked, but had freely confessed her crimes and fyled herself as a witch. This seemed pleasant news to me in my misery, inasmuch as I deemed the death by fire to be a less heavy punishment than the torture. Howbeit when I would have prayed I could not, whereat I again fell into heavy grief and despair, fearing that the Holy Ghost had altogether turned away his face from me, wretched man that I was. And albeit the old maid, when she had seen this, came and stood before my bed and began to pray aloud to me; it was all in vain, and I remained a hardened sinner. But the Lord had pity upon me, although I deserved it not, insomuch that I presently fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake until next morning when the prayer-bell rang; and then I was once more able to pray, whereat I greatly rejoiced, and still thanked God in my heart, when my ploughman Claus Neels came in and told me that he had come yesterday to tell me about my oats, seeing that he had gotten them all in; and that the constable came with him who had been to fetch old Lizzie Kolken, inasmuch as the honourable high court had ordered her to be brought up for trial. Hereat the whole village rejoiced, but *Rea* herself laughed, and shouted, and sang, and told him and the constable, by the way (for the constable had let her get up behind for a short time), that this should bring great luck to the Sheriff. They need only bring her up before the court, and in good sooth she would not hold her tongue within her teeth, but that all men should marvel at her confession; that such a court

as that was a laughing-stock to her, and that she spat, *salvâ veniâ*, upon the whole brotherhood, *et cct.*

Upon hearing this I once more felt a strong hope, and rose to go to old Lizzie. But I was not quite dressed before she sent the impudent constable to beg that I would go to her with all speed and give her the sacrament, seeing that she had become very weak during the night. I had my own thoughts on the matter, and followed the constable as fast as I could, though not to give her the sacrament, as indeed anybody may suppose. But in my haste I, weak old man that I was, forgot to take my witnesses with me; for all the misery I had hitherto suffered had so clouded my senses that it never once came into my head. None followed me save the impudent constable; and it will soon appear how that this villain had given himself over body and soul to Satan to destroy my child, whereas he might have saved her. For when he had opened the prison (it was the same cell wherein my child had first been shut up), we found old Lizzie lying on the ground on a truss of straw, with a broom for a pillow (as though she were about to fly to hell upon it, as she no longer could fly to Blockula), so that I shuddered when I caught sight of her.

Scarce was I come in when she cried out fearfully, "I'm a witch, I'm a witch! Have pity upon me, and give me the sacrament quick, and I will confess everything to you!" And when I said to her, "Confess then!" she owned that she, with the help of the Sheriff, had contrived all the witchcraft in the village, and that my child was as innocent thereof as the blessed sun in heaven. Howbeit that the Sheriff had the greatest guilt, inasmuch as he was a warlock and a witch's priest, and had a spirit far stronger than her's, called Dudaim,\* which spirit had given her such a blow on the head in the night as she should never recover. This same Dudaim it was that had raked up the crops, heaped sand over the amber, made the storm, and dropped the

\* This remarkable word occurs in the 1 Mos. xxx. 15 ff. as the name of a plant which produces fruitfulness in women; but the commentators are by no means agreed as to its nature and its properties. The LXX. render it by *Mandragoras*, which has been understood by the most eminent ancient and modern theologians to mean the mandrake (*Alraunwurz*) so famous in the history of witchcraft. In many instances the devils, strangely enough, receive Christian names; thus the familiar spirit of old Lizzie is afterwards called Kit, i. e. Christopher.

frog into my daughter her lap; *item*, carried off her old goodman through the air.

And when I asked her how that could be, seeing that her goodman had been a child of God until very near his end, and much given to prayer; albeit I had indeed marvelled why he had other thoughts in his last illness; she answered, that one day he had seen her spirit, which she kept in a chest, in the shape of a black cat, and whose name was Kit, and had threatened that he would tell me of it; whereupon she, being frightened, had caused her spirit to make him so ill that he despaired of ever getting over it. Thereupon she had comforted him, saying that she would presently heal him if he would deny God, who, as he well saw, could not help him. This he promised to do; and when she had straightway made him quite hearty again, they took the silver which I had scraped off the new sacrament cup, and went by night down to the sea-shore, where he had to throw it into the sea with these words: "When this silver returns again to the chalice, then shall my soul return to God." Whereupon the Sheriff, who was by, re-baptized him in the name of Satan, and called him Jack. He had had no sponsors save only herself, old Lizzie. Moreover that on St. John's eve, when he went with them to Blockula for the first time (the Herrenberg\* was their Blockula), they had talked of my daughter, and Satan himself had sworn to the Sheriff that he should have her. For that he would show the old one (wherewith the villain meant God) what he could do, and that he would make the carpenter's son sweat for vexation (fie upon thee, thou arch villain, that thou couldst thus speak of my blessed Saviour!). Whereupon her old goodman had grumbled, and as they had never rightly trusted him, the spirit Dudaïm one day flew off with him through the air by the Sheriff's order, seeing that her own spirit, called Kit, was too weak to carry him. That the same Dudaïm had also been the woodpecker who afterwards 'ticed my daughter and old Paasch to the spot with his cries, in order to ruin her. But that the giant who had appeared on the Streuselberg was not a devil,

\* A hill near Coserow. In almost all trials of witches hills of this kind in the neighbourhood of the accused are mentioned, where the devil on Walpurgis night and St. John's eve feasts, dances and wantons with them, and where warlock priests administer Satanic sacraments, which are mere mockeries of those of Divine institution.

but the young lord of Mellenthin himself, as her spirit, Kit, had told her.

And this she said was nothing but the truth, whereby she would live and die; and she begged me, for the love of God, to take pity upon her, and, after her repentant confession, to speak forgiveness of her sins, and to give her the Lord's Supper; for that her spirit stood there behind the stove, grinning like a rogue, because he saw that it was all up with her now. But I answered, "I would sooner give the sacrament to an old sow than to thee, thou accursed witch, who not only didst give over thine own husband to Satan, but hast likewise tortured me and my poor child almost unto death with pains like those of hell." Before she could make any answer, a loathsome insect, about as long as my finger, and with a yellow tail, crawled in under the door of the prison. When she espied it, she gave a yell, such as I never before heard, and never wish to hear again. For once, when I was in Silesia, in my youth, I saw one of the enemy's soldiers spear a child before its mother's face, and I thought *that* a fearful shriek which the mother gave; but her cry was child's play to the cry of old Lizzie. All my hair stood on end, and her own red hair grew so stiff that it was like the twigs of the broom whereon she lay; and then she howled, "That is the spirit Dudaim, whom the accursed Sheriff has sent to me—the sacrament, for the love of God, the sacrament!—I will confess a great deal more—I have been a witch these thirty years!—the sacrament, the sacrament!" While she thus bellowed and flung about her arms and legs, the loathsome insect rose into the air, and buzzed and whizzed about her where she lay, insomuch that it was fearful to see and to hear. And this she-devil called by turns on God, on her spirit Kit, and on me, to help her, till the insect all of a sudden darted into her open jaws, whereupon she straightway gave up the ghost, and turned all black and blue like a blackberry.

I heard nothing more save that the window rattled, not very loud, but as though one had thrown a pea against it, whereby I straightway perceived that Satan had just flown through it with her soul. May the all-merciful God keep every mother's child from such an end, for the sake of Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour! Amen.

As soon as I was somewhat recovered, which, however, was not for a long time, inasmuch as my blood had turned to ice, and my feet were as stiff as a stake; I began to call out after the impudent constable, but he was no longer in the prison. Thereat I greatly marvelled, seeing that I had seen him there but just before the vermin crawled in, and straightway I suspected no good, as, indeed, it turned out: for when at last he came upon my calling him, and I told him to let this carrion be carted out which had just died in the name of the devil, he did as though he was amazed; and when I desired him that he would bear witness to the innocence of my daughter, which the old hag had confessed on her death-bed, he pretended to be yet more amazed, and said that he had heard nothing. This went through my heart like a sword, and I leaned against a pillar without, where I stood for a long time: but as soon as I was come to myself I went to *Dom. Consul*, who was about to go to Uzedom, and already sat in his coach. At my humble prayer he went back into the judgment-chamber with the *Camerarius* and the *Scriba*, whereupon I told all that had taken place, and how the wicked constable denied that he had heard the same. But they say that I talked a great deal of nonsense beside; among other things that all the little fishes had swam into the vault to release my daughter. Nevertheless, *Dom. Consul*, who often shook his head, sent for the impudent constable, and asked him for his testimony. But the fellow pretended that as soon as he saw that old Lizzie wished to confess, he had gone away, so as not to get any more hard words, wherefore he had heard nothing. Hereupon I, as *Dom. Consul* afterwards told the pastor of Benz, clenched my fists and answered, "What, thou arch-rogue, didst thou not crawl about the room in the shape of a reptile?" whereupon he would hearken to me no longer, thinking me distraught, nor would he make the constable take an oath, but left me standing in the midst of the room, and got into his coach again.

Neither do I know how I got out of the room; but next morning when the sun rose, and I found myself lying in bed at Master Seep his alehouse, the whole *casus* seemed to me like a dream; neither was I able to rise, but lay a-bed all the blessed Saturday and Sunday, talking all manner of *allotria*. It was not till towards evening on Sunday when I began to vomit and

threw up green bile (no wonder!), that I got somewhat better. About this time *Pastor Benzensis* came to my bedside, and told me how distractedly I had borne myself, but so comforted me from the word of God, that I was once more able to pray from my heart. May the merciful God reward my dear gossip, therefore, at the day of judgment! For prayer is almost as brave a comforter as the Holy Ghost himself, from whom it comes; and I shall ever consider that so long as a man can still pray, his misfortunes are not unbearable, even though in all else "his flesh and his heart faileth" (Ps. lxxiii.).

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## CHAPTER XXV.

How Satan sifted me like wheat, whereas my daughter withstood him right bravely.

On Monday I left my bed betimes, and as I felt in passable good case, I went up to the castle to see whether I might peradventure get to my daughter, but I could not find either constable, albeit I had brought a few groats with me to give them as beer-money; neither would the folks that I met tell me where they were; *item*, the impudent constable his wife, who was in the kitchen making brimstone matches. And when I asked her when her husband would come back, she said not before to-morrow morning early; *item*, that the other constable would not be here any sooner. Hereupon I begged her to lead me to my daughter herself, at the same time showing her the two groats; but she answered that she had not the keys, and knew not how to get at them: moreover she said she did not know where my child was now shut up, seeing that I would have spoken to her through the door; *item*, the cook, the huntsman, and whomsoever else I met in my sorrow, said they knew not in what hole the witch might lie.

Hereupon I went all round about the castle, and laid my ear against every little window that looked as though it might be her window, and cried, "Mary, my child, where art thou?" *Item*, at every grating I found I kneeled down, bowed my head, and called in like manner into the vault below. But all in vain; I got no answer anywhere. The Sheriff at length saw what I was about, and came down out of the castle to me with a very gracious air, and taking me by the hand, he asked me what I sought? But when I answered him that I had not seen my only child since last Thursday, and prayed him to show pity upon me, and let me be led to her, he said that could not be, but that I was to come up into his chamber, and talk further of the matter. By the way he said, "Well, so the old witch told you fine things about me, but you see how Almighty God

has sent his righteous judgment upon her. She has long been ripe for the fire; but my great long-suffering, wherein a good magistrate should ever strive to be like unto the Lord, has made me overlook it till *datum*, and in return for my goodness she raises this outcry against me." And when I replied, "How does your lordship know that the witch raised such an outcry against you?" he first began to stammer, and then said, "Why you yourself charged me thereon before the judge. But I bear you no anger therefore, and God knows that I pity you, who are a poor weak old man, and would gladly help you if I were able." Meanwhile he led me up four or five flights of stairs, so that I, old man that I am, could follow him no further, and stood still gasping for breath. But he took me by the hand and said, "Come, I must first show you how matters really stand, or I fear you will not accept my help, but will plunge yourself into destruction." Hereupon we stepped out upon a terrace at the top of the castle, which looked toward the water; and the villain went on to say, "Reverend Abraham, can you see well afar off?" and when I answered that I once could see very well, but that the many tears I had shed had now peradventure dimmed my eyes, he pointed to the Strekelberg, and said, "Do you then see nothing there?" *Ego*. "Nought save a black speck, which I cannot make out." *Ille*. "Know then that that is the pile whereon your daughter is to burn at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and which the constables are now raising." When this hell-hound had thus spoken, I gave a loud cry and swooned. Oh, blessed Lord! I know not how I lived through such distress; thou alone didst strengthen me beyond nature, in order, "after so much weeping and wailing, to heap joys and blessings upon me;" without thee I never could have lived through such misery: "therefore to thy name ever be all honour and glory, oh thou God of Israel!"\*

When I came again to myself I lay on a bed in a fine room, and perceived a taste in my mouth like wine. But as I saw none near me save the Sheriff, who held a pitcher in his hand, I shuddered and closed mine eyes, considering what I should say or do. This he presently observed, and said, "Do not shudder thus; I

\* Tobit iii. 22, 23, Luther's Version.

mean well by you, and only wish to put a question to you, which you must answer me on your conscience as a priest. Say, reverend Abraham, which is the greater sin, to commit whoredom, or to take the lives of two persons?" and when I answered him, "To take the lives of two persons," he went on, "Well, then, is not that what your stubborn child is about to do? Rather than give herself up to me, who have ever desired to save her, and who can even yet save her, albeit her pile is now being raised, she will take away her own life and that of her wretched father, for I scarcely think that you, poor man, will outlive this sorrow. Wherefore do you, for God his sake, persuade her to think better of it while I am yet able to save her. For know that about ten miles from hence I have a small house in the midst of the forest, where no human being ever goes; thither will I send her this very night, and you may dwell there with her all the days of your life, if so it please you. You shall live as well as you can possibly desire, and to-morrow morning I will spread a report betimes that the witch and her father have run away together during the night, and that nobody knows whither they are gone." Thus spake the serpent to me, as whilom to our mother Eve; and, wretched sinner that I am, the tree of death which he showed me seemed to me also to be a tree of life, so pleasant was it to the eye. Nevertheless I answered, "My child will never save her miserable life by doing aught to peril the salvation of her soul." But now too the serpent was more cunning than all the beasts of the field (especially such an old fool as I), and spake thus: "Why, who would have her peril the salvation of her soul? Reverend Abraham, must I teach you Scripture? Did not our Lord Christ pardon Mary Magdalene, who lived in open whoredom? and did he not speak forgiveness to the poor adulteress who had committed a still greater *crimen*? nay more, doth not St. Paul expressly say that the harlot Rahab was saved, Hebrews xi. ? *item*, St. James ii. says the same. But where have ye read that any one was saved who had wantonly taken her own life and that of her father? Wherefore, for the love of God, persuade your child not to give herself up, body and soul, to the devil, by her stubbornness, but to suffer herself to be saved while it is yet time. You can abide with her, and pray away all the sins she may commit, and likewise aid

me with your prayers, who freely own that I am a miserable sinner, and have done you much evil, though not so much evil by far, reverend Abraham, as David did to Uriah, and he was saved, notwithstanding he put the man to a shameful death, and afterwards lay with his wife. Wherefore I, poor man, likewise hope to be saved, seeing that my desire for your daughter is still greater than that which this David felt for Bathsheba; and I will gladly make it all up to you twofold as soon as we are in my cottage."

When the tempter had thus spoken, methought his words were sweeter than honey, and I answered, "Alas, my lord, I am ashamed to appear before her face with such a proposal." Whereupon he straightway said, "Then do you write it to her; come, here is pen, ink, and paper."

And now, like Eve, I took the fruit and ate, and gave it to my child that she might eat also; that is to say, that I recapitulated on paper all that Satan had prompted, but in the Latin tongue, for I was ashamed to write it in mine own; and lastly I conjured her not to take away her own life and mine, but to submit to the wondrous will of God. Neither were mine eyes opened when I had eaten (that is written), nor did I perceive that the ink was gall instead of honey, and I translated my letter to the Sheriff (seeing that he understood no Latin), smiling like a drunken man the while; whereupon he clapped me on the shoulder, and after I had made fast the letter with his signet, he called his huntsman, and gave it to him to carry to my daughter; *item*, he sent her pen, ink, and paper, together with his signet, in order that she might answer it forthwith.

Meanwhile he talked with me right graciously, praising my child and me, and made me drink to him many times from his great pitcher, wherein was most goodly wine; moreover he went to a cupboard and brought out cakes for me to eat, saying that I should now have such every day. But when the huntsman came back in about half an hour, with her answer, and I had read the same, then, first, were mine eyes opened, and I knew good and evil; had I had a fig-leaf, I should have covered them therewith for shame; but as it was, I held my hand over them and wept so bitterly that the Sheriff waxed very wroth, and cursing bade me tell him what she had written. Thereupon I interpreted the letter to him, the which I likewise place here, in order that all

me see my folly, and the wisdom of my child. It was as follows:\*

### IESVS!

**Father infelix!**

Ego cras non magis pallebo rogi aspectura, et rogi non magis erubescet, me suscipiens, quam pallui et iterum erubescui, literas tuas legens. Quid? et te, pium patrem, pium servum Domini, ita Satanas sollicitavit, ut communionem facias cum inimicis meis, et non intelligas: in tali vitâ esse mortem, et in tali morte vitam? Scilicet si clementissimus Deus Mariæ Magdalene alisque ignovit, ignovit, quia resipiscerent ob carnis debilitatem, et non iterum peccarent. Et ego peccarem cum quavis detestatione carnis, et non semel, sed iterum atque iterum sine reversione usque ad mortem? Quomodo clementissimus Deus hoc sceleratissima ignoscere posset? infelix pater! Recordare quid mihi dixisti de sanctis martyribus et virginibus Domini, quæ omnes mallent vitam quam pudicitiam perdere. His et ego

\* It is evidently written by a female hand, and probably the original letter; there are, however, no traces of sealing-wax or wax upon it, whence I infer that it was sent open, which, from its being written in a foreign language, would have been perfectly safe. I have purposely left the few grammatical errors it contains, as the smallest alteration of this gem would appear to me in the light of a treason against the character of this incomparable woman.

Translation.

JESUS!

**Unhappy Father!**

I shall not to-morrow grow more pale at sight of the pile, nor will the pile grow more red on receiving me, than I grew pale and then red while reading thy letter. How? and hath Satan so tempted thee, pious father, pious servant of the Lord, that thou hast made common cause with mine enemies, and that thou understandest not that in such life is death, and in such death is life? For if the all-merciful God forgave Mary Magdalene and other sinners, he forgave them because they repented of the weakness of their flesh, and sinned not again. And shall I sin with so great abhorrence of the flesh, and that not once, but again and again without return even until death? How could the all-merciful God forgive this to the vilest of women? Unhappy father! remember what thou hast told me of the holy martyrs, and of the virgins of the Lord, who all lost their lives rather than lose their chastity. These will I follow, hoping that my spouse Jesus Christ will also give to wretched me a crown of eternal glory, although, indeed, I have not less offended through the weakness of the flesh than Mary, declaring myself to be guilty, whereas I am innocent. Be strong, therefore, and pray for me unto God, and not unto the devil, so that I may soon pray for thee before the face of God.

MARY S., a Prisoner.

sequar, et sponsus meus, Jesus Christus, et mihi miseræ, 'ut spero, coronam æternam dabit, quamvis eum non minus offendi ob debilitatem carnis ut Maria, et me sotentem declaravi, cum insons sum. Fac igitur, ut valeas et ora pro me apud Deum et non apud Satanam, ut et ego mox coram Deo pro te orare possim.

MARIA S., captiva.

When the Sheriff heard this he flung the pitcher which he held in his hand to the ground, so that it flew in pieces, and cried, "The cursed devil's whore! the constable shall make her squeak for this a good hour longer;" with many more such things beside, which he said in his malice, and which I have now forgotten; but he soon became quite gracious again, and said, "She is foolish; do you go to her and see whether you cannot persuade her to her own good as well as yours; the huntsman shall let you in, and should the fellow listen, give him a good box on the ears in my name; do you hear, reverend Abraham? Go now forthwith and bring me back an answer as quickly as possible!" I therefore followed the huntsman, who led me into a vault where was no light save what fell through a hole no bigger than a crown-piece; and here my daughter sat upon her bed and wept. Any one may guess that I straightway began to weep too, and was no better able to speak than she. We thus lay mute in each other's arms for a long time, until I at last begged her to forgive me for my letter, but of the Sheriff his message I said nought, although I had purposed so to do. But before long we heard the Sheriff himself call down into the vault from above, "What (and here he gave me a heavy curse) are you doing there so long? Come up this moment, reverend Johannes!" Thus I had scarce time to give her one kiss before the huntsman came back with the keys and forced us to part; albeit we had as yet scarcely spoken, save that I had told her in a few words what had happened with old Lizzie. It would be hard to believe into what grievous anger the Sheriff fell when I told him that my daughter remained firm and would not hearken unto him; he struck me on the breast, and said, "Go to the devil then, thou infamous parson!" and when I turned myself away and would have gone, he pulled me back, and said, "If thou breathest but one word of all that has passed, I will have thee

burnt too, thou grey-headed old father of a witch; so look to it!" Hereupon I plucked up a heart, and answered that that would be the greatest joy to me, especially if I could be burnt to-morrow with my child. Hereunto he made no answer, but clapped to the door behind me. Well, clap the door as thou wilt, I greatly fear that the just God will one day clap the doors of heaven in thy face!—

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

How I received the Holy Sacrament with my daughter and the old maid-servant, and how she was then led for the last time before the court, with the drawn sword and the outcry, to receive sentence.

Now any one would think that during that heavy Tuesday night I should not have been able to close mine eyes ; but know, dear reader, that the Lord can do more than we can ask or understand, and that his mercy is new every morning. For toward daybreak I fell asleep as quietly as though I had had no care upon my heart ; and when I awoke I was able to pray more heartily than I had done for a long time ; so that, in the midst of my tribulation. I wept for joy at such great mercy from the Lord. But I prayed for nought save that he would endow my child with strength and courage to suffer the martyrdom he had laid upon her with Christian patience, and to send his angel to me, woeful man, so to pierce my heart with grief when I should see my child burn, that it might straightway cease to beat, and I might presently follow her. And thus I still prayed when the maid came in all dressed in black, and with the silken raiment of my sweet lamb hanging over her arm ; and she told me, with many tears, that the dead-bell had already tolled from the Castle tower, for the first time, and that my child had sent for her to dress her, seeing that the court was already come from Usedom, and that in about two hours she was to set out on her last journey. Moreover, she had sent her word that she was to take her some blue and yellow flowers for a garland ; wherefore she asked me what flowers she should take ; and seeing that a jar, filled with fire lilies and forget-me-nots, stood in my window, which she had placed there yesterday, I said, " Thou canst gather no better flowers for her than these, wherefore do thou carry them to her, and tell her that I will follow thee in about half-an-hour, in order to receive the sacrament with her." Hereupon the faithful old creature prayed me to suffer her to go to the sacrament with us, the which

I promised her. And scarce had I dressed myself and put on my surplice when *Pastor Benzensis* came in at the door and fell upon my neck, weeping, and as mute as a fish. As soon as he came to his speech again he told me of the great *miraculum* (*dæmonis* I mean) which had befallen at the burial of old Lizzie. For that, just as the bearers were about to lower the coffin into the grave, a noise was heard therein as though of a carpenter boring through a deal board; wherefore they thought the old hag must be come to life again, and opened the coffin. But there she lay as before, all black and blue in the face and as cold as ice; but her eyes had started wide open, so that all were horror-stricken, and expected some devilish apparition; and, indeed, a live rat presently jumped out of the coffin and ran into a skull which lay beside the grave. Thereupon they all ran away, seeing that old Lizzie had ever been in evil repute as a witch. Howbeit at last he himself went near the grave again, whereupon the rat disappeared, and all the others took courage and followed him. This the man told me, and any one may guess that this was in fact Satan, who had flown down the hag her throat as an insect, whereas his proper shape was that of a rat: albeit I wonder what he could so long have been about in the carrion; unless indeed it were that the evil spirits are as fond of all that is loathsome as the angels of God are of all that is fair and lovely. Be that as it may; *Summa*: I was not a little shocked at what he told me, and asked him what he now thought of the Sheriff? whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, and said, that he had indeed been a wicked fellow as long as he could remember him, and that it was full ten years since he had given him any first-fruits; but that he did not believe that he was a warlock, as old Lizzie had said. For although he had indeed never been to the table of the Lord in his church, he had heard that he often went, at Stettin, with his Princely Highness the Duke, and that the Pastor at the castle church had shown him the entry in his communion-book. Wherefore he likewise could not believe that he had brought this misery upon my daughter, if she were innocent, as the hag had said; besides, that my daughter had freely confessed herself a witch. Hereupon I answered, that she had done that for fear of the torture; but that she was not afraid of death; whereupon I told him, with

many sighs, how the Sheriff had yesterday tempted me, miserable and unfaithful servant, to evil, insomuch that I had been willing to sell my only child to him and to Satan, and was not worthy to receive the sacrament to-day. Likewise how much more steadfast a faith my daughter had than I, as he might see from her letter, which I still carried in my pocket; herewith I gave it into his hand, and when he had read it, he sighed as though he had been himself a father, and said, "Were this true, I should sink into the earth for sorrow; but come, brother, come, that I may prove her faith myself."

Hereupon we went up to the castle, and on our way we found the greensward before the hunting-lodge, *item*, the whole space in front of the castle, already crowded with people, who, nevertheless, were quite quiet as we went by: we gave our names again to the huntsman. (I have never been able to remember his name, seeing that he was a Polak; he was not, however, the same fellow who wooed my child, and whom the Sheriff had therefore turned off.) The man presently ushered us into a fine large room, whither my child had been led when taken out of her prison. The maid had already dressed her, and she looked lovely as an angel. She wore the chain of gold with the effigy round her neck again, *item*, the garland in her hair, and she smiled as we entered, saying, "I am ready!" Whereat the reverend Martinus was sorely angered and shocked, saying, "Ah, thou ungodly woman, let no one tell me further of thine innocence! Thou art about to go to the holy sacrament, and from thence to death, and thou flauntest as a child of this world about to go to the dancing-room." Whereupon she answered and said, "Be not wroth with me, dear godfather, because that I would go into the presence of my good King of Heaven in the same garments wherein I appeared some time since before the good King of Sweden. For it strengthens my weak and trembling flesh, seeing I hope that my righteous Saviour will in like manner take me to his heart, and will also hang his effigy upon my neck when I stretch out my hands to him in all humility, and recite my *carmen*, saying, 'Oh, Lamb of God, innocently slain upon the cross, give me thy peace, oh, Jesu!'" These words softened my dear gossip, and he spoke, saying, "Ah, child, I thought to have reproached thee, but thou hast constrained me to weep

"with thee: art thou then indeed innocent?" "Verily," said she, "to you, my honoured godfather, I may now own that I am innocent, as truly as I trust that God will aid me in my last hour through Jesus Christ, amen."

When the maid heard this, she made such outcries that I repented that I had suffered her to be present, and we all had enough to do to comfort her from the word of God till she became somewhat more tranquil; and when this was done my dear gossip thus spake to my child: "If, indeed, thou dost so steadfastly maintain thine innocence, it is my duty, according to my conscience as a priest, to inform the worshipful court thereof;" and he was about to leave the room. But she withheld him, and fell upon the ground and clasped his knees, saying, "I beseech you, by the wounds of Jesus, to be silent. They would stretch me on the rack again, and uncover my nakedness, and I, wretched weak woman, would in such torture confess all that they would have me, especially if my father again be there, whereby both my soul and my body are tortured at once: wherefore stay, I pray you, stay; is it then a misfortune to die innocent, and is it not better to die innocent than guilty?"

My good gossip at last gave way, and after standing awhile and praying to himself, he wiped away his tears, and then spake the exhortation to confession, in the words of Isa. xliii. 1, 2, "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

And when he had ended this comfortable address, and asked her whether she would willingly bear until her last hour that cross which the most merciful God according to his unsearchable will had laid upon her, she spake such beautiful words that my gossip afterwards said he should not forget them so long as he should live, seeing that he had never witnessed a bearing at once so full of faith and joy, and withal so deeply sorrowful. She spake after this manner: "Oh, holy cross, which my Jesus hath sanc-

tified by his innocent suffering; oh, dear cross, which is laid upon me by the hand of a merciful father; oh, blessed cross, whereby I am made like unto my Lord Jesus, and am called unto eternal glory and blessedness: how! shall I not willingly bear thee, thou sweet cross of my bridegroom, of my brother?" The reverend Johannes had scarce given us absolution, and after this, with many tears, the holy sacrament, when we heard a loud trampling upon the floor, and presently the impudent constable looked into the room and asked whether we were ready, seeing that the worshipful court was now waiting for us; and when he had been told that we were ready, my child would have first taken leave of me, but I forbade her, saying, "Not so; thou knowest that which thou hast promised me; . . . . 'and whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: . . . . where thou diest will I die . . . .'" \* if that the Lord, as I hope, will hear the ardent sighs of my poor soul." Hereupon she let me go, and embraced only the old maid-servant, thanking her for all the kindness she had shown her from her youth up, and begging her not to go with her to make her death yet more bitter by her cries. The faithful old creature was unable for a long time to say a word for tears. Howbeit at last she begged forgiveness of my child for that she had unwittingly accused her, and said, that out of her wages she had bought five pounds' weight of flax to hasten her death; that the shepherd of Pudgla had that very morning taken it with him to Coserow, and that she should wind it closely round her body; for that she had seen how old wife Schurne, who was burnt in Liepe, had suffered great torments before she came to her death, by reason of the damp wood.

But ere my child could thank her for this, the dreadful outcry of blood began, in the judgment-chamber; for a voice cried as loudly as might be, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" Then all the folk without cried, "Woe upon the accursed witch!" When I heard this I fell back against the wall, but my sweet child stroked my cheeks with her darling hands, and said, "Father, father, do but remember that the people likewise cried out against the innocent Jesus, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'"

\* Ruth i. 16.

Shall not we then drink of the cup which our heavenly Father hath prepared for us?"

Hereupon the door opened, and the constable walked in, amid a great tumult among the people, holding a drawn sword in his hand which he bowed thrice before my child and cried, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" and all the folks in the hall and without the castle cried as loud as they could, "Woe upon the accursed witch!"

Hereupon he said, "Mary Schweidler, come before the high and worshipful court, to hear sentence of death passed upon thee!" Whereupon she followed him with us two miserable men (for *Pastor Benzensis* was no less cast down than myself). As for the old maid-servant, she lay on the ground for dead.

After we had with great pains pushed our way through all the people, the constable stood still before the open judgment-chamber, and once more bowed his sword before my child and cried for the third time, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" And all the people, as well as the cruel judges themselves, cried as loud as they could, "Woe upon the accursed witch!"

When we had entered the room, *Dom. Consul* first asked my worthy gossip whether the witch had abode by her free avowal in confession; whereupon, after considering a short time, he answered, that he had best ask herself, for there she stood. Accordingly, taking up a paper which lay before him on the table, he spake as follows:—"Mary Schweidler, now that thou hast confessed, and received the holy and most honourable sacrament of the Lord's Supper, answer me once again these following questions:—

1. Is it true that thou hast fallen off from the living God and given thyself up to Satan?

2. Is it true that thou hadst a spirit called *Disidæmonia*, who re-baptised thee and carnally knew thee?

3. Is it true that thou hast done all manner of mischief to the cattle?

4. Is it true that Satan appeared to thee on the *Streckelberg* in the likeness of a hairy giant?"

When she had with many sighs said "Yes" to all these ques-

tions, he rose, took a wand in one hand and a second paper in the other, put his spectacles on his nose, and said, "Now, then, hear thy sentence." (This sentence I since copied: he would not let me see the other *Acta*, but pretended that they were at Wolgast. The sentence, however, was word for word as follows.)

"We, the Sheriff and the Justices appointed to serve the high and worshipful criminal court. Inasmuch as Mary Schweidler, the daughter of Abraham Schweidlerus, the pastor of Coserow, hath, after the appointed inquisition, repeatedly made free confession, that she hath a devil named *Disidæmonia*, the which did re-baptise her in the sea, and did also know her carnally; *item*, that she by his help did mischief to the cattle; that he also appeared to her on the Streckelberg in the likeness of a hairy giant. We do therefore by these presents make known and direct, that *Rea* be first duly torn four times on each breast with red-hot iron pincers, and after that be burned to death by fire, as a rightful punishment to herself and a warning to others. Nevertheless, we, in pity for her youth, are pleased of our mercy to spare her the tearing with red-hot pincers, so that she shall only suffer death by the simple punishment of fire. Wherefore she is hereby condemned and judged accordingly on the part of the criminal court.

"*Publicatum* at the castle of Pudgla, the 30th day *mensis Augusti, anno Salutis* 1630." \*

As he spake the last word he brake his wand in two and threw the pieces before the feet of my innocent lamb, saying to the constable, "Now, do your duty!" But so many folks, both men and women, threw themselves on the ground to seize the pieces of the wand (seeing they are said to be good for the gout in the joints, *item*, for cattle when troubled with lice), that the

\* Readers who are unacquainted with the atrocious administration of justice in those days, will be surprised at this rapid and arbitrary mode of proceeding. But I have seen authentic witch-trials wherein a mere notary condemned the accused to the torture and to death without the smallest hesitation; and it may be considered as a mark of humanity whenever the acts on which judgment was given were sent to an university, or to some other tribunal. For the sentence of death appears to have been almost invariably passed by the inferior courts, and no appeal seems to have been possible; indeed in these affairs their worships, as in this case, usually made incredible haste, which, it must be admitted, is perhaps the only good quality which the modern courts of justice might borrow from the old ones.

constable fell to the earth over a woman who was on her knees before him, and his approaching death was thus foreshadowed to him by the righteous God. Something of the same sort likewise befel the Sheriff now for the second time; for when the worshipful court rose, throwing down tables, stools, and benches, a table, under which two boys were fighting for the pieces of the wand, fell right upon his foot, whereupon he flew into a violent rage, and threatened the people with his fist, saying that they should have fifty right good lashes a-piece, both men and women, if they were not quiet forthwith, and did not depart peaceably out of the room. This frightened them, and after the people were gone out into the street, the constable took a rope out of his pocket, wherewith he bound my lamb her hands so tightly behind her back that she cried aloud; but when she saw how this wrung my heart, she straightway constrained herself and said, "Oh, father, remember that it fared no better with the blessed Saviour!" Howbeit, when my dear gossip, who stood behind her, saw that her little hands, and more especially her nails, had turned black and blue, he spoke for her to the worshipful court, whereupon the abominable Sheriff only said, "Oh, let her be; let her feel what it is to fall off from the living God." But *Dom. Consul* was more merciful, inasmuch as, after feeling the cords, he bade the constable bind her hands less cruelly and slacken the rope a little, which accordingly he was forced to do. But my dear gossip was not content herewith, and begged that she might sit in the cart without being bound, so that she should be able to hold her hymn-book, for he had summoned the school to sing a hymn by the way for her comfort, and he was ready to answer for it with his own head that she should not escape out of the cart. Moreover, it is the custom for fellows with pitchforks always to go with the carts wherein condemned criminals, and more especially witches, are carried to execution. But this the cruel Sheriff would not suffer, and the rope was left upon her hands, and the impudent constable seized her by the arm and led her from the judgment-chamber. But in the hall we saw a great *scandalum*, which again pierced my very heart. For the housekeeper and the impudent constable his wife were fighting for my child her bed, and her linen, and wearing apparel, which the housekeeper had taken for herself, and which the other woman wanted to have.

The latter now called to her husband to help her, whereupon he straightway let go my daughter and struck the housekeeper on her mouth with his fist, so that the blood ran out therefrom, and she shrieked and wailed fearfully to the Sheriff, who followed us with the court. He threatened them both in vain, and said that when he came back he would inquire into the matter and give to each her due share. But they would not hearken to this, until my daughter asked *Dom. Consul* whether every dying person, even a condemned criminal, had power to leave his goods and chattels to whomsoever he would? and when he answered, "Yes, all but the clothes, which belong of right to the executioner," she said, "Well, then, the constable may take my clothes, but none shall have my bed save my faithful old maid-servant Ilse!" Hereupon the housekeeper began to curse and revile my child loudly, who heeded her not, but stepped out at the door toward the cart, where there stood so many people that nought could be seen save head against head. The folks crowded about us so tumultuously that the Sheriff, who, meanwhile, had mounted his grey horse, constantly smote them right and left across their eyes with his riding-whip, but they nevertheless would scarce fall back. Howbeit, at length he cleared the way, and when about ten fellows with long pitchforks, who for the most part also had rapiers at their sides, had placed themselves round about our cart, the constable lifted my daughter up into it, and bound her fast to the rail. Old Paasch, who stood by, lifted me up, and my dear gossip was likewise forced to be lifted in, so weak had he become from all the distress. He motioned his sexton, Master Krekow, to walk before the cart with the school, and bade him from time to time lead a verse of the goodly hymn, "On God alone I rest my fate," which he promised to do. And here I will also note, that I myself sat down upon the straw by my daughter, and that our dear confessor the reverend Martinus sat backwards. The constable was perched up behind with his drawn sword. When all this was done, *item*, the court mounted up into another carriage, the Sheriff gave the order to set out.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

Of that which befel us by the way: *item*, of the fearful death of the Sheriff at the mill.

WE met with many wonders by the way, and with great sorrow; for hard by the bridge, over the brook which runs into the Schmolle,\* stood the housekeeper her hateful boy, who beat a drum and cried aloud, "Come to the roast goose! come to the roast goose!" whereupon the crowd set up a loud laugh, and called out after him, "Yes, indeed, to the roast goose! to the roast goose!" Howbeit, when Master Krekow led the second verse the folks became somewhat quieter again, and most of them joined in singing it from their books, which they had brought with them. But when he ceased singing awhile the noise began again as bad as before. Some cried out, "The devil hath given her these clothes, and hath adorned her after that fashion;" and seeing the Sheriff had ridden on before, they came close round the cart, and felt her garments, more especially the women and young maidens. Others, again, called loudly, as the young varlet had done, "Come to the roast goose! come to the roast goose!" whereupon one fellow answered, "She will not let herself be roasted yet; mind ye that: she will quench the fire!" This, and much filthiness beside, which I may not for very shame write down, we were forced to hear, and it especially cut me to the heart to hear a fellow swear that he would have some of her ashes, seeing he had not been able to get any of the wand; and that nought was better for the fever and the gout than the ashes of a witch. I motioned the *Custos* to begin singing again, whereupon the folks were once more quiet for a while—*i. e.* for so long as the verse lasted; but afterwards they rioted worse than before. But we were now come among the meadows, and when my child saw the beauteous flowers which grew along the sides of the ditches, she fell into deep thought, and,

\* A lake near Pudgla.

began again to recite aloud the sweet song of St. Augustinus as follows :—

“ Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,  
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,  
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,  
Pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,  
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum  
Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum  
Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen inocciduum.” \*

By this *Casus* we gained that all the folk ran cursing away from the cart, and followed us at the distance of a good musket-shot, thinking that my child was calling on Satan to help her. Only one lad, of about five-and-twenty, whom, however, I did not know, tarried a few paces behind the cart, until his father came, and seeing he would not go away willingly, pushed him into the ditch, so that he sank up to his loins in the water. Thereat even my poor child smiled, and asked me whether I did not know any more Latin hymns wherewith to keep the stupid and foul-mouthed people still further from us. But, dear reader, how could I then have been able to recite Latin hymns, even had I known any? But my *Confrater*, the reverend Martinus, knew such an one; albeit, it is indeed heretical; nevertheless, seeing that it above measure pleased my child, and that she made him repeat to her sundry verses thereof three and four times, until she could say them after him, I said nought; otherwise I have ever been very severe against aught that is heretical. Howbeit I comforted myself therewith that our Lord God would forgive her in consideration of her ignorance. And the first line ran as follows :—*dies iræ dies illa*.† But these two verses pleased her more than all the rest, and she recited them many times with great edification, wherefore I will insert them here.

“ Judex ergo cum sedebit  
Quidquid latet apparebit  
Nil inultum remanebit :

Around them, bright with endless Spring, perpetual roses bloom,  
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;  
Red crocusses, and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;  
Green meadows yield them harvests green, and streams with honey run;  
Unbroken droop the laden boughs, with heavy fruitage bent,  
Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent;  
And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars dispense their changeful light,  
But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright!

† Day of wrath, that dreadful day; one of the most beautiful of the Catholic hymns.

*Item,*

Rex tremenda majestatis  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis  
Salva me, fons pietatis ! " \*

When the men with the pitchforks, who were round about the cart, heard this, and at the same time saw a heavy storm coming up from the Achterwater,† they straightway thought no other but that my child had made it ; and, moreover, the folk behind cried out, " The witch hath done this ; the damned witch hath done this ! " and all the ten, save one who stayed behind, jumped over the ditch, and ran away. But *Dom. Consul*, who, together with the worshipful court, drove behind us, no sooner saw this than he called to the constable, " What is the meaning of all this ? " Whereupon the constable cried aloud to the Sheriff, who was a little way on before us, but who straightway turned him about, and when he had heard the cause, called after the fellows that he would hang them all upon the first tree, and feed his falcons with their flesh, if they did not return forthwith. This threat had its effect ; and when they came back he gave each of them about half a dozen strokes with his riding-whip, whereupon they tarried in their places, but as far off from the cart as they could for the ditch.

Meanwhile, however, the storm came up from the southward, with thunder, lightning, hail, and such a wind, as though the all-righteous God would manifest his wrath against these ruthless murderers ; and the tops of the lofty beeches around us were beaten together like besoms, so that our cart was covered with leaves as with hail, and no one could hear his own voice for the noise. This happened just as we were entering the forest from the convent dam, and the Sheriff now rode close behind us, beside the coach wherein was *Dom. Consul*. Moreover, just as we were crossing the bridge over the mill-race, we were seized by the blast, which swept up a hollow from the Achterwater with such force that we conceived it must drive our cart down the

\* The judge ascends his awful throne,  
He makes each secret sin be known,  
And all with shame confess their own.

Thou mighty formidable king !  
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,  
Some comfortable pity bring.— *Old version.*

† A wash formed by the river Peene.

abyss, which was at least forty feet deep or more ; and seeing that, at the same time, the horses did as though they were upon ice, and could not stand, the driver halted to let the storm pass over, the which the Sheriff no sooner perceived, than he galloped up and bade him go on forthwith. Whereupon the man flogged on the horses, but they slipped about after so strange a fashion, that our guards with the pitchforks fell back, and my child cried aloud for fear ; and when we were come to the place where the great water-wheel turned just below us, the driver fell with his horse, which broke one of its legs. Then the constable jumped down from the cart, but straightway fell too, on the slippery ground ; *item*, the driver, after getting on his legs again, fell a second time. Hereupon the Sheriff with a curse spurred on his grey charger, which likewise began to slip as our horses had also done. Nevertheless, he came sliding towards us, without, however, falling down : and when he saw that the horse with the broken leg still tried to get up, but always straightway fell again on the slippery ground, he hallooed and beckoned the fellows with pitchforks to come and unharness the mare ; *item*, to push the cart over the bridge, lest it should be carried down the precipice. Presently a long flash of lightning shot into the water below us, followed by a clap of thunder so sudden and so awful that the whole bridge shook, and the Sheriff his horse (our horses stood quite still) started back a few paces, lost its footing, and, together with its rider, shot headlong down upon the great mill-wheel below, whereupon a fearful cry arose from all those that stood behind us on the bridge. For a while naught could be seen for the white foam, until the Sheriff his legs and body were borne up into the air by the wheel, his head being stuck fast between the fellies ; and thus, fearful to behold, he went round and round upon the wheel. Nought ailed the grey charger, which swam about in the mill-pond below. When I saw this, I seized the hand of my innocent lamb, and cried, " Behold, Mary, our Lord God yet liveth ! 'and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly ; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. Then did he beat them small as the dust before the wind ; he did cast them out as the dirt in the streets.'\* Look down, and see what the Almighty God hath done." While she hereupon raised

\* Ps. xviii. 10-42.

her eyes toward heaven with a sigh, we heard *Dom. Consul* calling out behind us as loudly as he could : and, seeing that none could understand his words for the fearful storm and the tumult of the waters, he jumped down from the coach, and would have crossed the bridge on foot, but straightway he fell upon his nose, so that it bled, and he crept back again on his hands and feet, and held a long talk with *Dom. Camerarius*, who, howbeit, did not stir out of the coach. Meanwhile the driver and the constable had unyoked the maimed horse, bound it, and dragged it off the bridge, and now they came back to the cart, and bade us get down therefrom, and cross the bridge on foot, the which we did after that the constable had unbound my child, with many curses and ill words, threatening that, in return for her malice, he would keep her roasting till late in the evening. (I could not blame him much therefore ; for truly this was a strange thing !) But, albeit, my child herself got safe across ; we two—I mean reverend Martinus and myself—like all the others, fell two or three times to the ground. At length we all, by God his grace, got safe and sound to the miller's house, where the constable delivered my child into the miller his hands, to guard her on forfeit of his life, while he ran down to the mill-pond to save the Sheriff his grey charger. The driver was bidden the while to get the cart and the other horses off the bewitched bridge. We had, however, stood but a short time with the miller, under the great oak before his door, when *Dom. Consul*, with the worshipful court, and all the folks, came over the little bridge, which is but a couple of musket-shots off from the first one, and he could scarce prevent the crowd from falling upon my child and tearing her in pieces, seeing that they all, as well as *Dom. Consul* himself, imagined that none other but she had brewed the storm, and bewitched the bridge (especially as she herself had ~~not~~ fallen thereon), and had likewise caused the Sheriff his death ; all of which, nevertheless, were foul lies, as ye shall hereafter hear. He, therefore, railed at her for a cursed she-devil, who, even after having confessed and received the holy Sacrament, had not yet renounced Satan ; but that naught should save her, and she should, nevertheless, receive her reward. And, seeing that she kept silence, I hereupon answered, “ Did he not see that the all-righteous God had so ordered it, that the Sheriff, who would

have robbed my innocent child of her honour and her life, had here forfeited his own life as a fearful example to others?" But *Dom. Consul* would not see this, and said that a child might perceive that our Lord God had not made this storm, or did I peradventure believe that our Lord God had likewise bewitched the bridge? I had better cease to justify my wicked child, and rather begin to exhort her to repent, seeing that this was the second time that she had brewed a storm, and that no man with a grain of sense could believe what I said, &c.

Meanwhile the miller had already stopped the mill, *item*, turned off the water, and some four or five fellows had gone with the constable down to the great water-wheel, to take the Sheriff out of the fellies, whercin he had till *datum* still been carried round and round. This they could not do until they had first sawn out one of the fellies; and when at last they brought him to the bank, his neck was found to be broken, and he was as blue as a corn-flower. Moreover, his throat was frightfully torn, and the blood ran out of his nose and mouth. If the people had not reviled my child before, they reviled her doubly now, and would have thrown dirt and stones at her, had not the worshipful court interfered with might and main, saying that she would presently receive her well-deserved punishment.

Also, my dear gossip, the reverend Martinus, climbed up into the cart again, and admonished the people not to forestall the law; and seeing that the storm had somewhat abated, he could now be heard. And when they had become somewhat more quiet, *Dom. Consul* left the corpse of the Sheriff in charge with the miller, until such time as, by God's help, he should return. *Item*, he caused the grey charger to be tied up to the oak-tree till the same time, seeing that the miller swore that he had no room in the mill, inasmuch as his stable was filled with straw; but that he would give the grey horse some hay, and keep good watch over him. And now were we wretched creatures forced to get into the cart again, after that the unsearchable will of God had once more dashed all our hopes. The constable gnashed his teeth with rage, while he took the cords out of his pocket to bind my poor child to the rail withal. As I saw right well what he was about to do, I pulled a few groats out of my pocket, and whispered into his ear, "Be merciful, for she cannot possibly run

away, and do you hereafter help her to die quickly, and you shall get ten groats more from me!" This worked well, and albeit he pretended before the people to pull the ropes tight, seeing they all cried out with might and main, "Haul hard, haul hard," in truth, he bound her hands more gently than before, and even without making her fast to the rail; but he sat up behind us again with the naked sword, and after that *Dom. Consul* had prayed aloud, "God the Father, dwell with us," likewise the *Custos* had led another hymn (I know not what he sang, neither does my child), we went on our way, according to the unfathomable will of God, after this fashion: the worshipful court went before, whereas all the folks to our great joy fell back, and the fellows with the pitchforks lingered a good way behind us, now that the Sheriff was dead.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

How my daughter was at length saved by the help of the all-merciful, yea, of the all-merciful God.

MEANWHILE, by reason of my unbelief, wherewith Satan again tempted me, I had become so weak that I was forced to lean my back against the constable his knees, and expected not to live even till we should come to the mountain; for the last hope I had cherished was now gone, and I saw that my innocent lamb was in the same plight. Moreover, the reverend Martinus began to upbraid her, saying that he, too, now saw that all her oaths were lies, and that she really could brew storms. Hereupon, she answered with a smile, although, indeed, she was as white as a sheet, "Alas, reverend godfather, do you then really believe that the weather and the storms no longer obey our Lord God? Are storms, then, so rare at this season of the year, that none save the foul fiend can cause them? Nay, I have never broken the baptismal vow you once made in my name, nor will I ever break it, as I hope that God will be merciful to me in my last hour, which is now at hand." But the reverend Martinus shook his head doubtingly, and said, "The Evil One must have promised thee much, seeing thou remainest so stubborn even unto thy life's end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God; but wait, and thou wilt soon learn with horror that the devil 'is a liar, and the father of it'" (St. John viii.). Whilst he yet spake this, and more of a like kind, we came to Uekeritze, where all the people, both great and small, rushed out of their doors, also Jacob Schwarten his wife, who, as we afterwards heard, had only been brought to bed the night before, and her goodman came running after her to fetch her back, in vain. She told him he was a fool, and had been one for many a weary day, and that if she had to crawl up the mountain on her bare knees, she would go to see the parson's witch burnt; that she had reckoned upon it for so long, and if he did not let her go, she would give him a thump on the chops, &c.

Thus did the coarse and foul-mouthed people riot around the cart wherein we sat, and as they knew not what had befallen, they ran so near us that the wheel went over the foot of a boy. Nevertheless they all crowded up again, more especially the lasses, and felt my daughter her clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt. *Item*, one fellow asked whether she would drink somewhat, with many more fooleries besides, till at last, when several came and asked her for her garland and her golden chain, she turned towards me and smiled, saying, "Father, I must begin to speak some Latin again, otherwise the folks will leave me no peace." But it was not wanted this time; for our guards, with the pitchforks, had now reached the hindmost, and, doubtless, told them what had happened, as we presently heard a great shouting behind us, for the love of God to turn back before the witch did them a mischief; and as Jacob Schwarten his wife heeded it not, but still plagued my child to give her her apron to make a christening coat for her baby, for that it was pity to let it be burnt, her goodman gave her such a thump on her back with a knotted stick which he had pulled out of the hedge, that she fell down with loud shrieks; and when he went to help her up she pulled him down by his hair, and, as reverend Martinus said, now executed what she had threatened; inasmuch as she struck him on the nose with her fist with might and main, until the other people came running up to them, and held her back. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and sank down toward the sea.

And when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better; for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands toward heaven, she once more cried out:

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis!"\*

And, behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun

\* Vide p. 146.

came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain most pleasant to behold ; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it ; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved, wherefore she grew so faint, that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forwards (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart), till her garland almost touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon, he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt,\* in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth, I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's ; and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The Sheriff is come back ! the Sheriff is come again !" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side, some rushing into the coppice, and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks. *Item*, as soon as *Dom. Camerarius* saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a grey hat and a grey feather, such as the Sheriff wore, riding on the grey charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart : and *Dom. Consul* cursed my child again, and bade the coachmen drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the Sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch : shall I, then, cut her throat with my sword ?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing *Dom. Consul* had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip,

\* Which so often happened at that time, that in many parishes of Pomerania six or seven of these unhappy women were brought to the stake every year.

who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength back into his lap. (May God reward him on the day of judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boarspear, which he held in his hand, in between the constable's shoulders, so that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side, and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed, but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth, and, cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword, which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swoon again for joy; howbeit, she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which, however, I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others besides old women would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him, and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius*, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw, *item*, *Dom. Consul* had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice, about eighteen strong, armed with sabres, pikes, and

muskets, and said, "There is my authority, and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as *Dom. Consul* stood and straightway forswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows:—That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence: this, however, his old father would nowise suffer, thinking that his nobility would receive a stain if it came to be known that his son had conversed with a reputed witch by night on the Strekelberg. He had caused him therefore, as prayers and threats were of no avail, to be bound hand and foot, and confined in the donjon-keep, where till *datum* an old servant had watched him, who refused to let him escape, notwithstanding he offered him any sum of money; whereupon he fell into the greatest anguish and despair at the thought that innocent blood would be shed on his account; but that the all-righteous God had graciously spared him this sorrow; for his father had fallen sick from vexation, and lay a-bed all this time, and it so happened that this very morning about prayer time, the huntsman, in shooting at a wild duck in the moat, had by chance sorely wounded his father's favourite dog, called Packan, which had crept howling to his father's bedside, and had died there; whereupon the old man, who was weak, was so angered that he was presently seized with a fit and gave up the ghost too. Hereupon his people released him, and after he had closed his father's eyes and prayed an "Our Father" over him, he straightway set out with all the people he could find in the castle, in order to save the innocent maiden. For he testified here *himself* before all, on the word and honour of a knight, nay, more, by his hopes of salvation, that he himself was that devil which had appeared to the maiden on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant; for having heard by common report that she oft-times went thither, he greatly desired to know what she did there, and that from fear of his hard father he disguised himself in a wolf's skin, so that none might know him, and he had already spent two nights there, when on the third the maiden came, and he then saw her dig for amber on the mountain, and

that she did not call upon Satan, but recited a Latin *carmen* aloud to herself. This he would have testified at Pudgla, but, from the cause aforesaid, he had not been able: moreover, his father had laid his cousin, Claus von Nienkerken, who was there on a visit, in his bed, and made him bear false witness; for as *Dom. Consul* had not seen him (I mean the young lord) for many a long year, seeing he had studied in foreign parts, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, which accordingly happened.

When the worthy young lord had stated this before *Dom. Consul* and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a mill-stone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him, like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to *Dom. Consul* and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain (now that they had drawn out the sword); he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the Sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child, and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the Sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, &c., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my ploughman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told

what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa*: All that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marvelled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:

‘ The people’s hate is death,  
Their love, a passing breath !’

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maid-servant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God’s help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his grey charger to my ploughman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse’s neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip: moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of

the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzenzis*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the *Ambrosian Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, inasmuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning when, in my donjon-keep, I first heard the sound of the dead-bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid, and naught more sweet than your life!"

But at these words my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows were not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me, and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a *Custos*, having finished the *Te Deum* before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, beginning, "The body let us now inter." (God be praised that no harm has come of it till *datum*.) My beloved gossip rated him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes which he had promised him out of the Church-dues. But my child comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral-hymn was better for her than a song of gladness.

And when this vexed the young lord, and he said, "How now, sweet maid, you know not how enough to thank God and me for your rescue, and yet you speak thus?" She answered, smiling

sadly, that she had only spoken thus to comfort the poor *Custos*. But J straightway saw that she was in earnest, for that she felt that although she had escaped one fire, she already burned in another.

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful count to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord, showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, which stunk like fitchcock's dung, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and shewed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he done, and *Dom Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maid-servant, said that that very morning, before day-break, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience, as a priest, and I got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.\*

\* Maybe a profound truth.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered, yes! he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honour before the world, but do you thank God therefore, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honour, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me, that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uckeritze up the mountain, to say so in his name; the which I did. And the blood-hound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover he plucked off his cap, and trampled it under foot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the old maid-servant came running with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hands. We heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind

the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum*, ran beside the cart, praising and pitying us as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce, however, had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose, but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth, the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Uzedom to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen, he was straightway to inform the town clerk at Pudgla or *Dom. Consul* at Uzedom thereof, and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us, and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time: and when we wondered thereat he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door, until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and did not come back again.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Of our next great sorrow, and final joy.

AND now might we have been at rest, and have thanked God on our knees by day and night. For, besides mercifully saving us out of such great tribulation, he turned the hearts of my beloved flock, so that they knew not how to do enough for us. Every day they brought us fish, meat, eggs, sausages, and what-soe'er besides they could give me, and which I have since forgotten. Moreover, they, every one of them, came to church the next Sunday, great and small (except goodwife Kliene of Zempin, who had just got a boy, and still kept her bed), and I preached a thanksgiving sermon on Job v. 17, 18, and 19 verses, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up; and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." And during my sermon I was oft-times forced to stop by reason of all the weeping, and to let them blow their noses. And I might truly have compared myself to Job, after that the Lord had mercifully released him from his troubles, had it not been for my child, who prepared much fresh grief for me.

She had wept when the young lord would not dismount, and now that he came not again, she grew more uneasy from day to day. She sat and read first the Bible, then the hymn-book, *item*, the history of Dido in *Virgilius*, or she climbed up the mountain to fetch flowers (likewise sought after the vein of amber there, but found it not, which shows the cunning and malice of Satan). I saw this for a while with many sighs, but spake not a word (for, dear reader, what could I say?) until it grew worse and worse; and as she now recited her *carmina* more than ever both at home and abroad, I feared lest the people should again repute her a witch, and one day I followed her up the mountain. Well-a-day, she sat on the pile which still stood

there, but with her face turned towards the sea, reciting the *Versus* where Dido mounts the funeral pile in order to stab herself for love of *Æneas*,

“ At trepida et cœptis immanibus effera Dido  
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes  
Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futurâ  
Interiora domus irrumpit limina et altos  
Conscendit furibunda rogos . . . ”\*

When I saw this, and heard how things really stood with her, I was affrighted beyond measure, and cried, “ Mary, my child, what art thou doing?” She started when she heard my voice, but sat still on the pile, and answered, as she covered her face with her apron, “ Father, I am burning my heart.” I drew near to her and pulled the apron from her face, saying, “ Wilt thou then again kill me with grief?” whereupon she covered her face with her hands, and moaned, “ Alas, father, wherefore was I not burned here? My torment would then have endured but for a moment, but now it will last as long as I live!” I still did as though I had seen naught, and said, “ Wherefore, dear child, dost thou suffer such torment?” whereupon she answered, “ I have long been ashamed to tell you; for the young lord, the young lord, my father, do I suffer this torment! He no longer thinks of me; and albeit he saved my life he scorns me, or he would surely have dismounted and come in awhile; but we are of far too low degree for him!” Hereupon I indeed began to comfort her and to persuade her to think no more of the young lord, but the more I comforted her the worse she grew. Nevertheless I saw that she did yet in secret cherish a strong hope by reason of the patent of nobility which he had made me give him. I would not take this hope from her, seeing that I felt the same myself, and to comfort her I flattered her hopes, whereupon she was more quiet for some days, and did not go up the mountain,

\* But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,  
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.  
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face, \*  
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;  
Ghastly she gazed, with pain she drew her breath,  
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.  
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,  
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste.

DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

the which I had forbidden her. Moreover, she began again to teach little Paasch, her god-daughter, out of whom, by the help of the all-righteous God, Satan was now altogether departed. But she still pined, and was as white as a sheet; and when soon after a report came that none in the castle at Mellenthin knew what was become of the young lord, and that they thought he had been killed, her grief became so great that I had to send my ploughman on horseback to Mellenthin to gain tidings of him. And she looked at least twenty times out of the door and over the paling to watch for his return; and when she saw him coming she ran out to meet him as far as the corner by Pagels. But, blessed God! he brought us even worse news than we had heard before, saying, that the people at the castle had told him that their young master had ridden away the self-same day whereon he had rescued the maiden. That he had, indeed, returned after three days to his father's funeral, but had straightway ridden off again, and that for five weeks they had heard nothing further of him, and knew not whither he was gone, but supposed that some wicked ruffians had killed him.

And now my grief was greater than ever it had been before; so patient and resigned to the will of God as my child had shown herself heretofore, and no martyr could have met her last hour stronger in God and Christ, so impatient and despairing was she now. She gave up all hope, and took it into her head that in these heavy times of war the young lord had been killed by robbers. Nought availed with her, not even prayer, for when I called upon God with her, on my knees, she straightway began so grievously to bewail that the Lord had cast her off, and that she was condemned to nought save misfortunes in this world; that it pierced through my heart like a knife, and my thoughts forsook me at her words. She lay also at night, and "like a crane or a swallow so did she chatter; she did mourn like a dove; her eyes did fail with looking upward,"\* because no sleep came upon her eye-lids. I called to her from my bed, "Dear child, wilt thou then never cease? sleep, I pray thee!" and she answered and said, "Do you sleep, dearest father; I cannot sleep until I sleep the sleep of death. Alas, my father; that I was not burned!" But how could I sleep when she could not? I, indeed,

\* Isa. xxxviii. 14.

said, each morning, that I had slept awhile, in order to content her; but it was not so; but, like David, "all the night made I my bed to swim; I watered my couch with my tears."\* Moreover I again fell into heavy unbelief, so that I neither could nor would pray. Nevertheless the Lord "did not deal with me after my sins, nor reward me according to mine iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great was his mercy toward" me, miserable sinner!†

For mark what happened on the very next Saturday! Behold, our old maid-servant came running in at the door quite out of breath, saying 'hat a horseman was coming over the Master's Mount, with a tall plume waving on his hat; and that she believed it was the young lord. When my child, who sat upon the bench combing her hair, heard this, she gave a shriek of joy, which would have moved a stone under the earth, and straightway ran out of the room to look over the paling. She presently came running in again, fell upon my neck, and cried without ceasing, "The young lord! the young lord!" whereupon she would have run out to meet him, but I forbade her, saying she had better first bind up her hair, which she then remembered, and laughing, weeping, and praying, all at once, she bound up her long hair. And now the young lord came galloping round the corner, attired in a green velvet doublet with red silk sleeves, and a gray hat with a heron's feather therein; *summa*, gaily dressed as be-seems a wooer. And when we now ran out at the door, he called aloud to my child in the Latin, from afar off, "*Quomodo stat dulcissima virgo?*" Whereupon she gave answer, saying, "*bene, te aspecto.*" He then sprang smiling off his horse and gave it into the charge of my ploughman, who meanwhile had come up together with the maid; but he was affrighted when he saw my child so pale, and taking her hand spake in the vulgar tongue, "My God! what is it ails you, sweet maid? you look more pale than when about to go to the stake." Whereupon she answered, "I have been at the stake daily since you left us, good my lord, without coming into our house, or so much as sending us tidings of whither you were gone."

This pleased him well, and he said, "Let us first of all go into the chamber, and you shall hear all." And when he had wiped the

\* Ps. vi. 6.

† Ps. ciii. 10, 11.

sweat from his brow, and sat down on the bench beside my child, he spake as follows:—"That he had straightway promised her that he would clear her honour before the whole world, and the self-same day whereon he left us he made the worshipful court draw up an authentic record of all that had taken place, more especially the confession of the impudent constable, *item*, that of my ploughboy, Claus Neels; wherewith he rode throughout the same night, as he had promised, to Anclam, and next day to Stettin, to our gracious sovereign Duke Bogislaw: who marvelled greatly when he heard of the wickedness of his Sheriff, and of that which he had done to my child: moreover, he asked whether she were the pastor's daughter who once upon a time had found the signet-ring of his Princely Highness Philippus Julius of most Christian memory in the castle-garden at Wolgast? and as he did not know thereof, the Duke asked, whether she knew Latin? And he, the young lord, answered yes, that she knew the Latin better than he did himself. His Princely Highness said, "Then, indeed, it must be the same," and straightway he put on his spectacles, and read the *acta* himself. Hereupon, and after his Princely Highness had read the record of the worshipful court, shaking his head the while, the young lord humbly besought his Princely Highness to give him an *amende honorable* for my child, *item*, *litteras commendatitias* for himself to our most gracious Emperor at Vienna, to beg for a renewal of my patent of nobility, seeing that he was determined to marry none other maiden than my daughter so long as he lived.

When my child heard this, she gave a cry of joy, and fell back in a swoond with her head against the wall. But the young lord caught her in his arms, and gave her three kisses (which I could not then deny him, seeing, as I did with joy, how matters went), and when she came to herself again, he asked her, whether she would not have him, seeing that she had given such a cry at his words? Whereupon she said, "Whether I will not have you, my lord! Alas! I love you as dearly as my God and my Saviour! You first saved my life, and now you have snatched my heart from the stake whereon, without you, it would have burned all the days of my life!" Hereupon I wept for joy, when he drew her into his lap, and she clasped his neck with her little hands.

They thus sat and toyed a while, till the young lord again perceived me, and said, "What say you thereto; I trust it is also your will, reverend Abraham?" Now, dear reader, what could I say, save my hearty good-will? seeing that I wept for very joy, as did my child, and I answered, how should it not be my will, seeing that it was the will of God? But whether the worthy, good young lord had likewise considered that he would stain his noble name if he took to wife my child, who had been habit and repute a witch, and had been well nigh bound to the stake.

Hereupon he said, By no means; for that he had long since prevented this, and he proceeded to tell us how he had done it, namely, his Princely Highness had promised him to make ready all the *scripta* which he required, within four days, when he hoped to be back from his father's burial. He therefore rode straightway back to Mellenthin, and after paying the last honour to my lord his father, he presently set forth on his way again, and found that his Princely Highness had kept his word meanwhile. With these *scripta* he rode to Vienna, and albeit he met with many pains, troubles, and dangers by the way (which he would relate to us at some other time), he nevertheless reached the city safely. There he by chance met with a Jesuit with whom he had once upon a time had his *locamentum* for a few days at Prague, while he was yet a *studiosus*, and this man having heard his business, bade him be of good cheer, seeing that his Imperial Majesty stood sorely in need of money in these hard times of war, and that he, the Jesuit, would manage it all for him. This he really did, and his Imperial Majesty not only renewed my patent of nobility, but likewise confirmed the *amende honorable* to my child granted by his Princely Highness the Duke, so that he might now maintain the honour of his betrothed bride against all the world, as also hereafter that of his wife.

Hereupon he drew forth the *acta* from his bosom and put them into my hand, saying, "And now, reverend Abraham, you must also do me a pleasure, to wit, to-morrow morning, when I hope to go with my betrothed bride to the Lord's table, you must publish the banns between me and your daughter, and on the day after you must marry us. Do not say nay thereto, for my pastor the reverend Philippus says that this no uncommon custom among the nobles in Pomerania, and I have already given notice of the

wedding for Monday at mine own castle, whither we will then go, and where I purpose to bed my bride." I should have found much to say against this request, more especially that in honour of the holy Trinity he should suffer himself to be called three times in church according to custom, and that he should delay awhile the espousals; but when I perceived that my child would gladly have the marriage held right soon, for she sighed and grew red as scarlet, I had not the heart to refuse them, but promised all they asked. Whereupon I exhorted them both to prayer, and when I had laid my hands upon their heads, I thanked the Lord more deeply than I had ever yet thanked him, so that at last I could no longer speak for tears, seeing that they drowned my voice.

Meanwhile the young lord his coach had driven up to the door, filled with chests and coffers: and he said, "Now, sweet maid, you shall see what I have brought you," and he bade them bring all the things into the room. Dear reader, what fine things were there, such as I had never seen in all my life! all that women can use was there, especially of clothes, to wit, boddices, plaited gowns, long robes, some of them bordered with fur, veils, aprons, *item*, the bridal shift with gold fringes, whereon the merry lord had laid some six or seven bunches of myrtle to make herself a wreath withal. *Item*, there was no end to the rings, neck-chains, ear-drops, &c., the which I have in part forgotten. Neither did the young lord leave me without a gift, seeing he had brought me a new surplice (the enemy had robbed me of my old one), also doublets, hosen, and shoes, *summa*, whatsoever appertains to a man's attire; wherefore I secretly besought the Lord not to punish us again in his sore displeasure for such pomps and vanities. When my child beheld all these things she was grieved that she could bestow upon him nought save her heart alone, and the chain of the Swedish king, the which she hung round his neck, and begged him, weeping the while, to take it as a bridal gift. This he at length promised to do, and likewise to carry it with him into the grave: but that my child must first wear it at her wedding, as well as the blue silken gown, for that this and no other should be her bridal dress, and this he made her promise to do.

And now a merry chance befel with the old maid, the which

I will here note. For when the faithful old soul had heard what had taken place, she was beside herself for joy, danced and clapped her hands, and at last said to my child, "Now to be sure you will not weep when the young lord is to lie in your bed," whereat my child blushed scarlet for shame, and ran out of the room; and when the young lord would know what she meant therewith she told him that he had already once slept in my child her bed when he came from Gützkow with me, whereupon he bantered her all the evening after that she was come back again. Moreover, he promised the maid that as she had once made my child her bed for him, she should make it again, and that on the day after to-morrow, she and the ploughman too should go with us to Mellenthin, so that masters and servants should all rejoice together after such great distress.

And seeing that the dear young lord would stop the night under my roof, I made him lie in the small closet together with me (for I could not know what might happen). He soon slept like a top, but no sleep came into my eyes, for very joy, and I prayed the livelong blessed night, or thought over my sermon. Only near morning I dosed a little; and when I rose the young lord already sat in the next room with my child, who wore the black silken gown which he had brought her, and, strange to say, she looked fresher than even when the Swedish king came, so that I never in all my life saw her look fresher or fairer. *Item*, the young lord wore his black doublet, and picked out for her the best bits of myrtle for the wreath she was twisting. But when she saw me, she straightway laid the wreath beside her on the bench, folded her little hands, and said the morning prayer, as she was ever wont to do, which humility pleased the young lord right well, and he begged her that in future she would ever do the like with him, the which she promised.

Soon after we went to the blessed church to confession, and all the folk stood gaping open-mouthed because the young lord led my child on his arm. But they wondered far more when, after the sermon, I first read to them in the vulgar tongue the *amende honorable* to my child from his Princely Highness, together with the confirmation of the same by his Imperial Majesty, and after that my patent of nobility; and, lastly, began to publish the banns between my child and the young lord.

Dear reader, there arose a murmur throughout the church like the buzzing of a swarm of bees. (N.B. These *scripta* were burnt in the fire which broke out in the castle a year ago, as I shall hereafter relate, wherefore I cannot insert them here *in origine*.)

Hereupon my dear children went together with much people to the Lord's table, and after church nearly all the folks crowded round them and wished them joy. *Item*, old Paasch came to our house again that afternoon, and once more besought my daughter's forgiveness because that he had unwittingly offended her; that he would gladly give her a marriage-gift, but that he now had nothing at all; howbeit that his wife should set one of her hens in the spring, and he would take the chickens to her at Mellenthin himself. This made us all to laugh, more especially the young lord, who at last said: "As thou wilt bring me a marriage-gift, thou must also be asked to the wedding, wherefore thou mayest come to-morrow with the rest."

Whereupon my child said: "And your little Mary, my god-child, shall come too, and be my bridemaiden, if my lord allows it." Whereupon she began to tell the young lord all that had befallen the child by the malice of Satan, and how they did it to her charge until such time as the all-righteous God brought her innocence to light; and she begged that since her dear lord had commanded her to wear the same garments at her wedding which she had worn to salute the Swedish king, and afterwards to go to the stake, he would likewise suffer her to take for her bride-maiden her little godchild, as *indicium secundum* of her sorrows.

And when he had promised her this, she told old Paasch to send hither his child to her, that she might fit a new gown upon her which she had cut out for her a week ago, and which the maid would finish sewing this very day. This so went to the heart of the good old fellow that he began to weep aloud, and at last said, she should not do all this for nothing, for instead of the one hen his wife should set three for her in the spring.

When he was gone, and the young lord did nought, ~~to~~ to talk with his betrothed bride both in the vulgar and in the Latin tongue, I did better—namely, went up the mountain to pray, wherein, moreover, I followed my child's example, and clomb up upon the pile, there in loneliness to offer up my whole heart

to the Lord as an offering of thanksgiving, seeing that with this sacrifice he is well pleased, as in Ps. li. 19, "The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise."

That night the young lord again lay in my room, but next morning, when the sun had scarce risen ———

Here end these interesting communications, which I do not intend to dilute with any additions of my own. My readers, more especially those of the fair sex, can picture to themselves at pleasure the future happiness of this excellent pair.

All further historical traces of their existence, as well as that of the pastor, have disappeared, and nothing remains but a tablet fixed in the wall of the Church at Mellenthin, on which the incomparable lord, and his yet more incomparable wife, are represented. On his faithful breast still hangs "the golden chain, with the effigy of the Swedish King." They both seem to have died within a short time of each other, and to have been buried in the same coffin. For in the vault under the church there is still a large double coffin, in which, according to tradition, lies a chain of gold of incalculable value. Some twenty years ago, the owner of Mellenthin, whose unequalled extravagance had reduced him to the verge of beggary, attempted to open the coffin in order to take out this precious relic, but he was not able. It appeared as if some powerful spell held it firmly together; and it has remained unopened down to the present time. May it remain so until the last awful day, and may the impious hand of avarice or curiosity never desecrate these holy ashes of holy beings!

FINIS.